THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS AUGUST 1964 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD

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"How I Live With Cancer"
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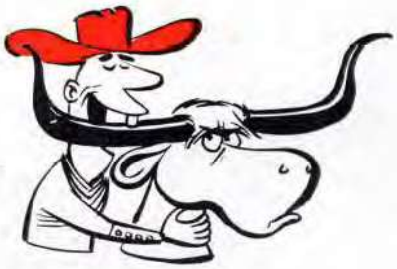
Mutual Money Myth

Thanks to TRUE, Ralph Lee Smith and Max Gunther for their timely warning that the mutual fund route to investment is not paved with riches (*The Money-Making Myth of Mutual Funds*—July). I had thought for a while that the mutual fund boys had found the long-awaited "system" for playing the market, and I must admit I'm a bit disappointed to find out that it ain't so. But, better to have learned the harsh reality from my favorite magazine than from a disastrous experiment with my hard-earned dough. If I had on hand in a lump sum all the money this article has probably saved me, I'd take a lifetime subscription to TRUE.

—Harold Taylor
New York, N. Y.

Bulldogger's Bite



I appreciated *Barehanded Bullfighter vs. Maddened Mexicans* by Joseph Schott (June). I was born and reared about 40 miles south of the 101 Ranch at Perry, Oklahoma, and also have traveled with the 101 Ranch Wild West Show. I have watched Bill Pickett work many times. Whenever Bill Pickett's name was mentioned out there the following story would be told. I cannot verify its truthfulness.

Bill Pickett was traveling with the show in the Eastern states. One day he bulldogged a steer with his teeth and was arrested by the SPCA for cruelty to animals. When before the judge he was asked what he had to say for himself, Bill replied, "I wasn't hurting him, Jedge. I was just gumming him a little." Bill grinned, showing that he had only one tooth in his head.

—Otto F. Marshall
Mansfield, Pa.

Unsung Author

Several months ago, in June to be exact, I spent, or shared, what was expected to be a young pilot's last night on earth. He had bailed out of a jet several miles up and his chute failed to open. His name was Cliff Judkins. I took notes and memorized what he said. It was easy to appreciate his feelings, as I had ejected over almost the same spot the day before, some 600 miles at sea.

So, after we both recovered somewhat, I wrote his story and submitted the same to you for possible publication. You sent us a check. Accordingly I told my friends that I had written the story. My four kids were breathless with anticipation and alert for each issue of TRUE in the hopes that their daddy's story would be there.

Finally March! But it turns out that I didn't write the story. My name never even appeared as a collaborator. In summary, I'm a professional career Marine officer whose friends and kids don't believe I really wrote the story. What would be your feelings on some sort of acknowledgement?

—Maj. Don Tooker, USMC
San Francisco, Calif.

With sincere apologies, Major Tooker, TRUE acknowledges that you are the author of *I Fell 15,000 Feet—and Lived* (March). Your name was, through our error, left off the story when we printed it. We're damned sorry that we caused you any embarrassment.

The Man in the Middle

Two clashing ideologies are presented in your June issue. One concerned GI defector Scott Rush, who claims he preferred Red China as a homeland to the United States because he never was indoctrinated with the advantages of his homeland and did not know what he was fighting for. Incidentally, for trying to correct such a dangerous

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TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 681 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94105; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; Hale Printup & Associates, Langford Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33132.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $5.00 a year in U.S., possessions and Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn. 06830.

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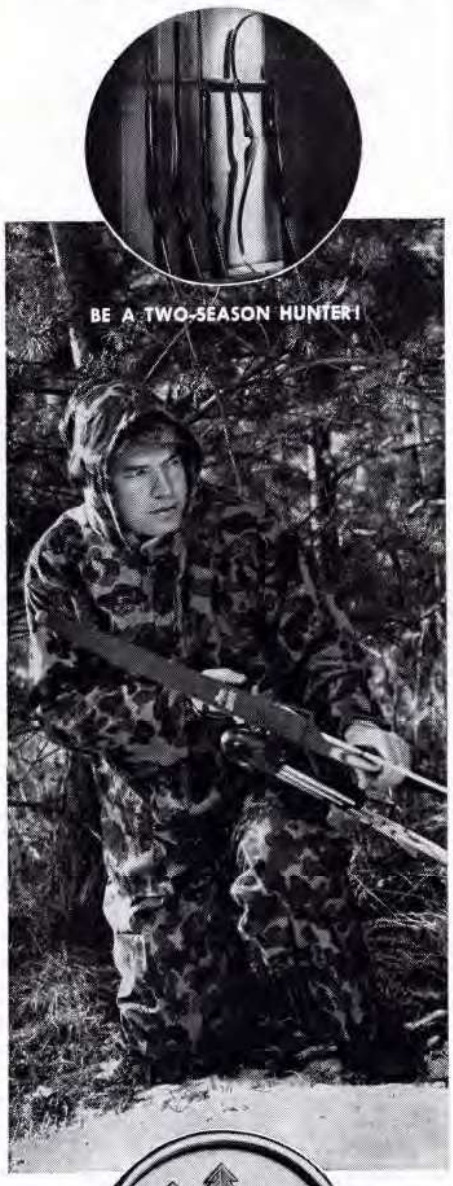


[*Continued from page 2*]

vacuum General Walker was cashiered by the radicals at the Pentagon. The second item was the laudatory article about Dixon Gayer, who by threading a safe middle-of-the-road course found a lusher financial pasture to graze than that of a college campus. He is a living example that a weasel-worder can make it pay off. Rush might have stayed with his colors had such fellows of "neither right nor left" as Gayer been gagged.

—W. W. Ayre
Eureka, Calif.

Gag Gayer, but don't muzzle Walker, huh? Your "logic" makes *us* gag, W. W.

Dixon Gayer (*Middleman Goad for the Right of the Road*—June) I accept for what he is, a middle-of-the-roader, but I do resent Joseph N. Bell advocating that Gayer's line of thought is the proper platform to stand on to preserve life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. There were no middle-of-the-roaders with old George at Valley Forge.

—Walter R. Holder
Payson, Ariz.

Dust off your history book, Walter—old George *was* a middle-of-the-roader.

I have had a run-in or two with persons who belong to the John Birch Society, and I believe they are almost as dangerous as the Communists. I am glad to see Mr. Dixon Gayer standing up for the middle-of-the-roader, and I think he has used the best weapon that can be used against radicals: humor. After all, you can't reason with them.

—Charles H. Woolsey
Redding, Calif.

Do mention that Dixon Gayer now publishes the *Dixon Line*, a semi-monthly newsletter. I am a subscriber to the *Dixon Line*, and I think it is a worthwhile venture. The subscription rate is $5 per year.

—Robert A. Vincent, SN
USS Keppler

Your article states that Dix is currently a columnist for an Oceanside, California, newspaper. Not so. As an avid reader and cheerleader, I have the privilege of checking Gayer's columns over my desk at the *Enterprise* Newspapers of Bellflower, California. Since February the pungent wit of Dixon Gayer has graced our paper, and because Dix needs a free-swinging, no-holds-barred publishing atmosphere to write in, he gets it here. As a great admirer and respecter of Dixon Gayer, and as editor of the Long Beach edition of the *Enterprise*, I was incensed at the failure of TRUE to acknowledge the existence of this paper.

—John Edwards
Bellflower, Calif.

Now you can burn your incense.

BURNING QUESTION

I was especially interested in Allan W. Eckert's *The Baffling Burning Death* (May) since I was on duty the night that the body of Billy Peterson of Pontiac, Michigan, was found covered with inexplicable internal and external third degree burns, December 13, 1959. It was brought into the emergency room at Pontiac General Hospital. Normally, no one was called on suicides except the coroner physician, but this case was different. One could not account for the burns on his skin when the clothes were not even singed. Hence, a thorough investigation was quickly launched. No explanation was available then, and so far as I know, none is now. I haven't seen a case like it since, and it is still baffling to me.

—Tad Lonergan, M. D.
North Hollywood, Calif.

The Baffling Burning Death contains data and statements attributed to me which imply that I am an adherent of the school which believes that Spontaneous Human Combustion (SHC) and Preternatural Combustibility (PC) really exist. As a result of this erroneous impression, I have received (and am receiving) letters and telephone calls from all over the country requesting amplification of my views and beliefs and demanding evidence to support them. I have answered every inquiry by stating emphatically and unequivocally that I do *not* believe that SHC or PC exist and that my remarks and writings have been misinterpreted by the author of *The Baffling Burning Death*. The point has been reached where I must set the record straight to prevent further misunderstanding.

I categorically deny the existence of both SHC and PC. I have never, in my professional work as a forensic pathologist, encountered a situation where either of these two mechanisms was invoked as an explanation to account for either the presence or condition of a burned body, nor have I ever heard of such an instance from any of my colleagues who are active in this field of medicine. No informed or up-to-date textbook of legal medicine and forensic pathology gives any credence whatsoever to SHC and PC.

The paper which I wrote some 13 years ago (and which is mentioned in the article) was published in the *Journal of Criminal Law, Criminology and Police Science* (vol. 42, page 793, March-April 1952) in the nature of a historical review and certainly

was never intended to establish the scientific validity of either of these two mythical entities. In this article I concluded dogmatically that the concepts of SHC and PC were "monuments to bygone days when armchair speculation furnished the answer to 'burning questions.' " I would earnestly suggest that anyone who is interested in my views read the original paper. (Unfortunately, my supply of reprints has been exhausted.)

I think that Mr. Eckert's article is entertainingly written in its own macabre and gruesome fashion. It is extremely regrettable that he has conveyed the erroneous impression that I "want to believe" in the existence of SHC and PC. Believe me, sir, I do not! And, for that matter, neither does any other sober or rational individual who has had any worthwhile experience in the field of traumatic pathology believe in this incendiary fairy tale.

—Lester Adelson, M. D.
Cleveland, Ohio

Dr. Adelson, you ought to consult with Dr. Lonergan (previous letter). At least he admits our thesis: it's baffling.

Please see that Mr. Allan W. Eckert gets furnished with a map of the British Isles—re his reference to Falkirk, *England*, which should be Falkirk, Scotland. Shades of William Wallace! Eckert could get bashed over the head with a Scottish history book or clipped on the backside with a claymore.

—Robert (Scotty) Cassels
Kirkfield Park, Man.
Canada

A person could get kilt making a mistake like that.

I don't carry a torch for TRUE, but when my eyes lit on Eckert's article, I was sparked into writing. I'm sure I'm not blazing any trails. I have no coals to carry or ashes to haul nor phoenixes to raise. Just to add fuel to the fire, I want to tell you about the time a friend and I were warming our bottoms on the front porch of my house, drinking. We had quite a few, but my friend Jake is hot stuff and can hold his liquor. But then, strange as it seems, we looked at each other, and, Hell and Dalmation, we were both fried!

I think your magazine is cool.

—A. J. Devlin
Hot Springs, Mo.

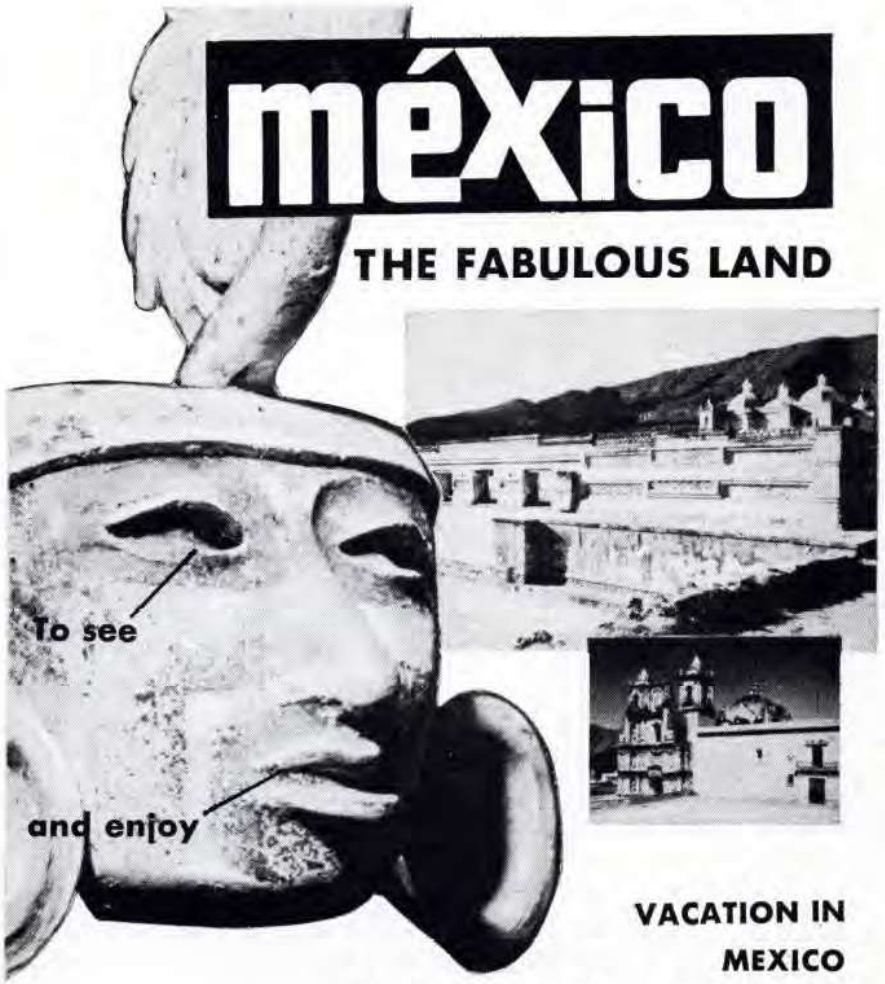
GUN LAW GRIPES

Read your article *The Great Gun Grab and How to Stop It* (May) with great interest. I have been hunting and in possession of a rifle since I was 8 years old. I feel that a man has a right to own as many rifles and shotguns as he wants, and it's nobody's damned business but his. No one asked my background or questioned my ability when they issued me an M-1. At that time I was defending some of those loonies who are now trying to make it tough on gun owners.

—Jerry Smith
Montour Falls, N. Y.

As a member of the John Birch Society I commend Mr. Robert Ruark and TRUE. TRUE and Mr. Ruark have done a great service for our beloved land by exposing

[*Continued on page* 8]



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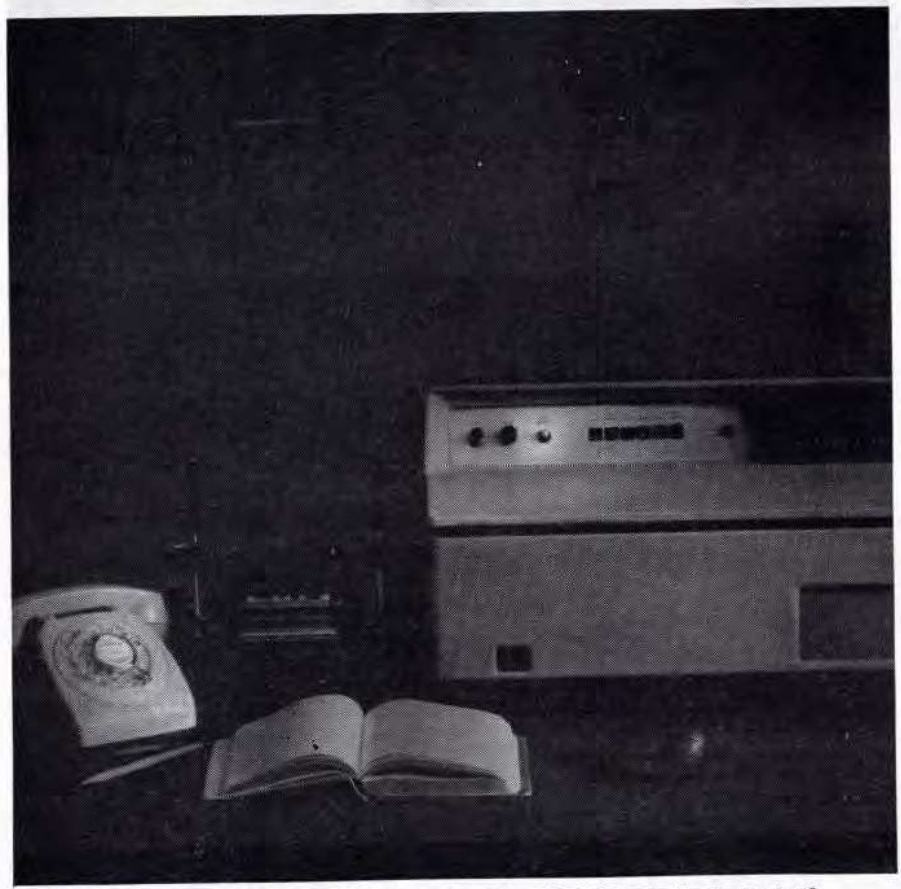

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction. BYRON

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COVER PAINTING BY HOWARD TERPNING

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VOL. 45 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 327

Love Letters to Rambler

Rolf Haefner

Rolf Haefner of Newark, New Jersey, considered buying another make car. But that was before he saw the beautiful new 1964 Rambler American. He writes to us, "as the proud owner" of an American 220 sedan:

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[*Continued from page 5*]

these proposed gun laws for what they are: a scheme to disarm and render defenseless our law-abiding populace under the pretext of "stopping crime and psychopathic killing."

—James K. Cameron
Owensboro, Ky.

You mean we finally published something the Birchers approve of?

I would like to know just how our having guns in our homes makes us safe from Communism. The people at Budapest had lots of guns and hand grenades, and they were also well trained, but against tanks supported by infantry, a rifleman doesn't have any more chance than a snowball in hell.

—Bill Bloomer
Washington, D. C.

It's not a matter of rifles against tanks, Bill. It's a moral issue. Any time a basic American liberty is infringed—the right to vote, the right to speak freely or the right to bear arms—our national character and our will to fight is weakened by that much.

Salutary Salivation

Byron W. Dalrymple writes about fish being able to smell as if it was his discovery (*Fishing Luck Poor? You May Have Underwater B.O.*—May). Sixty-five years ago, when someone first took me fishing in New England, I was told always to spit on my bait after putting it on the hook and before dropping it into the water, so the fish would not smell my hands. It was done for years long before my birth, the white men learning it from the Indians. We were told if we did not believe it to drop our bait, most always a worm in those days, into the water without spitting on it, and where the water was clear so we could watch it. We would see little fish nibble it away, but seldom would any large fish come or take the bait if they did. Then we'd bait again and spit on it, dropping it in the same place. A big fish would soon dart out and grab it. Have seen it tried more than once, and it worked like that. This may mean that someone before Mr. Dalrymple learned that fish can sense in some way that there is danger when something for nothing is offered them by man.

—Charles W. Dean
Concord, N. H.

Hospital Holdups

Lo the Poor Hospital in *It's a Man's World* (May) hits the nail right on the head. Hospital room rates stink, keeping insurance rates way out of reason.

—Homer N. Brainerd
Derby Line, Vt.

I just finished reading *Lo the Poor Hospital*, and if you do no more research on your other features, you better think of a new name for your magazine. The $35 a day you mention may be true in New York, but it is twice the average rate for the country as a whole. Also, that so-called room and board charge covers many services, among which are 24-hour medical care by interns and residents as well as 24-hour nursing care. Try getting those at the Conrad Hilton.

—Peter S. Hutchinson
Peoria, Ill.

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—Harvey A. Sherman
Downer's Grove, Ill.

Boomer Bust

In the May issue of True in *Man to Man Answers* a question was asked concerning a mountain boomer, and the answer given was a choice between an iguanid lizard and a red squirrel. But the correct answer is an animal which is a family in itself, a connecting link between beavers and squirrels, called *Haplodon rufus*, popularly known as the "mountain boomer" or "mountain beaver." This stocky burrowing animal is a remote relative of the true beaver. It resembles a tail-less muskrat about 14 inches long, shoulder height of five inches and weight of two to three pounds. The boomer lives in the mountain meadows and woodlands, predominantly of the Northwestern United States.

—Dr. Evret C. Newman
Amarillo, Tex.

Apparently mountain boomer is a popular name for several different animals. Reputable naturalists apply the name to the collared lizard and the red squirrel, but we shouldn't have left out *Haplodon rufus*.

Bird Bombardiers

Gordon Wills in *Strange But True* (April) says there is no bird that deliberately targets people. For your information there is just such a bird, one that deliberately defecates on humans, and with considerable accuracy: the Antarctic skua.

In February *Scientific American* there appears an article on this bird which quotes Herbert G. Ponting's book, *The Great White South*, as follows: "They [skua gulls] would fly toward us from the rear, and, carefully making allowance for speed and distance, discharge a nauseating shower of filth. . . . I was more than once the victim of this revolting habit—whilst the air was rent by what sounded to me very much like screams of sardonic laughter."

—J. F. Dawson
Butte, Mont.

The latest news from Antarctica had not reached *Strange But True* when we went to press. You might say it flew upon us from the rear, carefully making allowance for speed and distance.

Striver Shriver

Sargent Shriver is a wholesome, able, very Christian person. The statements about him attributed to me in your recent article (*Take-Charge Man for a Sticky Job*—April) picture him as worthy of little regard. This is most unfair. I had been questioned by the author on whether Mr. Shriver owed everything to the Kennedys. I said that was nonsense; that he proved himself long before he ever met the Kennedys.

—Merle Thorpe, Jr.
Washington, D. C.

You know best what you meant, Mr. Thorpe, but True doesn't see anything derogatory in what you said. However, we're happy to give you this chance to second-guess yourself.

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

YOUR OWN DOUGH

The money you earned this year became your own on May 7 at 4:12 p.m. On that day and minute you completed three solid months of workdays earmarked for support of your chief dependents: federal, state and local governments. The Empire State Chamber of Commerce figures that the average man works 89.9 days to earn the 37 percent of his income that goes for taxes. When they ask you what you can do for your country, you can tell 'em you're doing quite a bit.

LAST CHANCE

Breathes there a groom with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, "What if I ran for my life when she's coming up the aisle?" We thought this was just a universal daydream of rescue at the last moment, until we saw a news story about a wedding in Avellino, Italy, in which a heroic bridegroom, one Michele Monaco, demonstrated who was going to wear the pants. When the moment came for Michele to say "yes," he said "no," and he said it three times. There ensued what can mildly be called consternation, followed by an off-the-altar colloquy, from which Michele returned and said "yes" as if he meant it. Afterward he explained that his bride had tried to keep him toeing the line during their engagement by threatening to say "no" at the altar if he kept slipping his bridle. He said he was just getting even.

That's what he thinks.

PUTT THAT IN YOUR CROP

Do you own a farm you can't make a living on? Turn it into a public recreation area (typesetter, watch that word; we've seen it come out "pubic recreation"). The U. S. Department of Agriculture is so eager to help farmers quit farming that it will lend dough to help rural landowners grow putting greens and other recreation crops instead of corn and 'taters. For instance, Philip Mitchell of Manassas, Virginia, owned a 265-acre farm that wasn't doing so well. Now it's a shooting preserve, stocked with pheasant, partridge and quail. Hunters pay $15 a day which entitles them to two pheasants. With money and technical help from USDA, a New York farmer converted his land into a campground with a swimming pool and athletic field, and a farmer who got tired of hoeing 83 acres of cotton in North Carolina is now cleaning up with a nine-hole public golf course. About 17,500 rural landowners have converted their properties into profitable recreation areas since the support program got under way a year ago. When they bring the thing down to the level of the common man who raises a quarter-acre of unmarketable crab grass and dandelions in his back yard, we'll be interested.

LOOK BACKWARD

A man who constantly looks backward and is delighted to explain why, is Jack Hanson, who says: "Personally, I think a girl's fanny is the most underrated part of her anatomy. Most girls are built very cute that way and, especially with the new dances, they like to wear something that shows their shape." To be sure, Hanson may be more economically than esthetically motivated. He runs a string of shops which sell skin-tight slacks for women.

HELP THE POOR HOSPITAL

We fell into a nest of administrative hornets a while back when we wrote a paragraph called "Lo, the Poor Hospital," in which we innocently wondered if a $35-a-day "room and board" charge by hospitals is reasonable. Dozens of letters from hospital executives ranged in temper from brusque reproof to the opinion of one administrative Samaritan that being denied entrance to a hospital would be a good way to rid the world of editors with an IQ of 40 (about adequate for emptying a bedpan). We were told of armies of workers who wash sheets and serve beef Stroganoff, that one out of six patients doesn't pay his tab, that a cobalt bomb costs $60,000 and a radioisotope machine $125,000. One dietician of a "small hospital" informed us that two employees receive salaries equal to that of the President of the United States, and that a pathologist gets $60,000 a year and a radiologist $70,000, which, if true, may mitigate the economic anguish of those who dedicate their lives to suffering humanity. But unless we've been gypped, operating rooms and tests and X rays are billed as extras, and we still wonder if it's right to pro-rate the costs of cobalt bombs and deadbeats to the room and board charges of a guy who is just in the joint for a couple of days for a happy hemorroidectomy.

Hospitals do a heroic and unprofitable job, but they whine a lot about comments on their bookkeeping. In all the bristling correspondence that flooded us, we found only one breakdown of costs, in a publication of the American Hospital Association. This set the average cost per patient at $37, which in one institution (Johns Hopkins) broke down this way: Heat, utilities, linens, room and maid service—all those armies of laundresses and housekeepers—cost $3.30 per day. Another $15.40 goes for grub and "administration," leaving $18.30 for "professional services."

There's a simple way for hospitals to polish their public relations. Itemize the patient's bill. Few people gripe if they know they get what they pay for. Charge the patient $3.30 for his room, bed, linens—a bargain. Charge him $18 for nurses (deductible when he hires his own.) Charge him $10 for food and $5 for office salaries. With all those costly electronic computers that we're told hospitals are installing, itemization should be a cinch. Not long ago we learned that hospital bills aren't too sacred to be questioned. A Mrs. Helen Clark of Manhattan protested a bill that lumped her lab tests into one sum. She wanted to examine records of tests ostensibly performed when she was hospitalized, but was refused. She happened to be a lawyer who took her case to court. The judge ruled that "when someone pays for something he is entitled to it," and ordered the hospital to disgorge the records. Thousands of pa-

tients would be happier to pay their hospital bills if they knew they had a $15 stool test for parasites. Keeps you in the vanguard of modern medicine.

FOR FATHERS ONLY

It's all very well for a new mother to bubble about how sweet and angelic her offspring is. Some day the kid may grow up and give her a new washboard for Mother's Day. But it behooves Papa to start out with a realistic idea of what a baby really is. We quote an impeccable source, the Minnesota Crime Commission:

"Every baby starts life as a little savage. He is completely selfish and self-centered. He wants what he wants when he wants it: his bottle, his mother's attention, his playmate's toy, his uncle's watch. Deny him those wants and he seethes with rage and aggressiveness which would be murderous were he not so helpless. He is dirty. He has no morals, no knowledge, no skills. This means that all children, not just certain children, are born delinquent. If permitted to continue in the self-centered world of his infancy, given free rein to his impulsive actions to satisfy his wants, every child would grow up a criminal, a thief, killer, rapist." Translation: every child has to grow out of delinquency and needs a firm father to steer him.

END LIKE A MAN: ULCERATED

There are other manly ways of dying than with one's boots on, and American men are incomparably the most versatile in choosing virile ways of shuffling off, we are informed by Dr. Stanley A. Rudin of Dalhousie University. Dr. Rudin studied United Nations reports on deaths supposedly associated with psychologic factors—ulcers, high blood pressure, murder, suicide, cirrhosis of the liver (via alcoholism)—and came to these conclusions: "Frustrate a Frenchman, he will drink himself to death; an Irishman, he will die of angry hypertension; a Dane, he will shoot himself; an American, he will get drunk, shoot you, then establish a $1 million aid program for your relatives. Then he will die of an ulcer."

GANGWAY FOR McGEE

The latest gentleman to embody man's secret notion of the kind of guy he'd be if he shed his timidities has been built into a character called Travis McGee. We met him in a new Gold Medal paperback series by master storyteller John D. MacDonald. McGee is a big loose-jointed boat bum, handsome in a craggy way, like the north face of Mt. Everest,

(Continued on page 12)

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MAREMONT

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 11)
and just about as terrifying to evildoers who stir him to cold but practical rage. McGee runs a high-risk Robin Hood enterprise, tracking down sinister characters who have got away clean with lots of loot, cracking their heads at great personal hazard, and returning said loot to the rightful owners for a nice cut. McGee operates from the **Busted Flush,** a 52-foot houseboat down Lauderdale way. He has the devil's own time repelling female boarders bent on becoming eager galley slaves, and doesn't always succeed. Something in him brings out the wanton in women. What's McGee got that we haven't? Virtually nothing. It's what we've got that he hasn't that handicaps us. A mortgage, timeclock, a houseful of hostages. For a couple of hours we forgot all about 'em.

THRING'S THING

The most sinister deterrent to matrimony we've heard of yet is a robot called Thring's Thing, which threatens to make the housewife unnecessary. If perfected, the Thing will perform all the functions of wives, except that of being charming, concupiscent and adoring companions to their husbands—a course fraught with all the hazards of incapacity. The Thing is a mechanical housewife with electronic circuits imprinted with the simple routines of housework. Its inventor, Dr. Meredith Thring of Sheffield University in England, has built a model and is confident that a life-size Thing capable of making beds, ironing, scrubbing floors and washing dishes, is quite feasible. Its $1,400 cost could be written off in a few years, an occasional squirt of oil in its joints would keep it quiet, and its tubes could be replaced cheaply when necessary, all of which gives a thinking man food for thought. Dr. Thring believes that all that is keeping his Thing from mass production is the need for a manufacturer to invest $3 million in machinery. We think the fatal commercial flaw is that a woman would be off her rocker to allow such a formidable rival in the house, a constant reminder of dispensability. Moreover, a woman confronted by a panel of push buttons is soon plunged into agonies of indecision that compel her husband to look up a psychiatrist in the yellow pages. Even our present simple appliances are too often beyond woman's understanding. What happened to the Duchess of Bedford recently when her housekeeper took a day off was pitiable. The duchess defrosted the refrigerator but didn't know how to turn it on again. She couldn't start the electric dishwasher, or work the garbage disposal, and had to traipse back and forth to the garbage can with her caviar scraps. If you ask us, Thring's Thing has no future unless there's a man around the house.

HUFF WITHOUT PUFFING

Everybody who huffs up his self-esteem by vociferating against sin is climbing onto the anti-cigarette bandwagon as it lurches past in a cloud of smoke. Some of the bandwagoners look curiouser and curiouser. A movie company issues a press handout informing us that their actors will never, never be shown smoking cigarettes. They profess to have made this staggering decision because of profound concern for teenage morals. The film they are making is called **Bikini Beach.** A trade group of playing card manufacturers gives us a hot news tip about a Londoner who has found a way of giving up smoking by the cards. Each morning this dolt deals out a card from a shuffled deck. The 10 of clubs, say, means no smoking before lunch; the jack of diamonds, one cigarette after each meal. When he turns up the joker, and we mean the card, he'll quit cold. Ho hum. Jeeves, our snuff-box, please.

20 YEARS OF GI RIGHTS

The GI Bill of Rights has passed its 20th birthday. It was born June 22, 1944, when FDR signed the bill. The Veterans Administration has totted up what the bill has done for GI's and the country. It sent almost half of all World War II veterans back to school. Almost 2,200,000 ex-GI's went to college with its help. Some 460,000 engineers, 360,000 teachers, 130,000 doctors and dentists, and 150,000 scientists were trained with its help. The bill financed one out of five new homes in the postwar building boom, an investment of $58 billion. Morever, the bill is said to be paying for itself at a rate of a billion dollars a year—in income taxes from better educated, higher-earning vets. You thought it was free, Joe?

BOY INTO MAN

When does a boy become a man? If you say when he's 21, automobile insurance actuaries will laugh themselves sick. By their standards—based on the hard facts of accident statistics—an unmarried male isn't an adult until he's 30. Until then he's a "youthful operator" who has to pay extra for insurance, according to new rates in effect in most states. However, if he's married, he's considered an adult at age 25. Something about marriage sobers a boy. He stops stealing hubcaps, and free advice about driving is close to his right elbow a good deal of the time. Rate revisions have at least taken girls out of the "adult driver" category where they never belonged. Driving records of single girls under 21 have skidded so badly that they now have to pay insurance fees boosted by their incompetence.

GREENS HAZARD

There's a serious new threat to the golfing institution known as the 19th hole. Medical detectives have discovered that a golfer whose skin broke out with a terrible rash was sensitive to thiram, an ingredient of insecticides used on the course. Thiram compounds go into pills used in treatment of alcoholism. Alcoholics don't dare to take a drink after taking the pill because they know a frightening physical reaction will follow. A man picking up golf balls on a thiram-sprayed course can absorb a little of the stuff without knowing it, and a subsequent drink may cause flushing and burning that makes him wonder what got into him. Swardsmen had better watch their pesticides or one of these days we may be reading an alarming book called **Silent Greens.**

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

A brassiere, according to an ad headline, changes shape 14,400 times a day.

Carrying a large Manila envelope is a new status symbol in the East. It is tending to replace the attaché case.

It costs a girl $8.30 to kiss her escort good night in Madrid, the fine for committing a "public scandal."

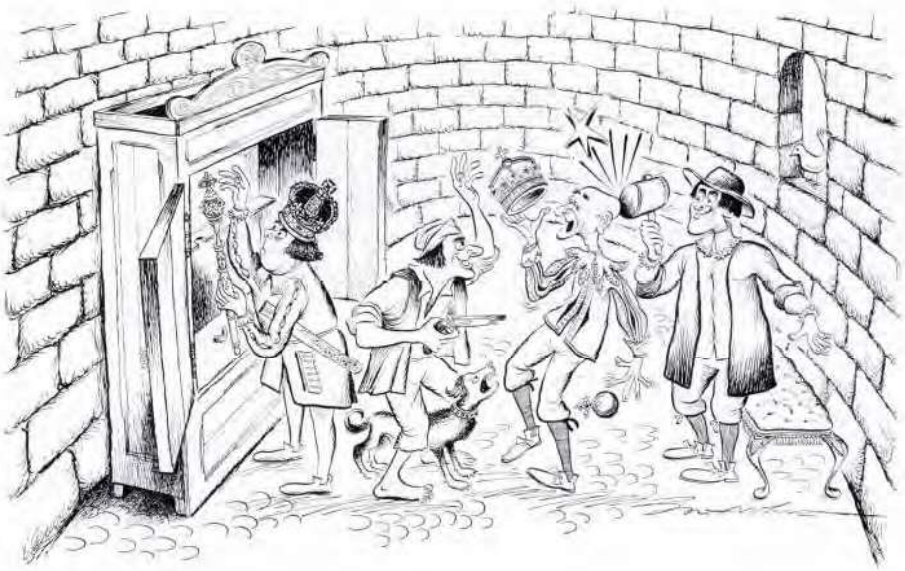
This month's candidates for euthanasia are lobbyists who are urging Congress to lower the tariff on bagpipes.

For the first time in 46 years, it is legal to enter a public building in Elko, Nevada, without wearing a mask to prevent influenza.

—THE EDITORS

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin



The Case of the Ravaged Regalia is a king-sized true crime mystery. The scene was set for it when Britain put a free-spending playboy, Charles II, on the throne in 1660. A million dollars of the nation's wealth lay tied up in kingly regalia—the coronation crown, a ceremonial crown, scepter, orb, all of jewel-studded gold. They reposed in a Tower of London cupboard, where a 77-year-old custodian earned tips by showing them to sightseers. An adventurer named Thomas Blood appeared one quiet day in 1671 with two pals; they were duly shown the treasures. They pulled pistols; the custodian yelled, Blood stunned him with a mallet, then used it to mash flat the smaller ceremonial crown, which he hid under his coat. One pal pocketed the orb, the other tried to file the big scepter in half, but had to leave it. Their getaway almost succeeded; pursuers caught them at an outer Tower gate. What followed—instead of a triple hanging-and-quartering—was extraordinary. King Charles pardoned the trio and gave Blood a court job. Larceny then became subtler. After Charles died in 1685, the coronation crown yielded a sad surprise. Somebody had pried out all its precious gems and substituted worthless fakes. To crown her next ruler, Britain had to hire genuine jewels, at $2,500 rental, for the occasion. Who master-minded the thefts was never solved, but to this day the king himself—"Merry Monarch" Charles—remains the prime suspect.

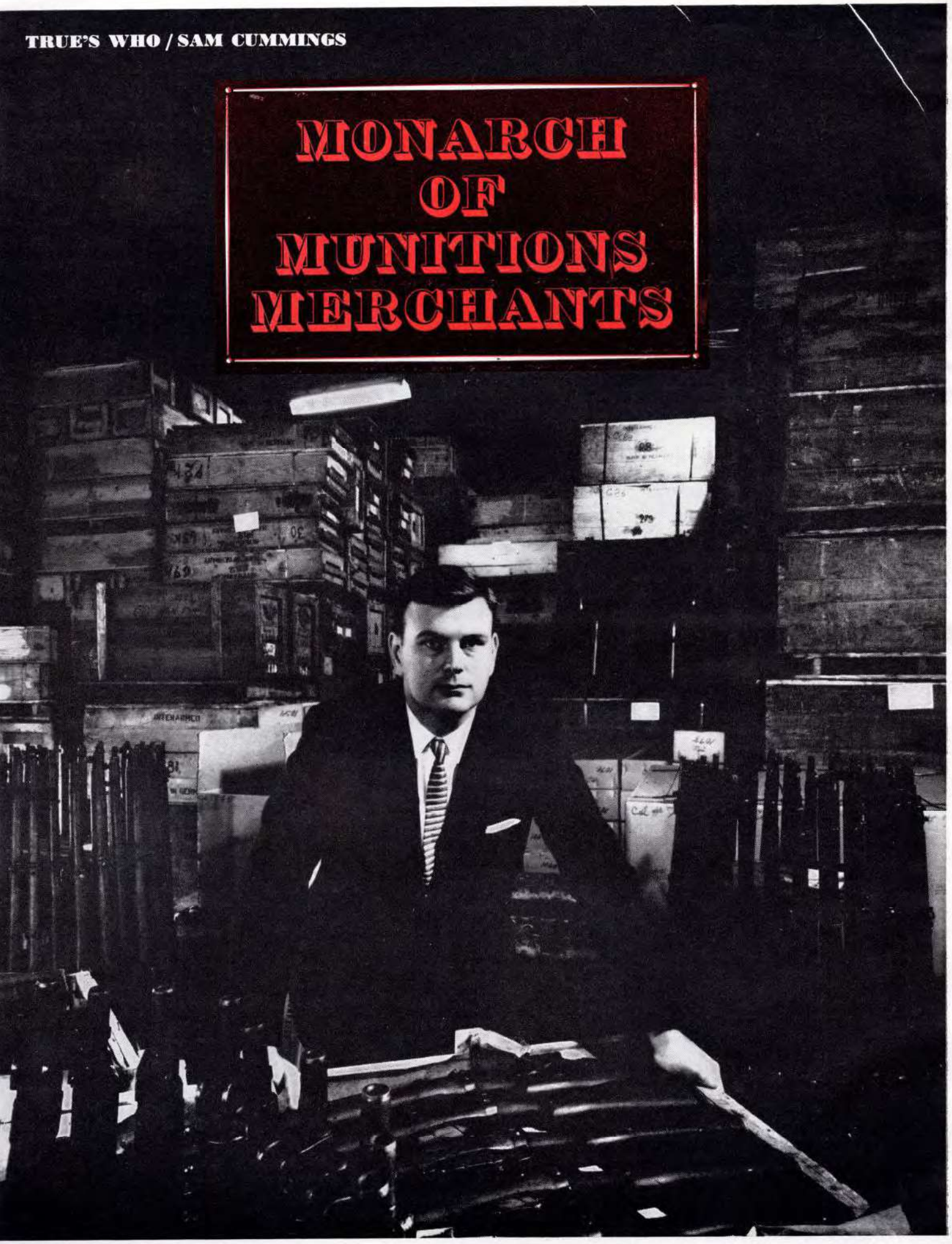
The year 1000 represents one of history's most enduring mistakes. As January 1 of that fateful year aproached—so historians in later centuries taught—terror swept Europe. The first day of the Millenium would be Judgment Day, the end of the world. Rich men frantically gave away their possessions and whole towns knelt in prayer awaiting the awful event. First printed around 1690, the story was accepted as truth for some two centuries before modern researchers proved it false. Judgment Day, the Church had stressed, was unpredictable. A new year began then on no agreed date—it was January 1 in some countries, Christmas, Easter or September 1 in others. Those few scribes who kept track of years used Roman numerals; instead of a decimal number, it was actually the Year M. Yet the myth of the "year 1000," rehashed by popular writers, is believed today by many people . . . and will probably still be around when the first day of the year 2000 comes up—which again will be a day like all other days.

Just 2,220 years ago, a lot of little ships ran into a storm. Few history books mention the event. Yet, paradoxically, it was the worst naval disaster of all time. The fleet belonged to Rome, a republic of landlubbers unfamiliar with the sea but bent on beating Carthage, naval boss of the Mediterranean. Beginning with no navy at all, Rome had measured a stranded Carthaginian vessel and built 250 like it. The vessel was a quinquereme, the 100-foot standard warship of the time. Thirty or more 36-foot oars, with five men on each, swept it into battle carrying some 120 soldiers to grapple and board an enemy in hand-to hand combat. In 255 B.C., Rome's 250 quinqueremes—rowed by farm boys who had trained on land at stationary benches—went out and smeared Carthage's 200 quinqueremes, grabbing 114 of them. The Roman fleet, now 364 ships strong, headed home. They didn't listen to pilots' warnings of bad weather off Sicily. There they rowed into a terrific storm. When it cleared, 284 ships were gone, with 75,000 men; wreckage and corpses littered the Sicilian coast. In comparison, the great Spanish Armada of 129 ships sent against England in 1588, battle-torn and storm-battered, lost 75 ships and 15,000 men. An ancient chronicler wrote of the Roman disaster, "No greater catastrophe is to be found in all history as befalling a fleet at one time"—after two milleniums and two world wars, a statement still true. *By Jack Morano, New York, N.Y.*

While slavery was being righteously opposed and ended in the 19th century, a worse human exploitation was going on in Britain and America with little or no opposition. The essential trade of chimney sweeping was practiced by sending small children through chimneys. In both countries, fireplaces supplied the only heat. Chimneys accumulated soot; unless cleaned, they could burn disastrously. Britain, with multitudes of poor, never lacked for "climbing boys" to do the work. Parents or poorhouses sold children ("apprenticed" them) to master sweeps for $2 to about $15—the smaller the boy the higher the price. Flues averaged nine by 14 inches and rose four to five stories, seldom straight, often angled. Clothed in a cap and pajama-like garment or sometimes nothing, wielding brush and scraper, the boy squirmed through, clawing with elbows and knees, while the boss sweeper threatened below. Boys suffocated, took crippling falls, got TB or an occupational disease, cancer of the scrotum, from soot lodging in skin folds. In 1808, when Parliament abolished Negro slavery, its building flues were being cleaned by boys 4 to 6 years old. Parliament took until 1875 to end boy sweeping by fixing 16 as the minimum age. In the United States, the work passed early to Negro children, slave or freed. But no law rescued them; they were saved by the mid-century arrival of furnace heating. Mechanical sweeping with rotating brushes on flexible rods took over—followed, today, by powered suction—to replace probably the worst child labor in history. *By William Bickerstaff, Raleigh, N. C.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

MONARCH OF MUNITIONS MERCHANTS



PHOTOGRAPH BY ARNOLD NEWMAN

BY JOHN BARRON AND MAX GUNTHER

WANT TO BUY A PISTOL... OR A TANK? SEE SAM. WANT TO SHOOT A RABBIT... OR MAKE A REVOLUTION? SEE SAM. HE'LL SELL YOU WHATEVER YOU WANT IF YOUR PRICE IS RIGHT

ALEXANDRIA, VA.

■ Rafael Trujillo was in trouble. World opinion had turned against the dictator of the Dominican Republic; friends were deserting him; neighboring countries were growing hostile; rebellion was building up in his own country. The roof was falling in, and only one thing could help Trujillo: armed force.

But at the very time when he needed weapons most desperately, he was least able to get them. These were the late 1950's, and it was no longer fashionable to be friendly to Caribbean dictators. Foreign offices that had once helped him could now only shrug in sympathy. No nation wanted to go on record as helping Trujillo maintain his power.

But there were, after all, other sources of weapons than national governments. There were private weapons merchants, men with no political entanglements to embarrass them—men who would sell guns to anybody with cash.

Trujillo sent his agents out to scour the world. They made discreet inquiries in the murky limbo of the international arms trade. They came back to him with a report: There was only one private merchant big enough to sell weapons to Trujillo in the quantity he needed, an American named Sam Cummings.

Sam Cummings turned out to be most obliging and extremely efficient. Early in 1957, a freighter left Sweden for the United States. It transferred its cargo to another ship. The second ship slipped out of New York Harbor bound for the Dominican Republic. Rafael Trujillo was on hand personally to welcome the cargo: 26 British Vampire jet fighters.

Once again Sam Cummings had delivered. Once again he had lived up to his reputation as the world's biggest "merchant of death," an epithet his enemies try never to let him escape.

Not even his enemies, of whom there are many, will argue about his importance. Sam Cummings is only 35 and has barely been in business for a decade and a half, but he has built up a worldwide weapons-trading complex so vast that there are no real competitors in sight. Under the corporate chieftainship of his International Armament Corporation (Interarmco), he has warehouses and offices in the U.S. and at least 12 foreign countries, and a spiderweb of controls linking affiliates and agents in every restless corner of the globe. Hardly any weapons deal of importance is transacted anywhere outside the Iron Curtain that Cummings doesn't know about, if he doesn't actually have a hand in it. You hear his name anywhere and any time there is clandestine talk of arms—not at the world council tables under the glare of publicity, but in the quieter places. In dim corners at embassy cocktail parties. In grimy bars at out-of-the-way ports. At secret jungle airstrips.

His main warehouse center is at Alexandria, Virginia, across the Potomac from the nation's capital. In this tremendous arsenal with its military atmosphere (the workmen wear fatigue uniforms that once belonged to Field Marshal Rommel's desert army), Sam Cummings claims to have more guns than the U.S. and British armies together now have in service, and more than most nations have even in reserve. "In Alexandria alone," says he, "we have enough guns to outfit whole Russian, German, Italian, British and American infantry divisions with their standard World War II equipment." He says it proudly. And not only does he have guns. He'll sell you almost any kind of killing equipment you're prepared to pay for. Tanks, trucks, torpedoes. Boats, bombs, bayonets, bazookas. He admits to only two things being out of his league: nuclear weapons and germ-war materials. But he won't admit they're out forever.

Sam Cummings, though he doesn't like to hear it said, has an outrageous amount of military power at his fingertips. By selling or withholding arms at certain strategic points in the giant chess game of world diplomacy, he could, if he chose, conceivably alter the balance of power in many localities, perhaps with worldwide repercussions. It doesn't take much weaponry to tip the scales one way or the other. During the fighting in the Congo's Katanga Province, two jet fighters crippled U.N. airborne supply operations and held the U.N. forces at bay for more than two weeks. Fidel Castro, fighting the guerrilla war that won him power in Cuba and created a grave problem for the entire hemisphere, probably had fewer weapons all told than you can find in a single Interarmco warehouse building.

There's no evidence that Cummings has ever set out deliberately to tip the scales in this way. His politics are those of a businessman: he offers his deadly merchandise to buyers who will give him a profit. But in doing so, he has undoubtedly helped shape the present alignments of the chess game. Many of his deals sound less like those of a private business than those of a government—and a rather wealthy government, at that. His sale of 26 fighter planes to Trujillo must have helped the dictator preserve his bloody regime a few years longer. In the same year as that transaction, Cummings sold several thousand U.S. surplus heavy machine guns to France. In 1962 he sold some 40,000 modern rifles to sundry buyers in Asia. He has equipped the Sudanese army with Armalite AR-10 rifles, forerunner of the

Cummings displays lethal wares in his Virginia arsenal. He once tried to demonstrate to neighbors that his stockpile was no hazard, but show stopped when a grenade "blew up."

An enigma meets a riddle. . . . Many found the character of Pandit Nehru unfathomable, but Cummings, here meeting the late Indian leader while weapon-scouting in Asia, is in his own way, equally a mystery, even to close associates.

On deck of this Finnish freighter is assorted artillery for Cummings. At least once in the arms merchant's career, crates like those shown have turned out to be more valuable than the arms packed inside them, being made of a rare wood.

AR-15 with which the U.S. Infantry is only now equipping itself.

His purchases have been equally big. In 1958 he made a deal with England to buy a fantastic total of more than half a million surplus rifles and automatic weapons. "We almost bought a battleship from Chile once," he adds. "The Japanese outbid us and towed it to Yokohama for scrap. Missiles? Well, some NATO countries have sounded us out about taking some of their Nikes that are getting old."

The spectacle of a private merchant in the big-time international arms trade, a single man dabbling in potential world disaster, understandably troubles the governments of the big Western powers. They feel uneasy about Sam Cummings. They watch him as you might watch a small boy lighting a fire in the fireplace: what he's doing is legal, but you know he could burn the house down if you don't stay on top of him every minute. They wonder how responsible a man can be who sells instruments of death for a profit, who sells to a dictator one day and a liberator the next, a recognized government here and a ragged army of fire-breathing rebels there. How far, they wonder, can such a man be trusted? If a powder-keg situation develops somewhere in which Cummings' activities are crucial, can he be controlled?

Cummings insists he's dangerous to nobody. "We do a multi-million-dollar business each year and intend to do a lot more," he pointed out earnestly to a TRUE reporter. "I'd be stupid to jeopardize it all by trying to pick up a few hundred thousand in clandestine deals." He says, for example, that he refused to sell arms to Castro's guerrillas. "They called us all the time and offered to send their trucks up to Alexandria and pay premium prices in cash. We just laughed at them."

Yet despite Cummings' earnest protestations, the U.S. government keeps so close an eye on him that he can hardly buy a squirt gun in this country without somebody's carefully noting it down. He has been investigated by the House Un-American Activities Committee, the Internal Revenue Service and the Treasury's Alcohol and Tobacco Tax Unit, which administers federal laws relating to domestic firearms sales. The Central Intelligence Agency and the FBI also watch him with great interest. But the shadow most constantly dogging his heels is the State Department's Office of Munitions Control, which regulates the movement of war equipment both into and out of the country.

According to OMC's Director, Merrill Hammond, this nervous agency scrutinizes every Interarmco deal with a microscope. "We contact our embassies and other people abroad, try to ascertain the true purpose of a shipment and what its consequences are likely to be. We also consult every branch of the government which might be able to help. Sometimes it takes as long as six months to complete an investigation." During the Cuban fighting before Castro took over, Hammond flew to Florida personally to check rumors that Cummings was sneaking arms into an already explosive situation.

Shrewd, scholarly Dr. Robert Margrave, OMC's Deputy Director, points out that every weapons shipment in or out of the U.S. must be specifically licensed by his agency. "The big outfits like Interarmco cooperate closely with us," he says. "They know what would happen if they got on our blacklist." Loss of U.S. license would hurt Cummings badly, at least until he got reorganized. He could still buy and sell in the rest of the world. The State Department can exert a partial and indirect control over some of his overseas activities by putting pressure on other governments, but it can't control him completely.

"So far as I personally know," says a former intelligence officer who probed Cummings' activities, "there's no record of his being involved in anything subversive or illegal. But when a guy's got that many guns and his kind of contacts, you've got to keep after him all the time."

Cummings, of course, doesn't particularly enjoy living in the spotlight of government scrutiny. [*Continued on page* 20]

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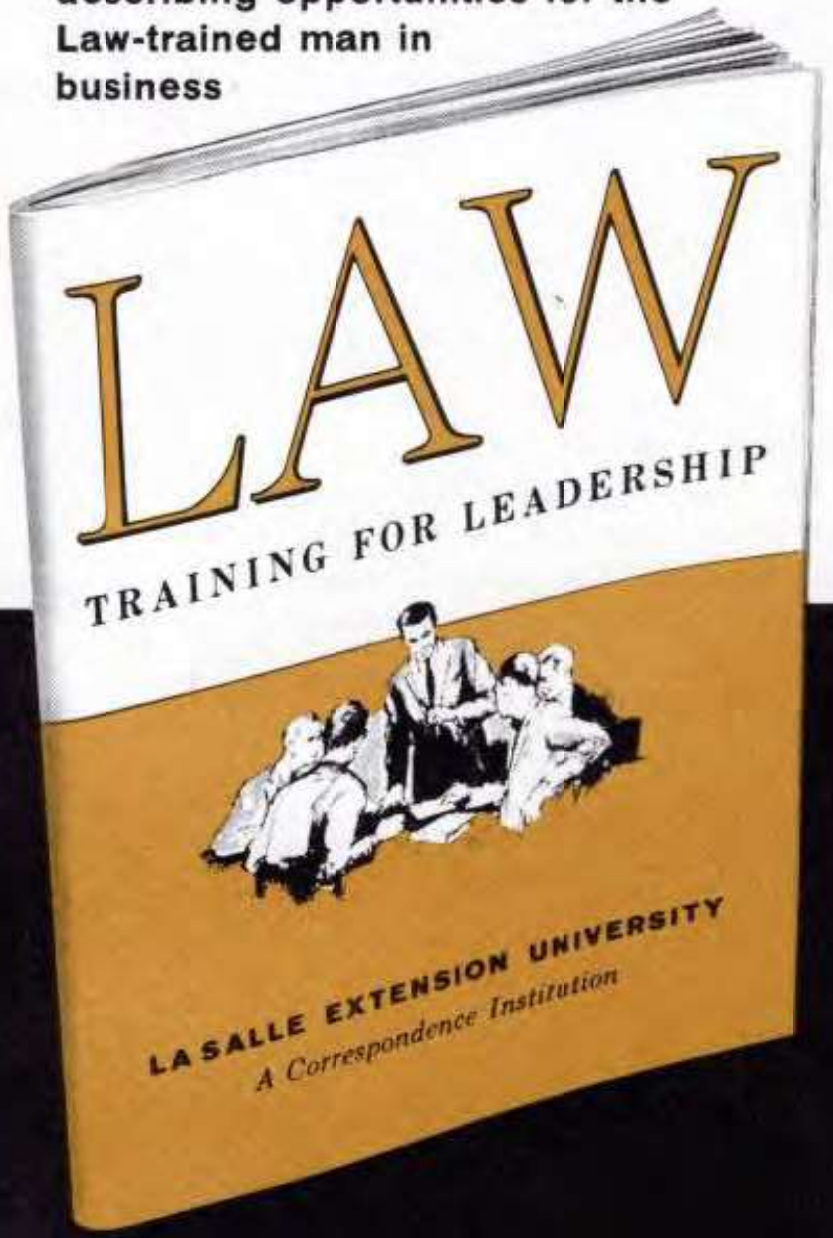

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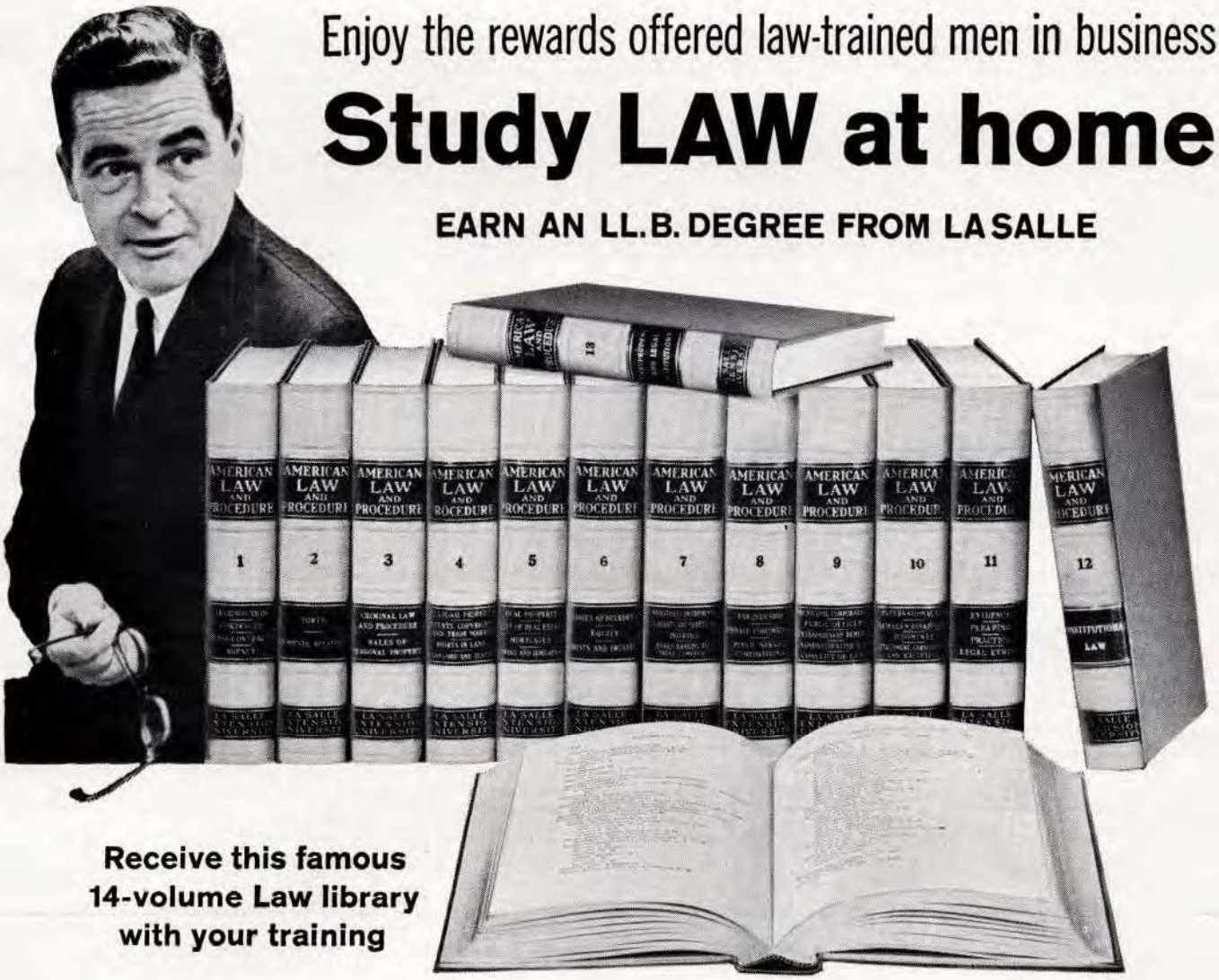

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[*Continued from page* 16]
Remarks a colleague: "There are only three kinds of people Sam won't have anything to do with: drunks, crooks and intelligence personnel. They're all bad for business."

What breed of man is this? Passing him on the street, you'd take him for a former college football star comfortably settled in some big-company sinecure. He's a big man: 220 pounds, solid, athletic. His round, boyish face gives no hint that he worries about anything more pressing than his golf score. His voice, when he speaks, is deep and calm.

Such a man doesn't scare easily. "The entire weight of the U.S. government," says a rival munitions merchant, "won't keep him from selling arms wherever he damned well pleases." Nor do his competitors worry him—and there are many who are well worth worrying about. The international arms trade is a murky and nightmarish maze of intrigue. Fanatic political groups—notably the Communists, who run guns in a steady stream to such hot spots as Vietnam—pay scant attention to the fair-play rules of civilized business. Their hired assassins lurk in the world's alleyways, along with desperate freelance gunrunners to whom violence is a way of life. A Swiss gun merchant, Dr. Paul Stauffer, was shot down in his own driveway. An Algerian weapons buyer was killed on a busy street in Bonn, in broad daylight.

But Sam seems unconcerned. "If these characters give me trouble," says he, "I'll just have to lean on them." Coming from anybody else, this would seem like empty bravado. But when Cummings says it with his quickly evaporating smile, you tend to take him seriously. It might be a mistake, in fact, ever to take Sam Cummings in any other way but seriously.

Even when he's in a bantering mood you come away scratching your head, wondering how much of it he really meant. Sometimes he'll refer to some obscure area of the world and say: "Looks as if there's going to be a little war over there. That'll be good for me." He smiles. But you reflect that if there were no wars, there would be no Interarmco. The comparison may be inaccurate, but you can't help thinking of Basil Zaharoff, the notorious weapons tycoon whose intrigues early this century are said to have helped stir up World War I.

The one thing you can say for sure about Sam Cummings is that he knows guns. He was almost weaned on them. When he was five years old he got hold of an old Maxim '08 heavy machine gun discarded by an American Legion post in his native Philadelphia; and while most kids his age were playing with toy trains, he was learning to take his gun apart and reassemble it. By the time he was 12 he was an avid collector. As he moved into his teens he began to earn pocket money by buying and selling guns among other collectors.

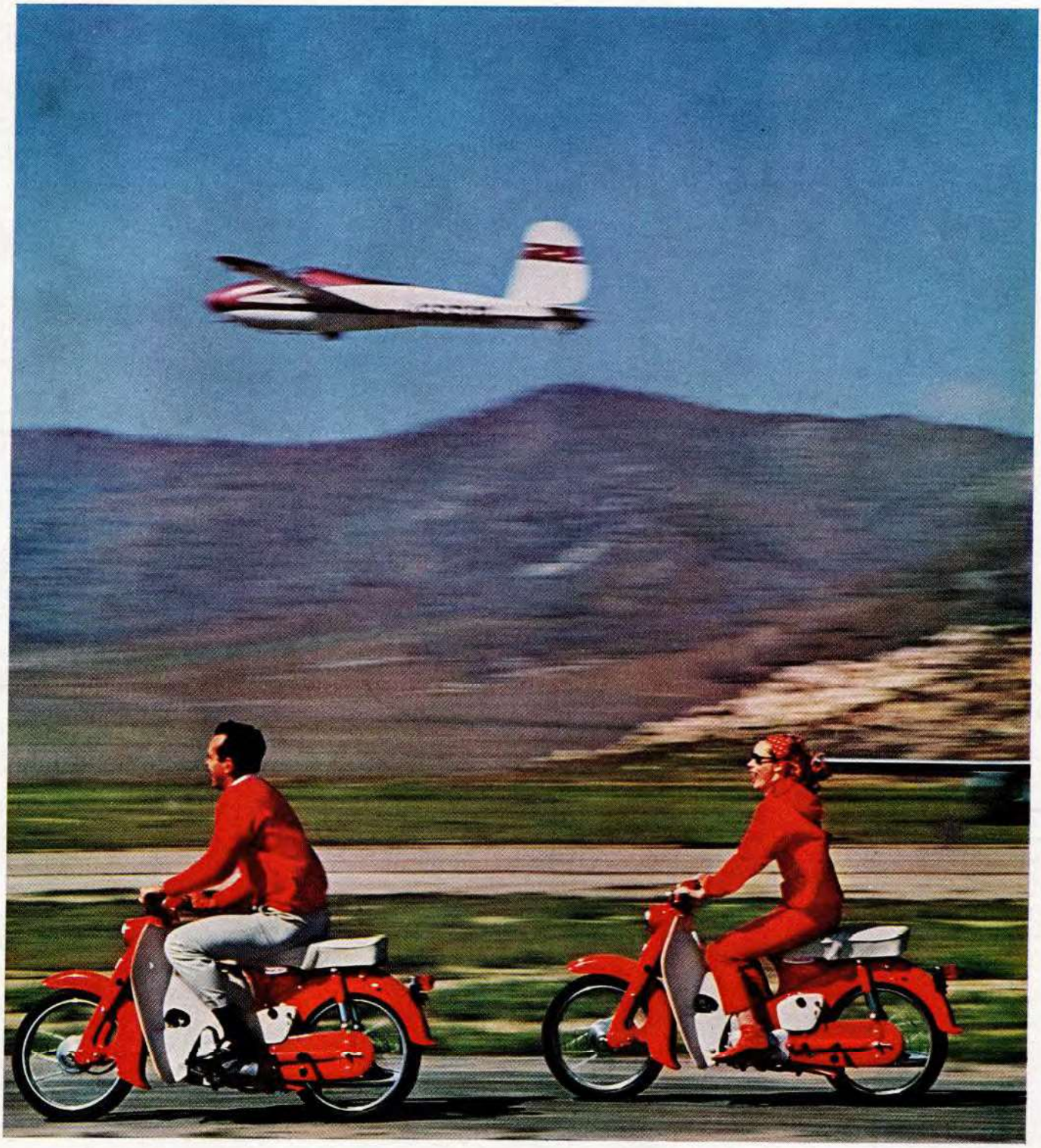
After a routine postwar hitch in the Army he used the G.I. Bill to go to George Washington University and then to Oxford, where he intended to study history. But Oxford didn't suit him. To him, history learned in a classroom was like great music heard on a tinny phonograph. He wanted to get closer to history than that. After a few weeks he quit the university and set off on a tour of European battlefields.

On a gentle spring evening not long afterward, young Sam Cummings rambled along the deserted beaches of Normandy. Alone in the gathering dusk, he heard all around him what he had come to hear: the great, sad echoes of history. On this coast, four years before, Adolf Hitler's mighty Wehrmacht had met an army still mightier. Within a year of the epic battle fought here, the Nazi army and the Third Reich had perished.

As the streaky evening sky turned blood-red above him, Cummings found himself closer to history than even he, perhaps, had wanted. The year was 1948, and many of these battlefields had not yet been cleaned up. Many had been forgotten in the bewildering rush of new world events and world fears since the war's end. Young Sam Cummings found himself in history's very sanctum. German skeletons lay in the defensive positions where they had fallen in those bloody June days of 1944. Some still wore tattered shreds of the uniform that had terrorized Europe. They guarded acres of forsaken weapons, German and Allied. There were beached vessels and tanks, some with the crews still in them. There were rifles, mortars, ammunition, live grenades and rockets.

Standing in this weird graveyard of D-Day's titantic struggle, young Sam at first felt shocked and unhappy. But then the trader's fever began to rise in his blood. He wondered about this melancholy litter of weapons. To whom did they belong? They were, it seemed, anybody's who troubled to pick them up and carry them away.

In succeeding weeks he roamed through other great battlefields in Europe. He saw abandoned weapons everywhere. On the crumbling runways of a deserted airfield in Holland he saw Messerschmidt ME-262 jet fighters. In a huge bunker near Appeldoorn he found V-1 rockets exactly as the Germans had left them. He discovered a huge supply of German TABUN poison gas. Along



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roadsides and in fields he saw great piles of guns and other war equipment, left in the weather to rust and molder.

Somebody in the world must want these weapons, Sam thought. European governments apparently didn't. But there were newborn nations in Asia and Africa, nations with ambitions and fears. There were rebellious groups in South America. Death was in demand; the market was waiting to welcome anybody who had it to sell. And here was all Europe, one big dump heap of surplus death, waiting for a buyer.

Sam went home to America with his fantastic career taking form in his head. He had only $8 in his pocket. That wasn't enough to found an arms business, so he marked time, nurturing his dream and keeping his eyes open. He went back to college on the remainder of his GI Bill benefits, graduated in 1949. He fidgeted around, eventually going to work for the CIA. This odd interlude in Cummings' life is a locked room. He can't or won't discuss it; neither can or will his CIA superiors. Evidently the period wasn't a happy one, for Cummings quit within a year. His break with the government seems to have been honorable, but not amicable. Cummings has never since been fond of intelligence people.

In 1950, Cummings finally got back on the track of his dream. A California munitions trading outfit, Western Arms, commissioned him as overseas buyer. It was exactly the kind of job he needed. As he bird-dogged weapons across Europe, Africa and Asia, he became aware as never before of the huge profits that are possible in the death business.

Other businesses are happy with a 5 percent or 10 percent return on invested capital. But in the arms business, 100 percent is expected and normal. Bill Edwards, the genial Chicagoan who knew Cummings back in those early days, tells of buying guns at $2.50 and selling them at $45. He remembers buying Winchester rifles at $1.24, selling them at $26, and later seeing them advertised at still greater markups.

Such incredible profits are made possible by the vast disparity that may exist from one man to another in desire for a certain weapon. A non-collector, finding a dusty old gun left in the attic by his grandfather, will file it in a trunk and forget it. But a gun nut, finding the same weapon, may turn bug-eyed with delight. Similarly, a nation that has been modernizing may sell its old killing equipment for little more than the price of scrap metal. But a less advanced nation may pay several times that price for the same equipment and deem it a bargain. The trader's trick is to find the right seller and buyer in the right moods.

Cummings did well for Western Arms. "My personal needs were limited," he recalls. "I lived off my expense account and banked all my commissions." In three years he banked almost $25,000. Here, at last, was his starting capital—the seed which, if tended well, could grow into the arms business Sam envisioned. He fertilized it with daring and imagination, and up sprouted Interarmco.

One of his first big deals was a type of juggling act which his associates and enemies now refer to as a "typical Cummings coup." He got South American orders for rifles he didn't own, flew to Europe, bought the rifles partly on credit, shipped them to his customers, and finished paying for them when the customers handed him the cash.

"Sam has always done things that way," says Bill Edwards. (Edwards is no longer on friendly terms with Cummings. The two have had a falling-out over some incident or transaction which neither will discuss.) "He's big, but he has the knack of making his customers think he's even bigger. His advertising gives the impression that all the weapons offered are sitting in his warehouses. Actually, many aren't. What Sam really means is that he knows where to get these weapons for you, if you hand him an order."

With this impression of size piled on top of actual size, which was already considerable, Cummings in the mid-1950's was able to catch the ear of big finance in Europe. Continental bankers loaned him big sums for big new coups. With their money he began emptying entire warehouses of Garands, Enfields, Mausers and other fine weapons, some in their original factory crates. "I made some real buys," he says, happily. "Governments were eager to clear warehouse space of old war material they thought they didn't need."

Some governments later regretted their eagerness—the Dutch, for example. Sam was prospecting through a Dutch government depot one day in the early 1950's, looking mainly for some surplus ammunition that he'd heard might be lying about. The Dutch at the time were cordial to death merchants, but not particularly helpful. Confusion still lingered from the war and the years of rapid postwar readjustment. Nobody in the government's offices really knew what surplus munitions might be stored where. Traders had to hunt through the storage depots themselves.

As a colonel led Cummings through the depot, Sam suddenly found himself in a treasure trove. He was walking through rooms stacked high with rifles—and not just any rifles. These were a special series of Johnson semi-automatics, built in the U.S. for the Netherlands Indies forces in 1939. Cummings recognized them instantly; they were famous, known throughout the gun world for their craftsmanship and shooting qualities. Many traders since the war had wondered where they'd disappeared to. Thousands were thought to exist, but nobody had been able to get any clues. Bill Edwards had asked about them at the Dutch Embassy in Paris in 1948, but had been told: "There are none in existence."

Cummings blinked, swallowed, steadied his nerves and asked casually: "Can these be bought?"

The colonel looked mildly surprised. "Oh," he said, "would you be interested in something like this?"

Interested was hardly the word. Sam quickly made a deal. The Johnson rifles had cost the Dutch something like $200 each, and the word in the trade is that Cummings got them for less than $15.

As they began appearing on the U.S. market, other alert traders knew instantly that the lost gold mine had been discovered. Dutch officials were buttonholed by hopeful merchants asking about further caches of Johnson rifles and other

TRUE

"You've had enough!"

weapons thought to be in Dutch hands. One merchant in particular stumbled on a new gold-mine: an entire warehouse full of confiscated guns. There were about 100,000 of them—odd bits of everything imaginable, from 15th century weapons to the most modern light machine guns. Pop-eyed with delight, the merchant bought everything but the building for a reputed $100,000.

"When the Dutch saw the prices being charged in the U.S. for all these weapons," recalls Bill Edwards gloomily, "they nearly had a hemorrhage." They recognized that they'd been taken to the cleaners on a heroic scale; they'd sold valuable property at scrap-metal prices. It's also suspected that the Dutch, only a little later, discovered that some of these same guns were drifting into the hands of troublesome elements in their own colonies. At any rate, Holland from then on wasn't a good place for weapons prospecting. The Netherlands government today prefers to burn surplus arms rather than sell to private traders.

When Bill Edwards called on the Dutch arms office three years ago he found one of the top officers, himself a gun fancier, almost weeping at his desk. "We just dumped gasoline over 2,000 fine little Browning pistols," the officer said, hoarsely. "Almost new, they were." Some 40,000 Enfield rifles had been destroyed, and 40,000 more were ticketed for the pyre later.

Most of Cummings' transactions have ended more amicably. He boasts that he's still welcome in almost all the countries where he has done business, buying or selling. He carefully maintains an air of being an ordinary businessman, a clean-cut, honest-to-the-last-dime young fellow who might be selling vacuum cleaners, but just happens to be selling death. He studiously shies away from the Basil Zaharoff image. "I know a lot of people think I'm a merchant of death who quaffs ancient Chinese potions and keeps a couple of mustachioed insurrectionists around as bodyguards," he sadly told a reporter. "They're wrong, though. I'm just a country boy trying to get along."

But while the same reporter was sitting in Cummings' office, the phone rang. Cummings' end of the conversation went like this: "Oh, making treacherous deals . . . Just creeping, creeping around Europe . . . Well, you could buy up that beautiful, horrible stuff which came out of Vietnam . . . Sold out to those West Coast criminals, uh? Why don't you fly down here, or do the Feds still let you fly? Still have that 400-pound deputy sheriff chained to your wrist? . . . " One country boy to another.

As Cummings hunted buys throughout the world in the 1950's, he also hunted customers. He or his growing number of agents were always to be found in the world's nervous localities. He became, of necessity, a student of human and national nature, a kind of seer who could predict who would want what weapons when. As the West Germans began rearming, Cummings was moving around among the troops and

[*Continued on page* 26]

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By Paul Weissman

THE CATCHER WHO TRIMMED THE MOUNTAIN

Nobody messed with the late Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Baseball's first commissioner was so rough that his favorite ploy was to help his wife out of a cab in front of a pack of sportswriters and say loud enough for everybody to hear:

"Be careful, dear. Or you'll break your goddam neck."

The judge never pulled a punch and always got his way. He often emphasized a point by shaking the long, uncombed white mane that made him recognizable anywhere and by staring down any owners, managers or coaches who questioned him. Few did. But there was a time when he took a kindly attitude toward ballplayers. What changed him was a Giant catcher named Earl Smith who was even more stubborn than Landis.

Smith got thrown out of more games in 1921 than John McGraw. Yet his antics didn't start him on the road to Judge Landis' office until late in August, when the second-place Pirates came to the Polo Grounds for a series that would decide the pennant.

The catcher took the first step when the opening pitch was close to the outside corner.

"Baw one," George Hillebrand yelled. Smith took his mask off and turned around to glare. Three more "baws" and Smith lay down as if he were dead. When the crowd roared, he jumped up shaking his finger at Hillebrand.

"I was two feet closer than you were," he said, "and that was no ball."

Hillebrand was sore enough to yell "play ball" right in his face.

The next batter got a close one. "Baw one," Hillebrand yelled. Smith didn't get up and he didn't turn his head. He just held the ball for 30 seconds and refused to move a muscle. Hillebrand had to yell "play ball" again to get him to throw it back to the pitcher.

When "Baw two," came from behind his back, Smith turned purple. He shoved Hillebrand, kicked dirt on his trousers, called him names even McGraw never heard, and got thrown out of the game with a $100 fine and a ticket to the commissioner's office.

The hearing was set for a date three days after the Giants swept the series and the pennant. "Apologize to Hillebrand," the judge said, surprising everybody, "and we will forget all about the fine."

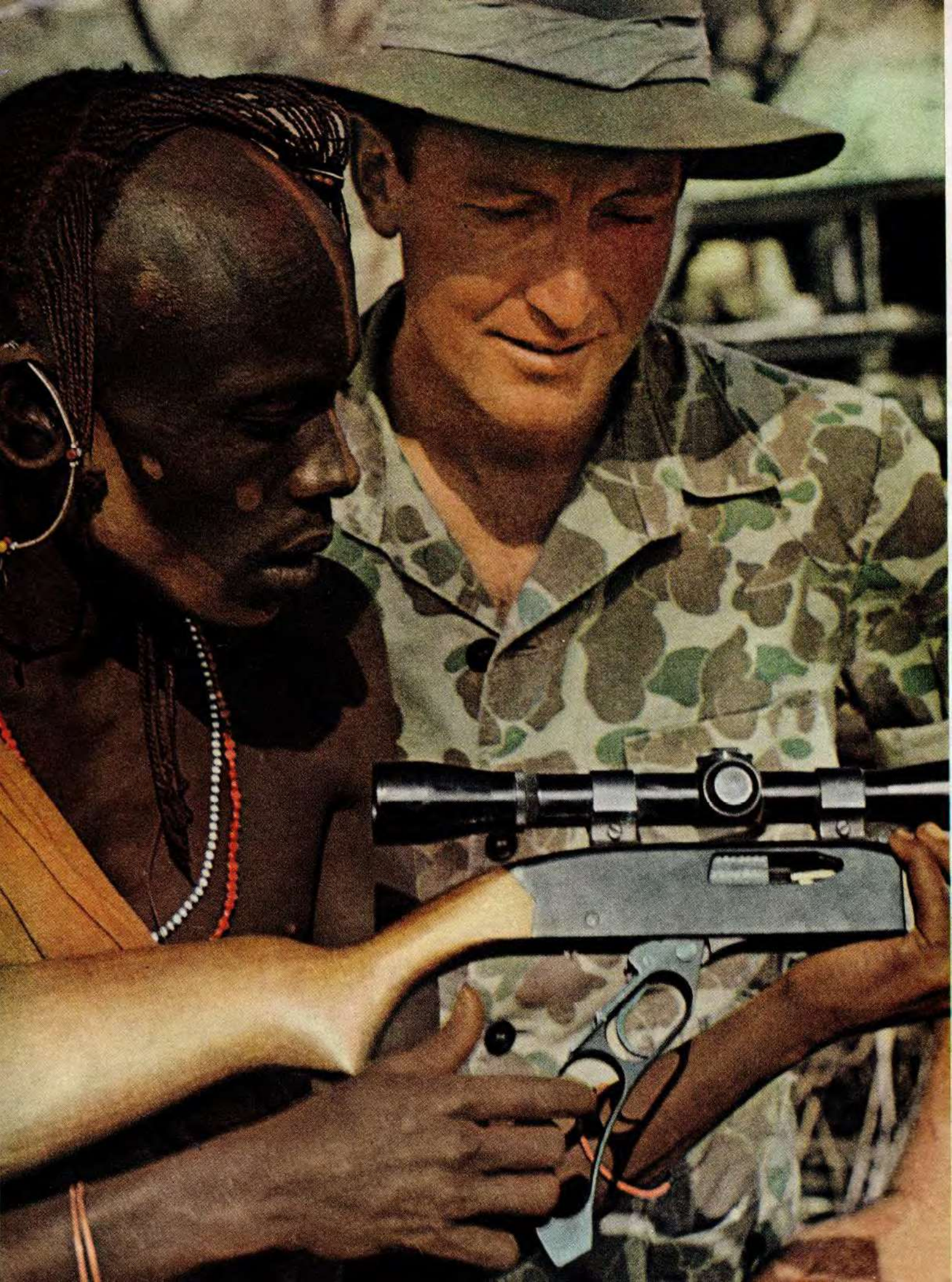
Smith was too elated over the series victory to forgive anybody. He didn't say a word.

"You are willing to apologize, aren't you, Mr. Smith?" Landis asked, leaning across his desk and shaking his white mane ominously.

The catcher looked at him and held back a laugh, like a man trying hard to censor what he's thinking. When he didn't make it, he said:

"Judge, you look like you need that hundred dollars more than I do. Buy yourself a new hat and get a haircut on me."

It cost Earl Smith a C-note, but he left the commissioner's office smiling. The only trouble was that no ballplayer ever got that kind of break from Kenesaw Mountain Landis again.



David Ommanney, our man in Africa, shows Masai warrior how to work lever of his new Winchester 22 Magnum.

"Big game calls for big guns," says professional hunter Ommanney. "Yet a hard-hitting 22 belongs in any safari battery." That's why—when we proved our bigger-bore rifles on safari—we also took along the new Winchester 22 Magnums. Read how well they performed.

The tribal sport of the Masai is hunting lions with a spear.

We passed through Masai country when we took the new Winchesters to Africa. And we'd love to be able to tell you that we bagged a lion with one of our new 22s.

Such a feat, in David Ommanney's opinion, would not be beyond the power of this hard-hitting little rifle—using our Winchester-Western 22 Magnum ammo.

But he'd be the last man to let us (or anyone) try it.

For one thing, the East African game laws—which Ommanney, as a licensed professional hunter, is duty-bound to enforce—forbid the use of 22 rifles except for shooting birds and vermin.

"It's tough," said our safari leader, after watching this small-bore rifle perform. "Here's a new 22 that's just the job for little antelope like oribi and dik-dik. And I'm sure that—in the right hands, and at proper range—it would drop game as big as topi.

"Just the same, our law that bans hunting with a 22 makes a lot of sense, when you think about it."

After hearing Ommanney's reasons, we couldn't but agree with him.

Not all hunters shoot straight. Or think straight. So this law prevents the foolhardy from going—undergunned—against dangerous animals. It also stops *wounding* of game by unskilled marksmen.

Also chambered for Magnum ammo is this new slide-action Winchester 22 (Model 275, price $59.95). Same price for the lever-action Model 255 Magnum.

The law dates back, of course, to the days when no 22 had anything like the stopping power of our new 22 Magnum.

In spite of being restricted in their use, we had no regrets about taking our new 22s to Africa. They were just as thoroughly proved on safari as our new Model 70s and shotguns.

We wanted to get them well jolted—and their actions full of dust—in the rack of a Land-Rover, bucking through the bush. They took their bumps, and shot as straight as ever.

We wanted Ommanney to use them, and compare them for performance with the regular Winchester 22 he always carries on safari.

"I never saw anything like it," he said. "These little Magnums pack the wallop of a centerfire rifle."

Maybe—although you need a hard-hitting 22—you've little use for the extra power of a Magnum? In that case, look no further than the regular Winchester models shown below. "Real rifles," every one of them.

Semi-automatic rifle Model 290, $52.95.

Lever-action rifle Model 250, $56.95.

Slide-action rifle Model 270, $55.95.
(With brown Cycolac forearm, $52.95.)

Magazine Capacity—21 Short, 17 Long, and 15 Long Rifle, interchangeably (all Magnums hold 11). **Sights**—Rear: Square notch, adjustable for elevation and windage. Front: Square post on streamlined ramp. **Bolt**—Engine turned. **Overall length**—39". **Weight**—5 lbs., approx.

WINCHESTER® Western®
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[*Continued from page* 23]
military bureaus with word of several thousand tons of choice Wehrmacht equipment which he'd stored at Alexandria. Bonn dispatched an inspector who arrived in Alexandria wearing, as Cummings recalls, "a black leather coat and a faraway look." Cummings showed him through a warehouse crammed with the Wehrmacht's deadly MG-42 machine guns, oiled and ready. With a nostalgic sigh, the German ordered a shipload.

The Alexandria depot, which had begun when Cummings bought an abandoned tavern stilted out over the Potomac River, by now was developing into the major industrial setup it is today: nine great warehouse buildings served by their own dock and rail facilities. As it grew, Alexandria's citizens began to get the shakes. Into their peaceful midst had been dumped all kinds of lethal weapons and live ammunition. A press dispatch saying that several thousand hand grenades were on the way finally touched off a full-fledged citizens' uprising. There were loud demands that Cummings and his arsenal get out of town.

Cummings assured everybody that these weren't live grenades, and he invited a committee of townsmen to visit the depot and see for themselves. The townsmen watched while eight Interarmco employees, nattily dressed in Afrika Korps uniforms, marched forth carrying grenades.

The first demonstrator pulled the pin from his grenade and held it up before his audience with a reassuring grin. But the grin withered from his face. Smoke was coming from the fuse. With a quavering cry he flung the grenade away and dived for the ground amid his seven colleagues. A fearful explosion rattled the surrounding windows. The committee of townsmen vanished up the street like a herd of startled antelopes.

It was simply a case of bad luck. The grenade happened to be one of a few in the shipment equipped with a loud noise-making charge for use in training troops. The joke was on Cummings, but this doesn't seem to have made Alexandria any happier. Last year the citizens, led by the mayor, once again tried to have Interarmco drummed out of town. Once again Cummings managed to talk them out of it, but restlessness among the natives continues.

The joke was on Cummings another time when an Ethiopian general, to whom Sam had made a very low offer for a warehouse full of guns, chased him out of the building with a spear. And another time, when he had a big shipment of Swedish Mauser M94 carbines on the way to Alexandria and was told by Treasury officials that the barrels were too short. Under U.S. law a weapon of that type must have a barrel at least 18 inches long: otherwise it's subject to a whopping tax. The Swedish carbines measured 17⅝ inches. Interarmco had to fit the carbines with special blued steel tips to make them long enough, and then had to fire more than 10,000 rounds through them to prove the tips' strength.

Sometimes the joke turns out to have a profitable twist. Like the time Sam bought a shipment of arms that were worth less than the boxes they came in. This was in 1962, when Cummings took an assortment of arms which the Sukarno government of Indonesia was desirous of unloading. The weapons turned out to be obsolete and not very valuable, but the boxes they were delivered in were another story. Made of teak and mahogany, in which the forests of Indonesia abound, they were magnificently carpentered, real collector's items. Sam is selling them one at a time, at collector's prices.

But Sam Cummings isn't the kind of man who lets jokes determine his fortunes. He plans for success—and gets it. Today his Interarmco is a multi-million-dollar business. While Sam and his minions are tight-lipped about actual figures, they'll allow that 1963 was the best year in Interarmco's history. Surprisingly, much of the year's income came not from foreign governments but from domestic sales to chain stores and small-weapons stores serving hunters and sportsmen.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Death is a profitable commodity. Cummings makes sure that his top executives, mostly young men like himself, are paid more than the top government officials they have to deal with. As for Sam, his personal income is enormous. Young Sam Cummings wears expensive dark suits, tailored in London. His personal gun collection is possibly the biggest in the world owned by any single man. He maintains apartments, complete with separate wardrobes, in Geneva, London, Salzburg and Copenhagen. His main home is an elegant apartment in Monaco, where he and his spectacularly beautiful Swiss wife (his second) are esteemed citizens. When Mrs. Cummings recently gave birth to twins, Princess Grace had a special medallion struck in honor of the infants, the first pair of twins born to Americans in Monaco.

Apart from enjoying this blue-blooded camaraderie, Sam likes Monaco's equally sociable tax laws, which mean a great deal to a man in his financial position. It is consistently rumored, though he just as steadfastly denies it, that he owns 80 percent of a bank in Switzerland—which, if it is true, would give this much-scrutinized man a refuge in the peculiarly privacy-loving Swiss commercial system.

Cummings uses his great wealth with remarkable modesty, perhaps to further the impression that he is not trying to be an international warlord. He doesn't act like a man of power—not in public. Except in apartments and clothes, he lives simply. He takes his high-placed clients to expensive restaurants, but his own tastes run to hamburgers. He's seldom to be found at a late-night party, preferring to go to bed early for the nine hours' sleep he considers necessary. He neither smokes nor drinks. "Sam doesn't need a cocktail," says OMC's Dr. Margrave. "He's intoxicated enough by his own thoughts."

One sniff of these thoughts would pickle any ordinary man. Massive as his enterprise is, wealthy as he is, powerful as he is, Sam Cummings by no means feels he's at the pinnacle of possibility. He's barely a 10th of the way up. He walks about the world these days nursing a magnificent ambition: he wants to control all the principal sources from which Western powers buy their small arms, and maybe larger weapons, too. He wants to control the whole weapons business.

Said he to a gasping reporter: "We intend to make investments that will lead either to ownership or control of key factories in our field throughout the world. We'll include related raw materials industries, if necessary. We have the distribution system well advanced. Now we are looking ahead to developing our production facilities in the fullest sense." He said it in a matter-of-fact way. He meant every word. "We want to own our weapons," he explained, "from the time they start in the mines, through the factories, through the 10th generation of sportsmen who buy them after the armies are finished with them."

"There's no doubt about it," says Interarmco vice-president Richard Winter, awestruck. "Sam is going to be the Krupp of his field." The Krupps would be flattered to hear their relatively modest operation compared to this soaring ambition.

Will Sam Cummings actually achieve it? If past performance is an indication, yes. Never in his life has he been known to abandon a major purpose. When he wants something, he gets it.

Back in his early prospecting days, whenever he was in London, he used to stop and look longingly into the window of Churchill's, Ltd., an august gun firm whose history antedates the Declaration of Independence. Displayed in that window were two guns that any collector would have mortgaged his soul to own: the last remaining pair of Ferguson breech-loading flintlock pistols made during the American Revolution. One day young Sam went in and asked what price Churchill's put on these jewels of weaponry. Churchill's coughed politely, barely managing to hide the amused smile that curled its lip, and told him the guns had no price.

In succeeding years, as fortune began to smile on him, Cummings returned to Churchill's whenever he was in London. Each time he raised his offer. Each time he was coolly rebuffed.

Two years ago he decided he'd fooled around long enough. He bought Churchill's. **—John Barron & Max Gunther**

this funny Life

After six long weeks of hard field duty at an isolated Army training area, our unit returned to home base (at Fort Hood, Texas) across the street from a WAC detachment.

Our CO, a captain, paid a visit on the WAC's and cautioned the WAC commanding officer to keep her girls restricted after duty hours. "Or else," warned our captain, "there's bound to be some trouble."

"Trouble?" said the WAC. "I doubt it. My girls have it up here!" she explained, tapping her temple.

"Ma'am," said the captain, "I don't care where they have it —my men will find it. Restrict 'em!"

S/SGT. S. C. Pogue
New York, N. Y.

The other night a car sponsor ran a TV commercial showing its latest model sitting high in the clouds on a flat, perfectly vertical plateau seemingly miles from anyone or anything. But as the camera zoomed in for a close-up, a pretty girl could be seen behind the wheel.

"I knew it," my husband exclaimed. "Only a woman could get a car up there!"

Mrs. Mary Gill
Buffalo, N. Y.

In England, ladies of the evening have long abandoned actual street walking in favor of advertising. It is not uncommon to see only slightly disguised solicitations on almost any public bulletin board: "Model to Pose. Low Rates. Satisfaction Guaranteed," and the like.

The most subtle I ever recall seeing, however, was short and to the point. Above a neatly printed name and phone number, the ad read simply: "Room and Broad."

C. Perutz
New York, N. Y.

An American colonel in London during World War II set off to visit the British War Office. He found the street all right but didn't know on which side the War Office was located. Seeing a British soldier coming along, he stopped him and asked, "Which side is the War Office on?"

The soldier rubbed his chin a moment, then answered hesitantly, "Ours, sir—I think."

Clarence Roeser
Saginaw, Mich.

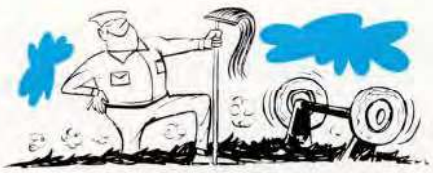
A young TV announcer, still a bit camera shy, had not yet mastered the art of ad-libbing; as a safety measure, every commercial he delivered was written out for him on a large cue-card.

One evening he was required to display and discourse on several pieces of clothing for a local department store. As usual the commercial had been scripted on a large card . . . word for word and article for article. Unfortunately, he mistakenly picked up one article before he got to its position in the script. To his utter frustration the piece of clothing happened to be a very filmy pair of ladies lingerie.

With a quick smile he attempted his first ad-lib: "Well, we'll get into these a little later. . . ."

The camera faded along with his smile.

Mr. Hans Hansen
Elmira, N. Y.



Shortly after the Korean War one of our larger carriers was conducting some much needed gunnery practice. The target drone pilot, a salty lieutenant, was becoming exasperated as the shells consistently went wide of the mark.

The ship repeatedly radioed the pilot to bring the drone closer and lower until it was within rock-throwing range. When the disgusted pilot got a final call for closer and lower, he exploded, "All right! Clear the flight deck! I'm gonna' land this S.O.B. aboard and you can beat it to death with your swabs!"

Name withheld at writer's request
San Francisco, Calif.

After my husband and I were married I joined him at Fort Lee, Virginia, where he was stationed. My first job on post was as a steno-typist for a newly formed agency called, the Contract Review Agency (Provisional). Because the title was somewhat long a directive was sent around to use just the initials. Two days later a hurried directive was given the typists to discontinue the initialing for we were heading everything: C.R.A.P.

Name withheld at writer's request
Oak Forest, Ill.

While in Miami Beach on business, I stopped at a hotel that featured "specialized service with that extra touch." It turned out they weren't just kidding. I asked to be called early in the morning, and was awakened not by a mere telephone bell but by a cheerful young woman carrying a Continental breakfast tray. As she was about to leave the telephone did ring. She picked it up. "He's in bed right now. Just a moment, I'll call him," this cheerful young lady told the caller—who just happened to be my wife in Los Angeles!

Jack Dublin
Los Angeles, Calif.

One night recently I took my 9-year-old daughter, Kathy, to a drive-in movie. The picture had hardly begun before both of us wanted a snack. I told Kathy to stay in the car while I took off for the refreshment stand. Loaded down with pizza, hot dogs, coffee, coke and what have you, I started back to the car and, of course, the inevitable happened. I couldn't find it.

Twenty minutes later I was still parading up one row of cars and down the other looking for mine, to no avail. Finally, with a great deal of reluctance, I went to the manager's office. What hurt most, I guess, was the fact that he didn't even crack a smile when he announced over the public address system: "Will little Kathy Byrne please come to the refreshment stand and pick up her father. He's lost."

Frank Byrne
Morristown, N. J.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

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This new White Owl shape stands above the crowd. The Ranger is Texas-tall and slim as a branding iron. It corrals flavor and mildness as no other cigar ever has, and there's peace of mind in every puff. As with other White Owl Cigars, the tobaccos in Rangers are aged the costly way—case-aged! That's what makes White Owl America's most expensive 10¢ cigar. Look for the Ranger in the new Royal Red and White box.

White Owl Ranger—flavor you don't have to inhale to enjoy.

The Spy Who Came In From The Cold

TRUE HAS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED A WORK OF FICTION, NOR DO WE PLAN TO DO SO ON A REGULAR BASIS. HOWEVER, WHEN AN EXTRAORDINARY PUBLISHING EVENT PRODUCES A TOPICAL NOVEL AS COMPELLING AND EXCITING AS "SPY" WE WILL FEEL OBLIGED TO SHARE THIS BONUS WITH OUR LOYAL READERS. WE WILL CLEARLY LABEL FICTION WHEN WE PUBLISH IT. AND IT WILL ALWAYS BE FICTION THAT COULD BE FACT TODAY, OR TOMORROW . . .

THE EDITORS

TURN PAGE

Condensed from THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD by permission of Coward-McCann, Inc. Copyright © 1963 by Victor Gollancz Limited.

■ Leamas stared through the window of the checkpoint along the empty Berlin street, then walked to the observation window and stood between the two motionless West German policemen training their binoculars on the Eastern checkpoint.

"This morning you said he'd come across with the workmen," said the American standing in back of them.

Leamas turned on him. "Agents aren't airplanes. They don't have schedules. He's blown, he's frightened. Mundt's after him at this moment. He's got only one chance. Let him choose his time."

A bell rang inside the hut. A policeman said in German, "Black Opel Rekord, Federal registration."

"How did Mundt know?" whispered the American.

"Shut up," said Leamas from the window.

One of the policemen left the hut and walked to the sandbag emplacement two feet short of the white demarkation which lay across the road like the base line of a tennis court. Somewhere high above the checkpoint the arclights sprang to life. The policeman began his commentary:

"Car halts at the first control. Only one occupant, a woman. Escorted to the Vopo hut for document check." They waited.

"What's he saying?" said the American. "Is it your man, Mr. Leamas? I ought to ring the Agency."

"Wait!" Leamas watched the car. There were two Vopos at the driver's door, one doing the talking, the other standing off, waiting. A third got the key from the driver, opened the trunk, looked inside, returned the key. Then he walked up the road to where, midway between the two opposing checkpoints, a solitary East German sentry was standing, a squat silhouette in boots and baggy trousers.

With a perfunctory gesture they waved the car on, almost unwillingly, and let it continue across the line to the Western sector.

"Is it a man you're waiting for, Mr. Leamas?" asked the American.

"Yes, it's a man," snapped Leamas, pushing up the collar of his jacket, and stepping outside into the icy October wind.

Leamas walked over to the car, and said to the woman in it, "Where is he?"

"They came for him and he [*Continued on page* 99]

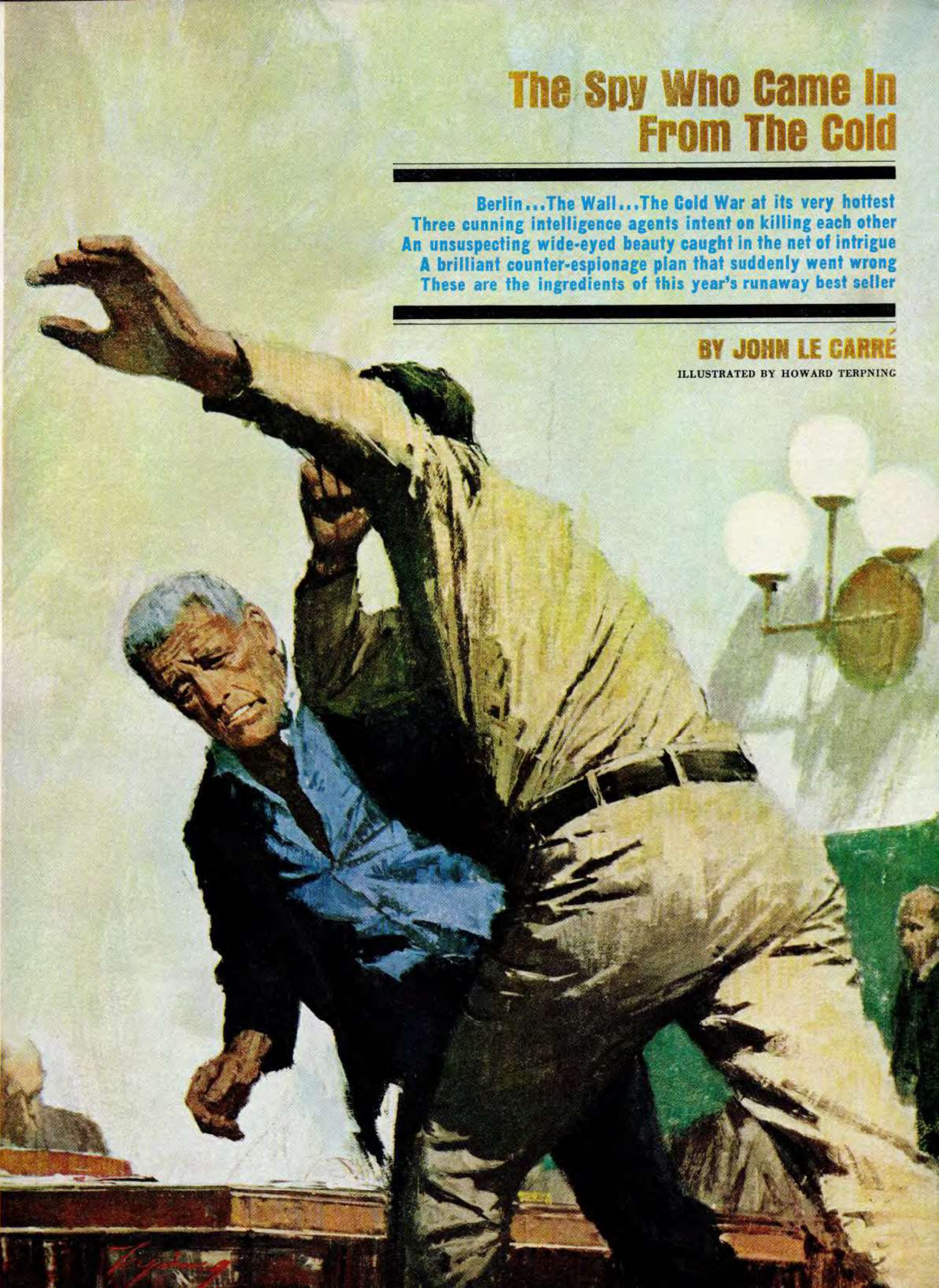
"You bastards! Leave her alone!" Leamas roared. The Red guard's fist silenced him. While the papers slipped from Fiedler's hand and Liz stared in terror, Mundt's gaze remained cold and steady.

The Spy Who Came In From The Cold

Berlin...The Wall...The Cold War at its very hottest
Three cunning intelligence agents intent on killing each other
An unsuspecting wide-eyed beauty caught in the net of intrigue
A brilliant counter-espionage plan that suddenly went wrong
These are the ingredients of this year's runaway best seller

BY JOHN LE CARRÉ

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD TERPNING



Spain's most celebrated handmade shotguns are the elegant equals of the world's best—and at about half the expected price

■ Back in 1956 while shooting live pigeons in the Championship of Europe at the Barcelona Gun Club, I noticed one particular competitor. A stocky man past middle age and of medium height, he had a ruddy complexion, a shock of white hair and the face of a Roman senator. What caught my eye was the great style and authority with which he was killing every twisting, jet-propelled *zurito* dead as a dried haddock.

Turning to Count Teba, the great Spanish wing shot and former World Champion, I said, "That elderly chap handles his gun very well."

Teba grinned. "That elderly chap ought to," he said. "He made the gun himself."

That's how I first learned about Agustin Aranzábal, head of the great AYA firm of gunmakers of Eibar, a Basque town high in the Pyrenees that is to Spain what New Haven is to America, Liége to Belgium and Birmingham to England.

Eibar is so modest that if you blink your eyes twice passing through it in a car you've missed seeing half the place, and even large-scale maps of Europe rarely indicate its location. Rain-soaked the year round, it perches high up on the green mountain slopes on the road to Bilbao from the resort town of San Sebastian. Of its current population of 45,000, 18,000 are engaged in gunmaking in one form or another.

Aranzábal's firm, Aguirre y Aran- [*Continued on page 92*]

Great Guns of Granada

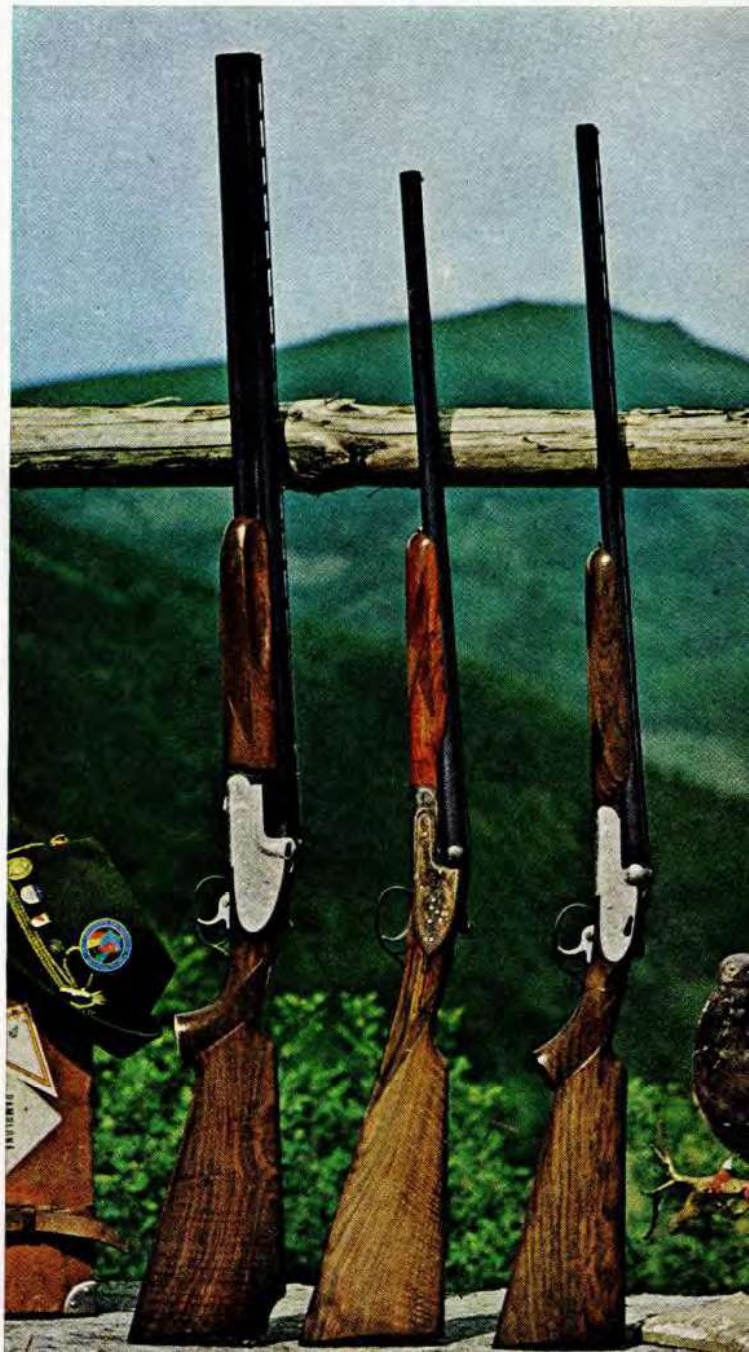
By Russell Barnett Aitken

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY SID LATHAM

Checking oil-finished stocks. Process takes 10 weeks.

Painstaking work by skilled hands at many stages of manufacture assures lasting fit of close parts. A long-range program of teaching apprentices (left) keeps the AYA supplied with top craftsmen while other firms are wanting.

Fine engraving is a hallmark of AYA and it is available in many styles. Close-up, at left, shows detachable side lock removed to reveal meticulous workmanship, gold-plated parts and careful inletting of the wood.



THE CASE OF THE DEMON LOVERS

This woman of many affairs had never known a lover like the dashing young French officer. She carried his whip scars on her back. When he demanded one more sign of her love, the nature of the crime horrified a nation

BY GEOFFREY BOCCA

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

BLOIS, FRANCE

■ Second Lt. Jacques Algarron seemed, at first sight, to be a pleasant fellow, typical of the new breed of young French officers. He was tall, lean, good-looking, with a brush haircut, and a cigarette perennially dangling from his lips in the French Army fashion. Only his green eyes made him different, if one looked closely. They were empty. . . .

He edged his way across the crowded dance floor of the Café Glacier in the city of Rennes, toward a girl who sat alone. He was in uniform, wearing around his shoulder a unit citation, the *fourragère* of the artillery. *"Vous êtes toute seule, mademoiselle?"* he asked. "You are alone?"

Denise Labbé looked up into the empty green smiling eyes, and nodded. In this way two young people met, casually, with no portent of the mad philosophy that fated them to destroy each other, and to commit a crime so terrible that prison bars became a refuge against an entire nation which would happily have torn them to pieces.

It is a poor fellow who, at some time or other, has not known a girl who would die for him. Perhaps even commit murder for him. For many it becomes the girl he marries. For others it is the girl he doesn't. The "womaniser," what the French call the *grand coureur*, meets many such girls. The whole art of seduction is designed to reduce a girl to just such a state, although the seducer would be shocked to have it expressed that way.

The man who would actually wield the power he possesses, of course, must be mad, or a monster. But monsters do exist, for sex, for murder. To turn a girl into a walking zombie would be, for such a man, nothing more than an interesting experiment. It would be a carrying into practice of the beliefs of Nietzsche, the German philosopher, whose superman theory made such a devastating appeal to Hitler.

Lt. Jacques Algarron knew he was a superman. He had read Nietzsche avidly, and he knew. He knew, too, that because he was the classic superman he must have a woman he could form as he willed. And when he took Denise Labbé's arm between his fingers to guide her on to the dance floor, he was already asking whether she was the one.

The music had a kind of hysteria about it, and among the dancing soldiers there was an air of tenseness and hair-trigger temper. The date was May 1, 1954. On the other side of the world their comrades were battling out the last tragic week of the Battle of Dien Bien Phu.

Algarron did not care. He was beyond such weaknesses as love, loyalty, compassion. He and his partner were an attractive couple to look at, although very different socially. Algarron was 23, a graduate of Saint Cyr, the West Point of France. He had a first-class brain and was a brilliant mathematician. A distinguished military career was forecast for him. His father, a hero of World War I, was a wealthy man. Denise was 27, a misfit in a prosperous bourgeois family, most of whose members were engaged in medicine or law. But she was beautiful, with a heart-shaped, madonna-like face, and long straight hair parted in the middle.

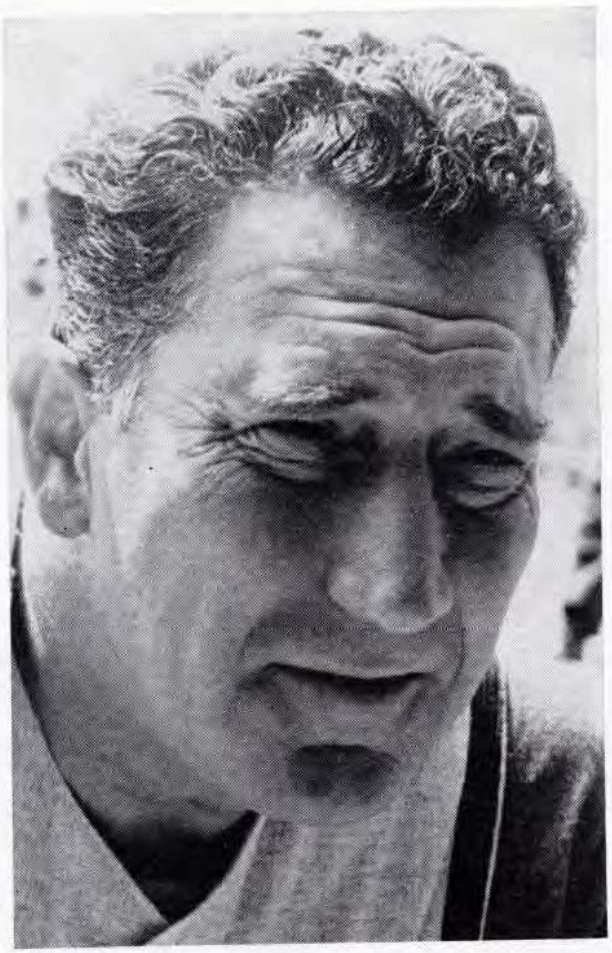
She was alone that night because her boy friend had just walked out on her, a not uncommon misfortune in her life. Although Denise was a girl who could not say no to a proposition, she could never keep her boy friends for long. There was something abrasive and petulant in her personality. She was what Americans call a loser. She had had a baby girl by a doctor who refused to accept the paternity, because he claimed she slept with too many men to make his responsibility conclusive. Yet she was not a bad mother, and loved the baby, Catherine, whom she farmed out to a warm-hearted foster-nurse whose name was Madame Marie Laurent.

As she danced with the young officer, she realized she had never met a man like him before. He had a brain like steel, and a genuine enthusiasm for the classical philosophers. Before the heat of his intellect, all the harshness of her [*Continued on page* 82]

In the courtroom, the shadows of their unnatural deed arose to haunt and to damn them.

"How I live with Cancer"

When my surgeon brother broke the bad news, I wondered if this was strike three for me. Here's the story of how I reacted—and of the rugged, dramatic, experimental treatment that could give me my biggest victory



Manager of the Cincinnati Reds since 1959, the author was back leading his ball club when this season opened.

BY FRED HUTCHINSON
as told to Al Hirshberg

My brother, Bill—Dr. William B. Hutchinson, of Seattle—was at the foot of the bed when I came out of the anesthetic. He was just a blur at first, but I finally shook the cobwebs out of my eyes and the expression on his face told me he wasn't happy at all.

"How does it look?" I said.

"Not good," he said.

"Is it real bad?"

"Well, it's not good."

"Have I got it?" I said.

"Yeah," he said. "You've got it."

So that lump on my neck *was* malignant. I had cancer. For a minute I didn't say anything—just peered at Bill. He's quite a bit older than I am and a good deal smaller and his hair isn't black like mine. But there's a strong family resemblance and people know we're brothers. We've got a lot in common. He likes baseball and I like medicine (my dad was a doctor, too). If he hadn't been dedicated to his profession and I to mine our positions might have been reversed.

He looked as if he wanted to change places with me on the spot. His eyes were soft and if I hadn't known him so well I'd have expected him to burst into tears. I guess maybe that's what he felt like doing. He had spent his life cutting tumors, mostly malignant, out of people, and now here was his own brother with one. It shook him up pretty good.

"Well," I said, gruffly. "What do we do now? How do we fight this thing?"

"We don't know yet," he said. "All we have is a preliminary report. We'll have to study the situation further before deciding."

After he walked out I started figuring dates. It was December 31, 1963. I had to meet my Cincinnati Reds in Tampa for spring training on March 1. That gave me two months—plenty of time to recover from anything. When the ball club reported I'd be there. It never occurred to me, then or at any other time, that I wouldn't.

The team had problems—every team has problems. Would Pete Rose, our young second baseman who was the National League's rookie-of-the-year have another great season like his first one? Could I find a third baseman who could do the job? Did we have all the relief pitching we needed? If I could answer those questions it might be 1961 all over again. We won the pennant then, and it looked to me like we had a better team now. Except for third base, our infield was set. Our outfield was solid and our catching better than most. Our first-line pitching was the best in the league.

This could be a Reds' year again. I didn't intend to miss it.

I got dressed, and waited for my brother to drive me home from the Swedish Hospital. I was staying at his house, having arrived in Seattle from my home in Bradenton, Florida, a few days before. When we got there, Bill's 17-year-old son, John, challenged me to a game of pool.

"I can beat you any time, anywhere, under any conditions," I said.

Neither of us mentioned the section they had taken from the upper part of my chest that day so the doctors could get a biopsy. The growth had extended from my chest to the neck, and the operation was needed to examine the tissue under a microscope. It didn't hurt much. Besides, I shot pool with my wrists, not my chest. The kid clobbered me, but not on account of the wound. He usually clobbered me anyhow. I talk a good game, but I'm really one of the world's worst pool players. The only one I can beat consistently is John's little sister, Mary. I'll admit she's not much of a pool player.

My wife, Patsy, phoned from Bradenton in the middle of the game.

"I'm flying out there tomorrow," she said.

"What for?" I said. "I'll only be here a few weeks. Why disrupt the whole family?"

"The kids are following me out in a couple of days," she said. "They can go to school there."

Later I reproached Bill. "You called Patsy," I said.

"Yes," he said. "I think she ought to be here."

"Is it *that* bad?" I said.

"I told you it wasn't good," he said.

I was a little concerned when I went to bed that night. I didn't like this business of everyone moving around so much. What had Bill told Patsy that he hadn't told me? He must have given her a pretty good scare to get her to pull Patty, our daughter, and Joe, our youngest son, out of school. Rick, our oldest, was at Florida State University. He would stay there because he had already missed part of the semester on account of mononucleosis. Jack, our second son, was no problem. He had just signed a baseball contract in the Reds' organization and was marking time until spring. He could take the other children to Seattle.

How long were we going to be there? I hated to ask Bill. Doctors don't like patients asking questions they can't answer, and I didn't think Bill knew the answer to that one yet. He would tell me when the time came. As a matter of fact, he would tell me everything he thought I should know without waiting for me to ask. And if there was anything I shouldn't know, he wouldn't tell me. So why should I ask him?

I wondered vaguely if this was the ball game. Maybe Bill and those other doctors at the Swedish Hospital thought I was going to die. I'd better make sure my affairs were in good order, I thought, as I lay in bed that night. I didn't want Patsy to have any worries. With four children to think about, this would be a bad time for me to leave. Of course, two of the boys were old enough to take care of themselves: Rick in college and Jack playing ball. But it would be better for both, and for their mother, too, if I could be sure they were provided for a little longer.

I tried not to think too much about myself, but I guess I couldn't help it. There really wasn't anything I could do except follow doctors' orders and pray to God that everything would come out all right. If it didn't, it didn't. I'd have to face it, and I'd like to think I was ready to.

You're never sure about anything like that. We all want to face things with courage and dignity, but who can know for certain that we will? People you think might calmly accept inevitable disaster sometimes crack up when they're face to face with it. And people you think might blow apart keep their heads right up to the very end. How could I know what I would do? I couldn't until the chips were actually down, until death was actually imminent.

And it wasn't imminent yet—at least nobody told me it was. What was the sense, therefore, of worrying about it? If I was going to die of course, worrying wouldn't save me. And if I was going to live, worrying was a waste of time. One thing was sure. I wasn't going to worry myself to death.

I prayed. I always have prayed. I'm not terribly religious, but I have a strong faith in God. I figured from the beginning He would do what He thought best. I didn't pray any harder after this thing hit me than I did before. That wouldn't have been fair. It's like trying to beat somebody in a ball game. You have to beat him by your own efforts. You can't depend on God to beat him. That's why I never pray to win. The other guy might be praying, too, and why should God answer one of us and not the other? We both rate the same break.

I think that first night after Bill told me I had cancer was the only one in which I thought much about it. After that my one big concern was to be ready to join the Reds in time for spring practice. And all my thoughts, as usual, were concentrated on baseball.

It might seem odd that I lose no sleep over my physical condition, but can toss around all night thinking about the ball club. There's a perfectly good [*Continued on page 86*]

THE FROZEN PLANE THAT SAVED AN AIRLINE

"That C-47 is yours for only $700," the U. S. Air Force told the pilot owners of a struggling flying firm. Big bargain. Now they only had to do what the Air Force couldn't: get the abandoned, snow-buried plane off a wildly dangerous 3,000-square-mile glacier

BY BOOTON HERNDON

■ High up on the huge, mysterious Vatnajokull glacier, just below the Arctic Circle in Iceland, sat an abandoned airplane, gleaming palely in the cold light of the distant sun. It was a U.S. Air Force C-47, in perfect condition. Pilots on the North Atlantic run, that fall and winter of 1950, would always make a detour to peer down on it, until finally the howling storms covered it with snow and only a small mound marked the spot where a perfectly good airplane sat in a perpetual deep freeze.

To one pilot in particular, a burly, blond, blue-eyed Icelander named Kris Oleson, watching the plane disappear beneath the arctic snows was torture. Oleson, founder and co-owner of a small flying operation, was feeling the cold wind of impending bankruptcy blowing down his neck and that C-47 was a constant reminder of it. Oleson and his boyhood friend, Alfred Eliasson, had learned to fly in America during the war. They'd come back to Iceland to organize a little company with the big name of Icelandic Airlines. By 1950 they had two two-engine planes and a big DC-4, the pride of Iceland. To get it they'd gone in debt up to their mukluks.

And then, in a sudden storm, their DC-4 had crashed on the highest point of Vatnajokull. The plane was demolished, but the crew survived. It was to rescue them that the C-47, equipped with a combination ski-wheel landing gear, had flown in and landed on the glacier. With the Icelandic crew on board, the C-47 pilot, in the embarrassing moment of the year, couldn't get up enough speed to take off. Crews of both planes were brought down off the glacier by a rescue party on skis.

Later, an Air Force mission made a determined effort to reach its plane, but they didn't even get close. One of the trucks used on the expedition got stuck attempting to ford a raging river. The current flowed with such force that the sheet ice borne on the surface sheared the top of the truck right off. That did it. The operation was called off and the plane was abandoned.

And so it sat there, taunting Kris Oleson. In the meantime the wolves were closing in. Insurance had taken care of the debts outstanding on the crashed plane, but that was just the beginning. He and Eliasson had built up their entire operation around it. More money was going out than coming in, and all their savings were gone. Kris was 31, Al 33, and they were both finished.

One day early in 1951, Oleson was flying over the glacier on a flight that barely paid expenses, looking down at the snow-covered mound as usual, when he suddenly snapped his fingers. "I'm going to go get that goddam plane," he said.

It was more than a way to save his financial skin. Going up on the glacier was a challenge. Oleson is a big man, with hands like bear paws, agile and adventurous. He and his buddy Eliasson would have made a great pair of Vikings. All Iceland lives in awe of that great chunk of ice and here was an excuse to meet it head on.

For Vatnajokull is the world's deadliest glacier. A mile thick, spreading out over 3,000 square miles, it sits on top of a volcanic furnace. Even in winter, when the arctic gales pile it high with icy snow, the geysers boiling up underneath it keep open a big lake in its center. In summer, under the constant sun, the lake overflows and the whole glacier churns and heaves and grinds. It cracks into chasms and crevasses. Huge pieces break off with roars and rumbles heard for miles. Wild, gushing rivers come to life all around it to carry away anything the glacier may care to spit out. A century ago, for example, a mail coach driver tried to take a short cut across a spur of the Vatnajokull. That was the last seen of him until recent years when he, horses, coach and mail began emerging, all in a perfect state of preservation. Many others who have dared to explore the icy expanse—geologists and meteorologists as well as adventurers—have simply disappeared without trace.

Kris didn't worry about disappearing. More important—how could he get the plane off the glacier when the U.S. Air Force couldn't?

Well, he knew something about the glacier that the Americans did not know and he knew better than to try to fly it off. In the ski-wheel type of landing gear with which the C-47 was equipped, the wheels extend below the skis so that the plane can land or take off from a hard-surface runway, but not enough to drag in the loose snow for which the skis are designed. The snow on Vatnajokull is not loose, however, but is packed hard by the arctic gales. When the Americans tried to take off, the wheels broke through the crust to hold the plane back. It couldn't get up enough speed to take off.

Thus, Kris knew that before the plane would fly he'd have to pull it down off the hard-packed snow of the

Men and bulldozers worked frantically to get the plane off the world's deadliest glacier before the spring thaw came.

The plane was buried, lost in an endless desert of snow.

When it was located, all that showed was a low mound.

After days of careful shoveling, the plane's nose emerged.

glacier to the loose snow of the hilly country surrounding it.

That seemed impossible. The plane was in the northwest corner of the glacier, where the ice mass breaks off in sheer cliffs. There was an area on the southern edge, however, where it comes down in a steep slope. Desperate men think of desperate plans, and out of their discussions over hours and days and weeks Kris and Al evolved a possible procedure: take two bulldozers and a party of men up on the glacier by means of the southern slopes, proceed across the glacier some 40 miles to the plane, dig it out with the bulldozers, then tow it back across the glacier and down the slopes to land.

There wasn't much time. The spring thaw usually sets in during early May in Iceland and that was their deadline. Everything depended upon plenty of snow. It's 40 miles from the nearest settlement to the glacier over rocky, trackless uplands. Only over a carpet of snow could they drive the bulldozers and tow the necessary equipment that distance. Only on loose dry snow could they make a runway to take off from if they did get the plane down off the glacier. Finally, there was the real personal danger of being caught up on the glacier when the whole thing started to melt. Before then the expedition had to be planned, equipment bought, built and borrowed, supplies laid in. And a deal had to be made with the Americans.

A stockholder named Finsson, who had lived in New York, took on that job. He flew to New York and on to Washington, whence he was sent to Air Rescue headquarters in Maine. They sent him to Wright-Patterson Field in Dayton, Ohio, where he was directed to an Air Force disposal unit on Long Island, just a few miles from where he had landed 10 days before. There he bought the plane for a half a cent a pound—$700.

"I hate to take your money," said the American officer, taking it. "We've investigated the situation thoroughly. You'll never get that plane off the glacier."

That $700 was only a fraction of the cost. Two bulldozers had to be rented and insured. Men had to be hired, food procured, and all types of special equipment purchased, from cold-weather clothing to steel cable and hardware. Strangely, Kris had no trouble promoting it.

"If you crazy guys are willing to risk your necks up on that glacier," the stockholders told him, "we'll risk a few lousy dollars."

As delay after delay developed, and spring came closer, the risk became more and more real. When finally the expedition left the base camp, a tiny settlement 40 miles from the glacier, it was April. Friday the 13th of April. There were 13 in the party: Kris, Al, 10 sturdy Icelanders, chosen from hundreds of volunteers, and a gnarled old sheepherder named Kristofferson who had agreed to guide them across the barren, rocky highlands to the glacier. That far and no farther.

The trip to the foot of the glacier, grinding up a steep cliff on a narrow sheep trail, along twisting ravines, over ridges, always climbing, took two more

days. Toward dusk of the 15th they began to see the huge, dune-like piles of gravel, gouged out of solid rock and piled high by the constantly-moving plastic mass, which marked the glacier's edge. They made camp on the dry, snow-covered river bed at its foot. At that point it was only as steep as a ski slope, still and peaceful. Though the sky above was clear, in the distance, up the incline, it seemed a foreboding gray.

"Tomorrow," Kris said, "we'll look for a good flat spot for a runway when we come down with the plane."

The rest of the men nodded, but the old guide stumped up to Kris on his short broad skis and grabbed his arm. "For the love of God, Kris Oleson," he said, "don't delay any longer. Get that plane the hell off the glacier as soon as you can. It may already be too late."

He spoke in whispers as if the glacier could hear him. He might not have been far wrong, for that night the glacier blew a hurricane of wind and snow down on them. Driving tiny pellets of ice before it, and the wind had force and weight. The temperature dropped to 25 below zero. The expedition was paralyzed.

All Kris Oleson could do was wait. He couldn't even move around. To house the men, he had designed and built two huts of plywood covered with tarpaper, and mounted them on runners. Each hut had a kerosene stove for heat and a primus stove for cooking. The rest of the crowded space was taken up by bunks. A bare bulb, connected to the generator of one of the bulldozers, burned overhead.

Kris crawled into his sheepskin-sleeping bag and fretted. Outside the wind howled, almost drowning out the muffled roar of the two bulldozers, a Caterpillar, to which the lights were attached, and an International. The plan was to keep both engines running constantly as diesels are the devil to start in sub-zero temperature.

Suddenly Kris sat up and listened. The engine of the International had cut out. What had happened to the engine? How long would it take to fix it, *if* it could be fixed? He had to know. When a slight lull came in the storm, he dragged his brother Genni and the driver assigned to the International, a kid named Jon, out to inspect it. They quickly diagnosed the trouble; the snow had choked the air intake. While Kris shielded him with a tarp, Jon removed the spark plugs and turned the engine over to clear the cylinders. Fuel gushed out, all over him, and at that second there was a spark. Jon burst into flames.

Kris and Genni instantly dived on the blazing boy and buried him face down in the snow, smothering the fire. Then they rolled him over and Kris' heart hit bottom. Jon's face was black. It was 40 miles to the nearest farmhouse.

"We've got to get him back right away," Kris said.

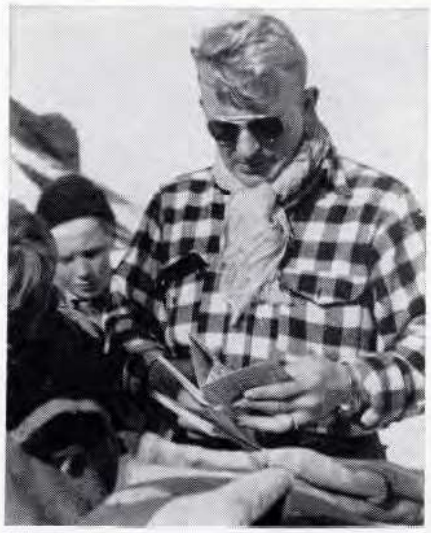
"No, no," Jon cried out through scorched lips. "I want to go on."

He insisted. They smeared him with ointment and put him in his bunk. Genni got the tractor going again. Kris looked toward the glacier. They weren't even on it yet and already they'd nearly lost a man.

But next day was bright [*Continued on page* 71]

Arctic winds and driving snow dropped mercury to –25°.

The men lived in tarpaper huts equipped with runners.



Kris Oleson, who led the group, was one of the founders of Icelandic Airlines.

ROCKEFELLER'S ART-FILLED PERSONAL OFFICE

BIGGEST BANKER'S EXECUTIVE SUITE

DAVID ROCKEFELLER'S ART-FILLED OFFICE IS HIGH ABOVE THE NATION'S BIGGEST BANK VAULT IN THE SPECTACULAR NEW CHASE MANHATTAN BUILDING

NEW YORK, N. Y.

■ Some banks scatter ship models or Eskimo carvings around the windows and call it decoration. Not the headquarters of New York's biggest bank. When Chase Manhattan Bank built a gleaming glass-and-aluminum, $130-million building in gloomy lower Manhattan, they stocked it with half a million dollars worth of painting, sculpture and other adornment.

A large share of this opulence is in the executive suite and the personal office of Chase President David Rockefeller (top, right). When Rockefeller, who is a younger brother of New York's governor, sits at his large burled walnut desk, his eye can range over his own and the bank's collection of 5th century Greek vases, African carvings, modern paintings and Oriental brocades. At the doorway to his office stands an Oriental figure with outstretched hand in which Rockefeller reportedly once found a dime on his return from lunch one day.

HUGE MEETING ROOM FOR BOARD OF DIRECTORS

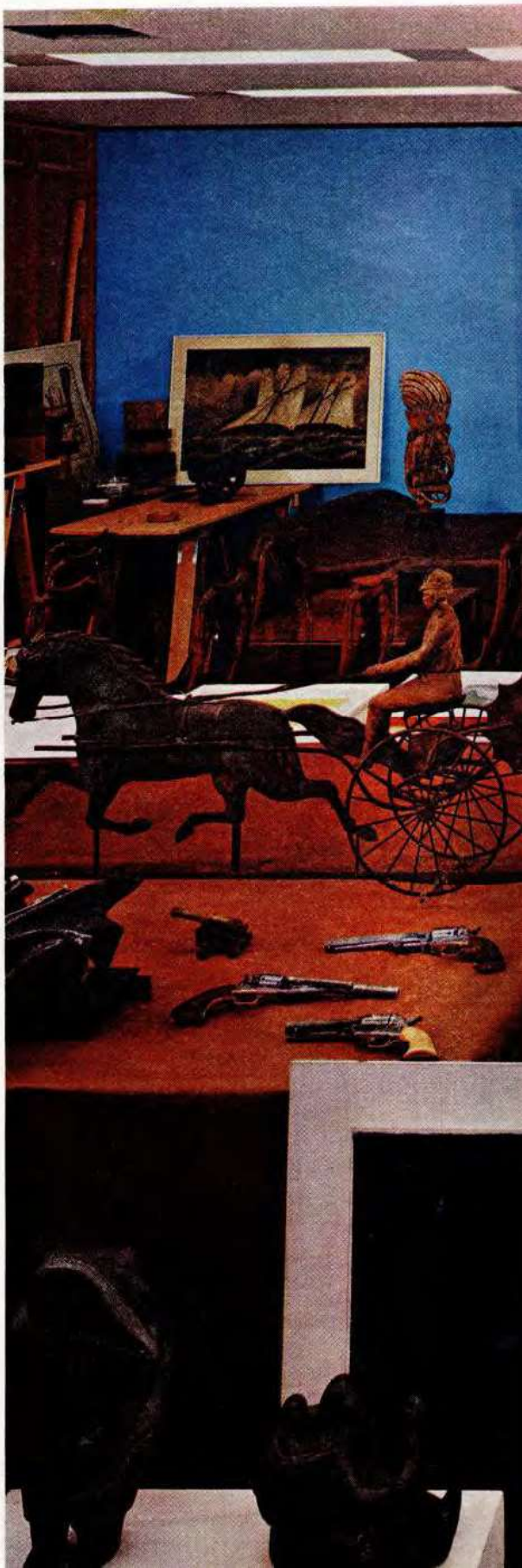
The Board of Directors meets in a vast room (bottom, right) that has a changing group of sculpture and art objects as well as the usual charts, graphs and projection screens. It has two sets of chairs and

BIGGEST BANKER'S EXECUTIVE SUITE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAVID B. EISENDRATH, JR.

PRESIDENT'S WASHROOM

PRIVATE DINING ROOM



ART STORAGE ROOM

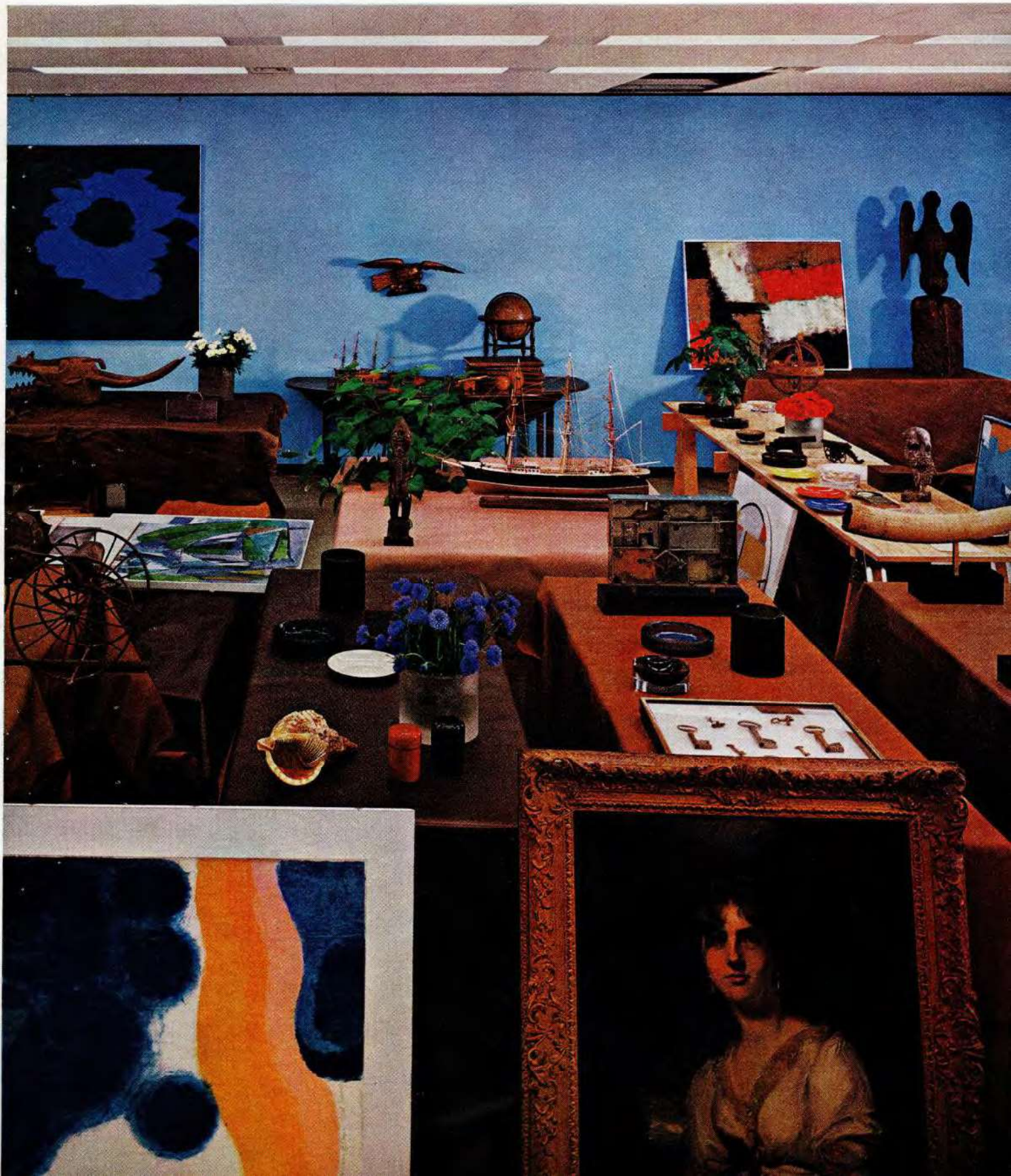
the irreverent office joke is that the black chairs are used when things are going well and the red ones are saved for days when the outlook is gloomy.

At the top of the 60-story building are several private dining rooms for executives and guests. The corner room looking out over New York harbor (above) is where the president entertains distinguished visitors for lunch. It, too, has a changing scene of paintings and sculpture.

Even Rockefeller's private washroom (above, left) is hung with valuable prints and paintings. There is an ancient Egyptian god figure to guard the soap.

Much more closely guarded—almost as well as the bank's vaults, in fact—is the 30th-floor storeroom (left), where a priceless collection of paintings and art objects, some of them on loan from galleries and museums, wait a turn at display.

Chase is mum about the effect on business of its handsome executive offices, but visitors report that the art of finance certainly can be a pleasure. ■



As I traveled deep into the jungles of Vietnam on a tiger hunt, I never dreamed I'd be surrounded by the beasts. Least of all did I expect to get an...

Incredible double on tigers

BY HOWARD HOYT as told to Hunton Downs

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. McDERMOTT

SAIGON, VIETNAM

■ The mood of the usually buoyant Ngo Dinh Diem, the late president of Vietnam, was grim that morning. As he often did when something was bothering him, he called a 7 a.m. meeting of his advisors. Ice-cold slices of papaya, French *brioches* and scrambled eggs helped. It was sort of a business breakfast at Saigon's battle-scarred Independence Palace.

My job was to build a police force which I was doing almost from scratch. But my 20 years as police chief in Kalamazoo, Michigan, had not trained me for a third chore—civilian defense of upcountry jungle villages against guerrilla action. This action took many forms, and I thought I knew them all, but here was a new one. Diem spelled it out.

Communist cadres had spread the rumor that the government was delinquent in protecting cities from tigers that infested the wild mountain region. The number of natives killed in the past month was at an all-time high: 47 in one province alone. Tribes, to protect their livestock, had to lift goats to high platforms at night, sleep in their huts with water buffaloes and chickens.

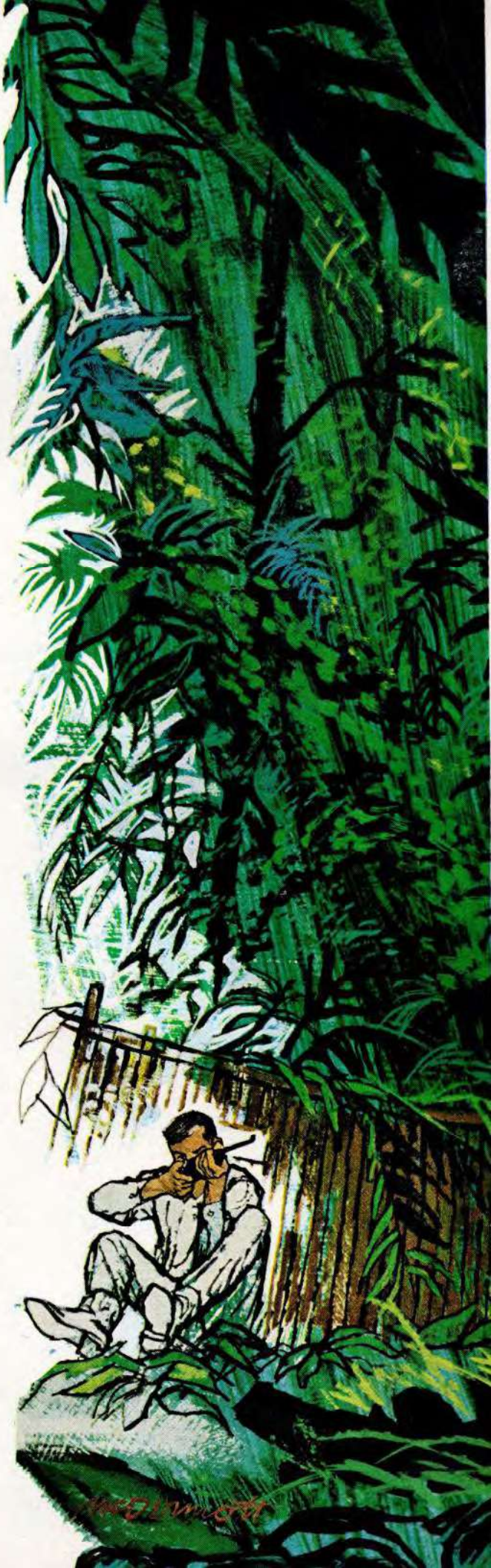
The basic facts were true. Tigers were on the rampage in the Vietnamese highlands, *but they always had been.* It was just that for the first time statistics had been compiled. Now that casualties were totaled and made public, the cadres used the information to frighten the simple *Moi* and turn them against the government. All this the president knew well.

My thin line of upcountry Civil Guards had all they could do fighting guerrillas. They were not experienced tiger hunters.

"What do you recommend, Mr. Hoyt?"

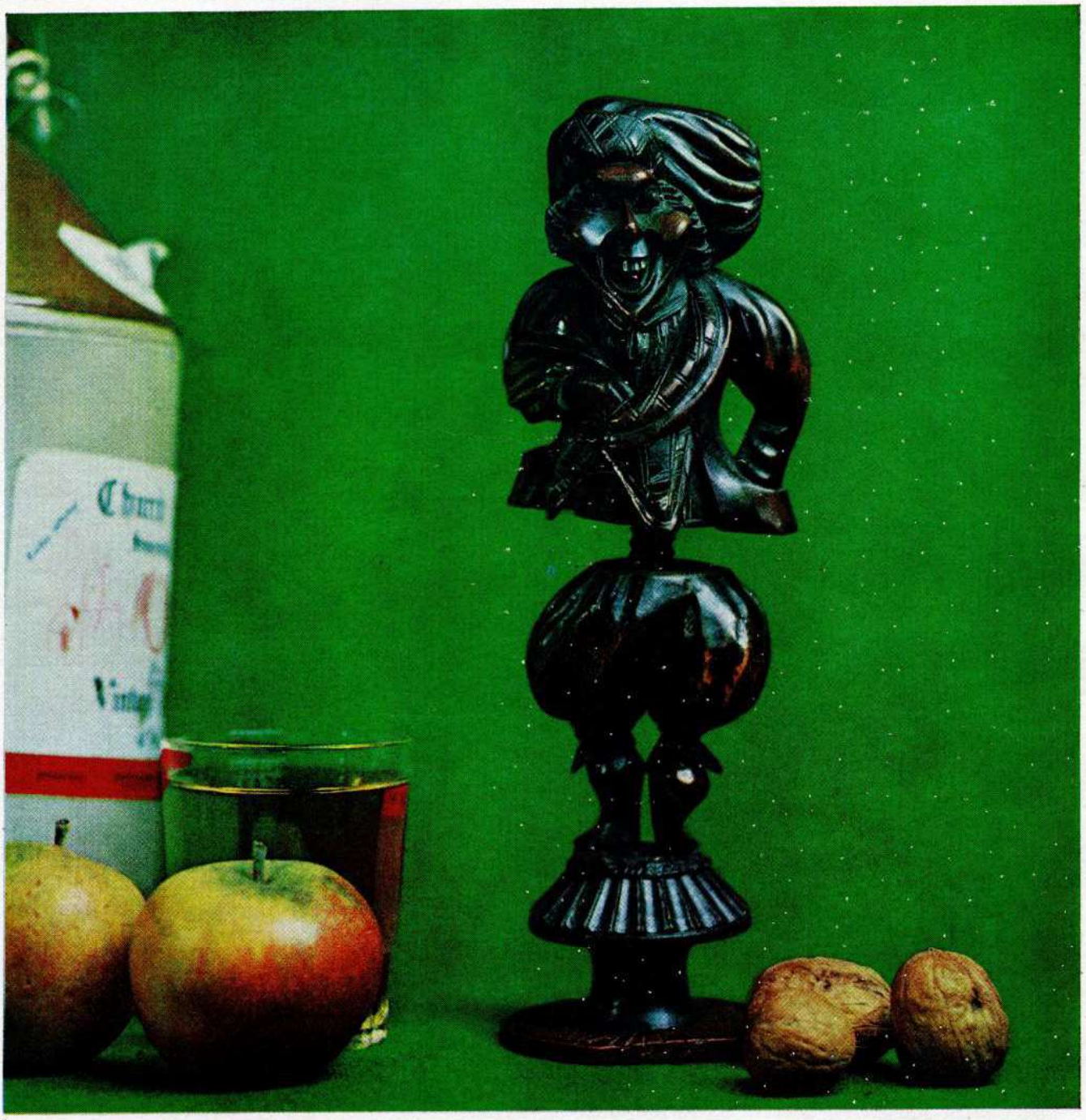
The ceiling fans beat lazily against the tepid air of the tropical morning as I tried to think of a solution.

"We can train more [*Continued on page* 74]



A wild thought struck me: could I get them both with one shot? I decided to try and raised the rifle carefully.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY GEORGE DOUGLAS



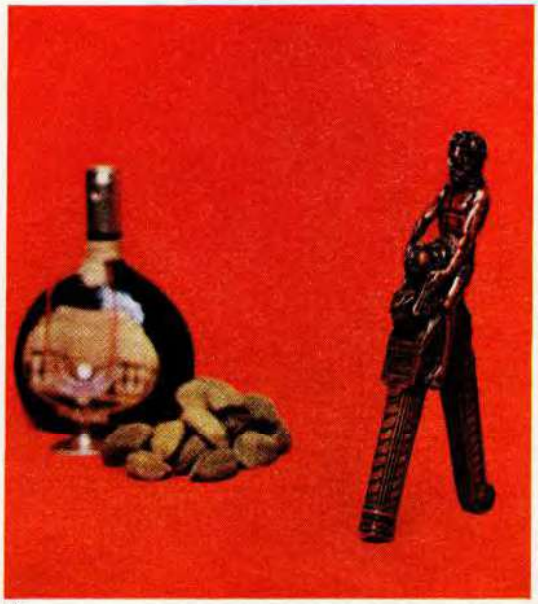
A

B

RARE TOOLS
FOR AN ANCIENT SHELL GAME

Through the ages, even people with teeth have been fascinated with new and odd ways of getting to the meat of the matter. These nutcrackers are from the rare Pinto collection of bygones, housed at Oxhey Woods House in Middlesex, England. Letting the shells fall where they may, the collection includes a 19th-century screw-type nutcracker (A) carved as a German beggar. Lever action was used in the 18th-century Flemish pair (B), and in the Gothic model (C) made in the 15th century. Italian nutcracker (D), dated 1570, shows Hercules breaking the jaws of a lion to break the shell of a nut. Final set (E) includes, from left, 18th-century English and 17th-century Flemish lever types, along with a prized Welsh boxwood apple scoop; nutpicks are displayed in foreground.

C



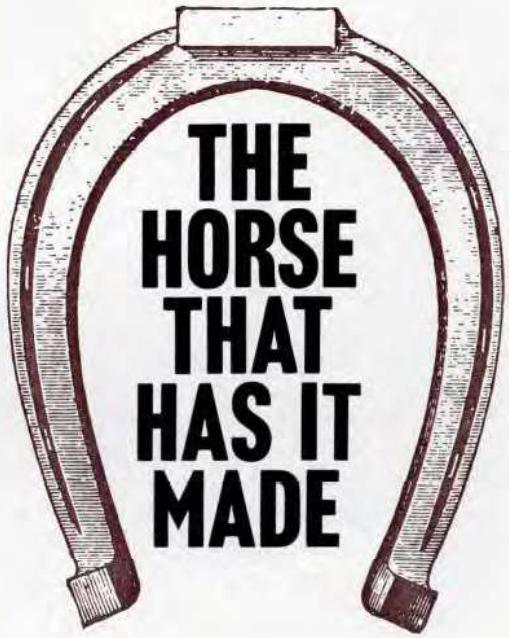
D

E

ADIOS
FROM ALL
509
OF-YOUR-CHILDREN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY ROBERT TALBERT

BY ROBERT M. LIPSYTE



He has a valet, a private paddock, four windows in his stall and soft music piped in. He's Adios, the world's most successful stud. His happy owners collect $15,000 for every mare he serves

MEADOW LANDS, PA.

■ The world's greatest professional lover is a tough, cool, arrogant stallion named Adios.

His afternoon trysts are arranged years in advance. And each time the brief affair creates an offspring, he earns another $15,000—the highest public stud fee in history. As long as the vital juices flow in his 975-pound, 24-year-old body, Adios has it made.

He lives like an ancient sultan on Meadow Lands Farm here in southwestern Pennsylvania, 500 acres of lush pasture, trim buildings and scientific paraphernalia dedicated to his sexual prowess. University biologists study his sperm, dieticians mix vitamins into his feed, and veterinary specialists are flown in to stay up all night with his head colds. He has his own personal valet, a veteran horseman named Stanley Davis, and his own sex-tester, a veteran horse named Snuffy who specializes in determining the readiness of the mares. Three millionaire owners pray for his potency, and a harem guard of understandably envious grooms pipe stereophonic music into his triple-sized, four-window stall (the ultimate in equine status symbols), prepare his mares for sex and walk wide of his sturdy hoofs.

Adios is no easy master to serve. He will not allow himself to be petted, or patronized with sugar. He allows only Davis to enter his spacious stall, and then only on such official errands as feeding him or rubbing his mane with Alberto VO5. He allows no one to enter his half-acre paddock.

A sweet, 60-year-old grandmother once climbed into his paddock to pick a wild flower. Adios' ears flattened against his head, his lips curled back from his teeth, and he charged. The little old lady scrambled under the fence only inches ahead of his flashing hoofs.

Adios has left the marks of his excellent teeth on the farm manager's shoulder, on the left foot of an owner's wife and on the scalps of several careless farm hands. Davis, a grizzled, middle-aged man who rolls his own cigarettes, is philosophical about his master's temper.

"He ain't vicious or sneaky a-tall. He's just a real man and he don't like to be bothered. Like them movie star fellas punchin' photographers who try to take their pictures."

This kind of behavior would doom any human less than a movie star to an institution, and any horse less than Adios to the glue factory. But Adios has earned complete forbearance. No male of *any* species has ever dominated his field as Adios has dominated the production of harness racing champions.

Some of the figures are astonishing. In the past 11 years, the 500 plus sons and daughters of Adios have earned more than $12 million in racing prize money. Of these, 488 are currently active on the harness tracks.

Sixty-one of them (the most from any one sire), have been timed in two minutes or less for the mile, which is like batting .300 in the majors. Among his noblest sons is Adios Butler, who holds the mile record for pacers of 1 minute 54 3/5 seconds, and won the 1959 Messenger Stakes at Roosevelt Raceway in New York. That year, he beat two other Adios offspring to the wire in the Messenger. This $150,000 pacing race is the sport's richest

event and has been held eight times. Five of those times, children of Adios were in the winner's circle.

The mere mention of Adios' name opens the wallets of horse buyers. Another son, Dancer Hanover, was sold for a record yearling price of $105,000. At the recent Harrisburg Auction Sales, 20 Adios children sold for an aggregate of $434,000, or about $21,700 apiece. The other 440 horses on the block sold for an average of $4,300 each, less than one-fifth.

The great old man himself was born on January 3, 1940, in Indiana. He was sold for a mere $2,000 to a Cleveland meat merchant a year later. Within four years, Adios became the leading pacer of his day, winning 44 of his 88 races, and setting six world records. But his fame was limited. The world was engaged in a far more desperate competition than the running of horses: purse money and interest were meager.

After the war, Adios was sold to Harry Warner, eldest of the Hollywood brothers, who quickly grew disenchanted with the stallion's habit of hanging back and sulking when he was losing a race. In the winter of 1948, Warner sold him at auction for $21,000 to Del Miller, a stocky young ex-mule team sergeant and ex-private trainer at that time for Tobacco King W. N. Reynolds' personal racing string.

Miller had gambled his life savings, and gone into deep hock, on the advice of an old veterinarian who claimed to have "seen something" in the bright bay stud. The perception was worth millions. But to this day, no one is quite sure what it is all about.

Horsemen, who spend more time studying genealogical tables than do the Daughters of the American Revolution, are hopelessly vague on the precise explanation of Adios' success. It is true that his family tree can be traced back through such great studs as the Darley Arabian and Hambletonian. But, according to the modern theories of horse heredity, the sire's genes are less important than the mother's.

This is the "Age of the Brood Mare," according to horsemen. Speed and endurance are usually passed down through the dam. Great steeds are produced, say the experts, when the blood line of a great stallion "nicks" with the dominant characteristics supplied by the mare. Adios has confused the experts.

"Adios doesn't nick with the mares," they say in bewilderment. "He just overwhelms them."

Starting in 1949 with a paltry $300 stud fee, Miller hustled Adios like a carney barker. The stud covered more than 75 mares that year, most of them nondescript old platers. But by the early 50's, as the progeny from these seemingly mediocre matings began to break records throughout the country, Adios' stud fee and the demand for his services began to rise, culminating in the record $15,000 service charge in 1962.

In comparison, the average stud horse in this country commands only $780 per service, is lucky to get 10 bookings a year, and is worth about $8,000. Seven years ago, Miller sold off two-thirds interest in Adios for $333,000. He was recently offered a cool half-million for his one-third share.

But the great stud is getting older. Once he serviced one mare each weekday during the breeding season, February 15 to July 1. Now he services a total of 45.

But Adios, past his peak, is still the king of studs. Horsemen's tours from Australia still come to watch him work, and the passionless grace of his copulation is still the culmination of the farm's long, expensive, intricate and carefully planned day devoted to the improvement of the breed.

The day begins at 5 a.m. when a former Pittsburgh hotel detective, who has been sitting shotgun in Adios' barn, leans over the stall door and dumps a gallon oilcan filled with Grade A white oats (laced with ascorbic acid, amino acids and B_{12}) into his private feed trough, checks the clarity of the water in his private fountain and happily reports to the incoming Stanley Davis that the great one has been snorting healthfully—from both ends—all night long.

"Good morning, old man," cries Davis, throwing open the stall door. "Howya been, howya been?"

Davis is talking mostly for himself. Adios is not the kind of chummy horse who responds with affectionate nuzzling to groom chatter. Careful not to stand behind him ("You can never trust a stallion, not a one of them," explains Davis) he leads Adios out to paddock by his $20 English leather halter. While Adios briskly inspects his half-acre and drives [*Continued on page* 90]

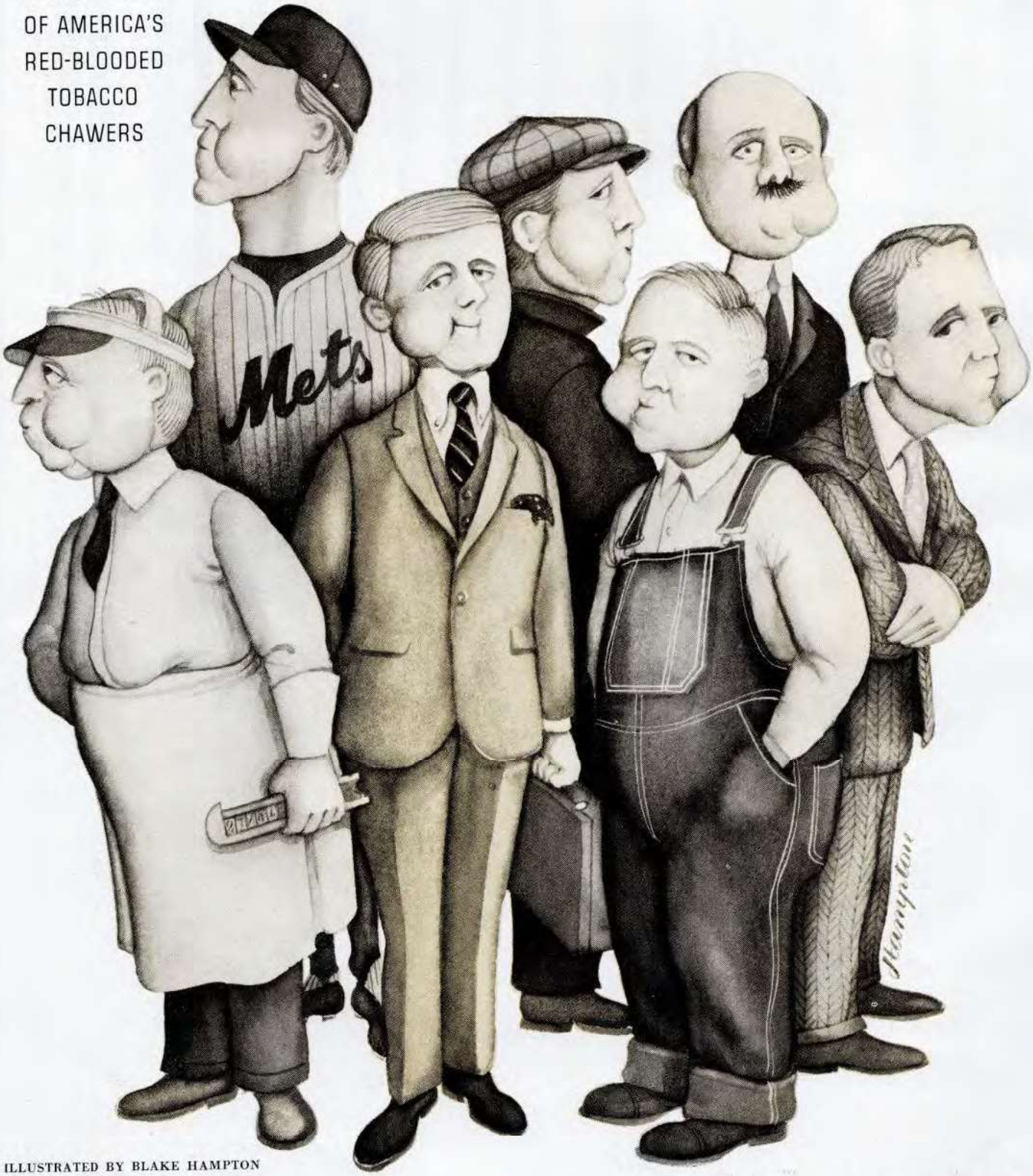
Adios' 3-year-old son, Lyss Hanover (near horse) is favorite in August 8th's Messenger Stakes, top pacer event at Roosevelt Raceway. Adios offspring have won 5 of 8 Messengers.

In his spacious stall, marked with brass nameplate and his English leather halter, Adios munches dreamily while listening to quiet music on his personal stereo speaker.

ADIOS - 1:57 ½
HAL DALE-ADIOO VOLO

BY MYRON COPE

WHETHER YOU DRIBBLE OR EXPECTORATE, YOU'RE IN TROUBLE TODAY IF YOU'RE ONE OF AMERICA'S RED-BLOODED TOBACCO CHAWERS



ILLUSTRATED BY BLAKE HAMPTON

NO PLACE TO SPIT

■ Chewing, like jazz, is one of America's few original contributions toward full enjoyment of the senses. Strong men have chewed tobacco for almost two centuries. Weak men said the stuff made them dizzy. The sight of it revolted visiting Englishmen. Charles Dickens, pitched into the company of chewers on a canalboat, exaggerated his predicament like a bad-tempered old lady, complaining, "When I turned in last night I put my coat on a stool beside me, and there it lay, under a cross fire from five men—three opposite, one above and one below." Charles Mackay tartly suggested America substitute the spittoon for the eagle as our national emblem.

Nonetheless, Americans went on chewing—and building this nation (as the British Empire declined). Connoisseurs tell us that Washington chewed while crossing the Delaware, that Teddy Roosevelt chewed as he led the charge up San Juan Hill. Abe Lincoln, too, was wont to indulge; legend has it that he made his Gettysburg Address concise because he did not want to spit in the middle of the speech.

Today, notwithstanding the manly pastime's many virtues, a senseless prejudice against tobacco chewing is abroad in the land, more oppressive than at any time in our history.

It is not the chaw itself, robustly apparent, that repels non-chewers but merely the necessary spitting of the juice. Secretaries reeking of $1.98 perfume detest it; wives who have not scrubbed their kitchen stoves in three months are offended by it; office managers fire employees for it, and none but the chairman of the board can get away with it in corporate society. An atmosphere not unlike McCarthyism has befallen chewers, forcing them to go underground, like marijuana addicts, if they would pursue the pastime.

I do not exaggerate our plight. (Yes, I'm a chewer, and proud of it.) I know an account executive—I shall not reveal his name lest his career be destroyed—who for several years now has got away with chewing on the job by partaking of quantities so small that they do not cause his jaw to bulge. But, nonetheless, he faced the vexatious question: Where to spit?

Resourcefully, he brightened his office with a philodendron and, when the need arose, lifted the plant from its pot, spat, and then quickly replaced it. Ultimately, of course, his secretary found him out. He now keeps a plastic bottle in the bottom drawer of his personal files. He is, nevertheless, in deep trouble at this very moment.

Only the other day he toddled out to the water fountain and, in order to take a drink, shifted his little chaw tightly into the corner of his jaw, thereby making it apparent to a passerby. The passerby happened to be none other than the office janitor, a shriveled, testy old man, who asked, "Are you chewing tobacco?"

"Why, yes," replied the account executive, sensing an opportunity to build camaraderie with the masses.

"Ain't allowed in this building!" snapped the janitor. "I'm gonna report you for this!" With that, the old man stomped off with all the arrogance that his union card affords him. My friend has abandoned all hope of a promotion.

The times are ugly. Chewers the nation over have become clandestine figures, slipping through the darkness as though fleeing a village pogrom. The latest strategem used by men in their offices consists of placing a large Manila envelope in a wastebasket and stuffing it with tissue paper, which absorbs tobacco juice nicely. At day's end the chewer seals the envelope, slides it into his attaché case, and leaves for home. Passing the first sidewalk trash receptacle, he casually drops off the envelope.

In order to chew at home these days, a husband must go out and mow the lawn. I know men who get out the power mower as soon as the grass reaches a height of one-quarter inch, because their wives will not tolerate indoor chewing. But the unsavory connotations associated with the pastime have discouraged many lawn-less young men from taking up the habit and consequently established the probability that they will smoke themselves silly.

Oh, what do they know, those non-chewers, about tobacco chewing? Have they ever experienced the tangy delight of *Mail Pouch* or *Red Man*, the flavorful sweetness of *Union Workman* or *Beechnut*, the flat but earthy taste of *Havana Blossom?* In their ignorance they call chewing a dirty habit. On the contrary, it is hygienic.

A periodontist (a dentist who treats diseases of the supporting structures of the teeth) recently informed me that he has never found unhealthy gums in the mouth of a tobacco chewer. Chewing massages the gums. It also kills harmful bacteria and prevents tooth decay, according to a number of brilliant oral specialists whom I shall not identify lest they be censured for seeking publicity.

Item: Coal miners have long known chewing tobacco to be a deterrent, if not a preventive, of silicosis. The chaw catches inhaled coal dust, which may then be expectorated.

Item: A chaw, flavored as it often is with licorice, salt and sweetose, improves the breath. "My wife was dead set against my chewing," I was told recently by [*Continued on page* 94]

the military inventor the

Christie stands in tank after demonstrating '29 model that could do 70 mph.

First Christie tank in 1919 featured a unique revolving turret.

By 1932, Christie's tanks could leap 12-foot trenches and reach a fantastic 110 mph.

The German WW II Panther was a pirated version of Russian T-34, developed from Christie design.

The world's first practical amphibian was another Christie invention in 1922.

U.S. scorned

Just as the Air Force ignored Billy Mitchell, so the Army bypassed Walter Christie, whose tanks revolutionized warfare. Recognized by every government but his own, Christie was still patriot enough to refuse a million-dollar offer from the Nazis

BY NORMAN CARLISLE

Today's U.S. Army tanks bear a marked resemblance to Christie's pioneer models.

■ In 1966 the U.S. Army plans to field a flashy piece of military hardware. A compact, swift and deadly little tank, the General Sheridan will provide new battlefield agility for our field forces in brush-fire wars. Parachuted from a plane, it can land running and firing, scamper across the roughest terrain at speeds of up to 40 mph, bound over obstacles, and propel itself across rivers.

The fact that the United States is making such a tank is enough to bring sardonic laughter from the ghost of a forgotten American genius. Thirty years ago, J. Walter Christie, now recognized everywhere in the world—except in his own country—as the father of the modern tank, had designed and built a fighting vehicle remarkably similar to the General Sheridan. And he couldn't give it away to the United States military.

Rejection of his tank was only one episode in a 25-year feud between this inventor and the U.S. Army, which repeatedly spurned his daring innovations. The kind of military mentality responsible for the court-martialing of Billy Mitchell and, in an earlier generation, the brush-off of Hiram Maxim and his machine gun, kept the United States from being decades ahead in tank design.

There is more involved in the Army's rejection of Christie than the conservatism of hidebound brass. Christie was trying to sell not only an invention but a whole new concept of warfare.

Long before World War II—and an obscure French officer named Charles de Gaulle who preached his doctrine of mechanized war of movement—Christie was hammering away at the same idea. Understandably, the Army didn't appreciate being instructed in the art of warfare by a man who had never worn any uniform other than a grease-stained mechanic's coveralls.

And there was the human factor—the explosive personality of Christie himself, which certainly did little to help him win converts. With a total disregard for protocol he lectured generals, buttonholed congressmen, charged into the office of the Secretary of War, and was twice thrown out of the White House when he tried to get his message directly to the President of the United States.

This reporter talked to men who, 40 years after their encounters with Christie, still carried in their minds vivid pictures of him, feet wide apart, white hair bristling, blue eyes snapping, face red, arms flailing, as he blasted away at those who couldn't or wouldn't see things his way.

If Christie had been less of a firebrand would things have turned out differently, in the United States, for the man whose designs were embodied in tanks like the Russian T- 34's, some of the German Panzers, and the British Cruiser tanks of World War II?

I heard arguments both ways. Some hold that Christie's personality accounted for most of his troubles.

"He was his own worst enemy," says Col. Robert Icks, America's leading chronicler of tank development. Others take the view that maybe Christie's personal pyrotechnics played only a minor part.

"Ordnance was so bat blind on the subject that even if Christie had kissed their boots they wouldn't have bought his ideas," said a retired general who asked me to keep his name out of print.

J. Walter Christie first pitted his inventive mind against military stubbornness in a hassle with the U.S. Navy. At the

the military inventor

Top: For the British, Christie produced the first of the great Cruiser series. Lower photo shows refinement of design in Soviet's T-34.

time—1900—Christie was a 38-year-old engineer working for the shipbuilding firm of Wm. Cram & Sons. With no more formal learning than he'd picked up in a night school engineering course, he'd earned a reputation as a man who had a way with machines. When the firm got the contract to build a new battleship *Maine* to replace the one blown up in Havana harbor, Christie was put in charge of constructing the gun turrets. One look at the plans sent him hustling into the front office.

"They'll never sink a battleship with this thing," he loudly announced.

Christie didn't like anything about the way Naval Ordnance had designed the gun turrets, and he predicted they'd jam from the effects of recoil.

His boss tried to calm him down. "That's the Navy's worry," he pointed out. The plans had been designed by some of the greatest naval architects in the world. Who was Christie to be questioning them? He was a good engineer, yes, but no gunnery expert.

"Here's how it should be done," said Christie, unperturbed. He proceeded to sketch out a radically new design. Its points of superiority were enough to convince the shipbuilder, but not the Navy—at least, not at first. It took a year of bitter argument for Christie to win. He did that by making two scale models, one the Navy's, one his own. The demonstration was convincing, and Christie's design was finally accepted. It went not only on the *Maine*, but on all U.S. battleships. Shortly it was adopted by the British Admiralty as well.

With everything going his way—royalties from his invention pouring in and a chance to write his own ticket in the maritime world—Christie did a surprising thing. He quit the naval field cold. Automobiles became his obsession.

First it was racing cars. Christie made many different models, including a 90 hp, front-wheel drive job that he drove on various dirt tracks at speeds up to 120 mph. A later version of it he sold to his friend Barney Oldfield. One model he patented claimed no less than 120 innovations, including a clutch that was combined with the flywheel.

Through the first decade of the century, and on into World War I, he invented dozens of automotive devices far ahead of their times. He devised mobile cranes, four-wheel-drive trucks, ingenious light engines. In 1908 he patented a remarkable power unit which he called a "tractor," the forerunner of the tractor-trailer combination of today's trucks. Applied to fire engines, it became the "Christie Conversion," famed even today among fire engine buffs as the hauling unit that converted horse-drawn apparatus to gasoline engine power.

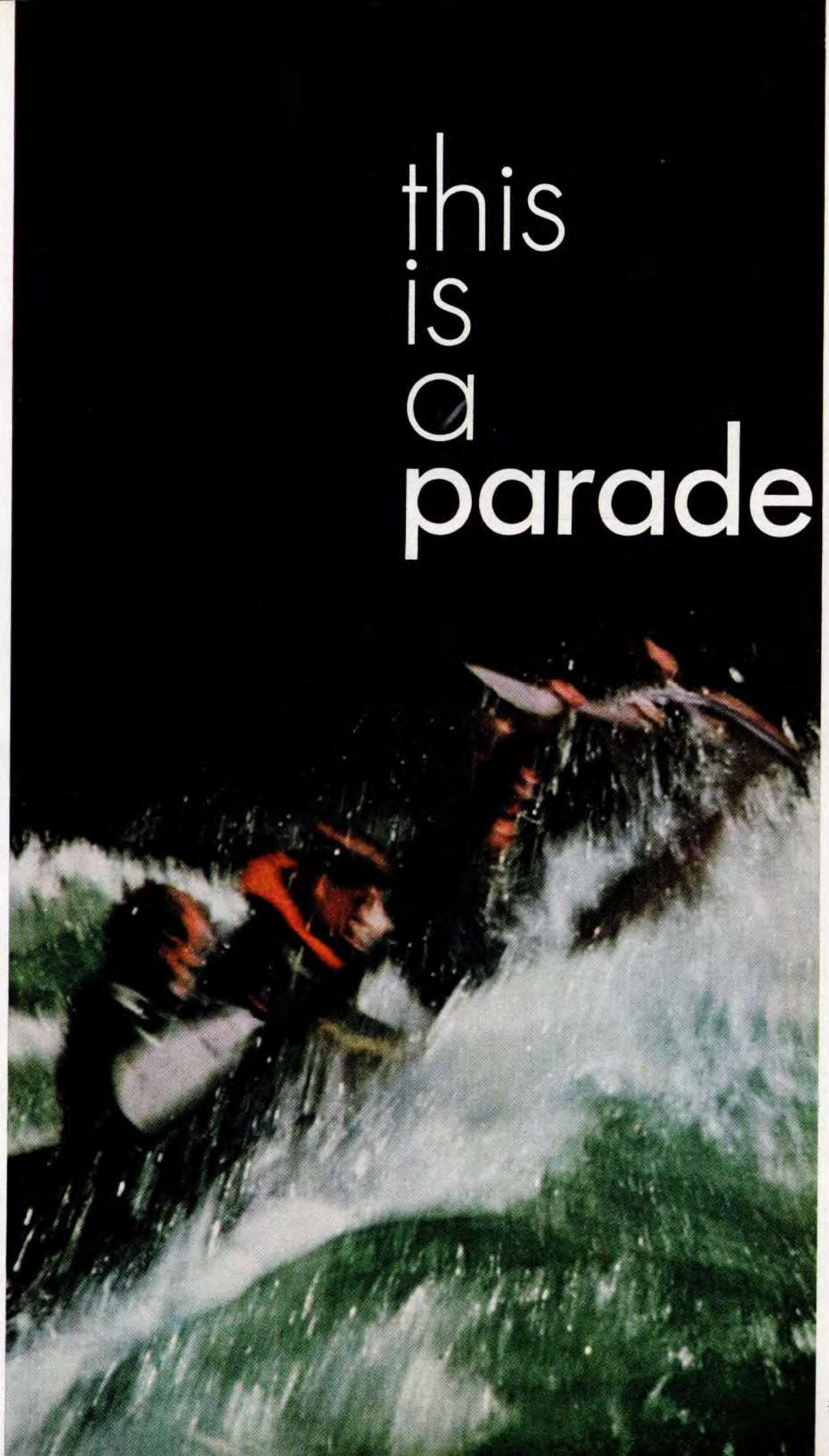
World War I was raging in Europe when Christie's fertile mind sparked an idea that sent him hustling to Washington. On a day in May, 1915, he barged into the War Department with a roll of plans under his arm. His announcement that he had a "motor vehicle that would revolutionize artillery" got only a raised eyebrow response from the first Ordnance official he talked to. The eyebrows shot up a bit higher when Christie spread out his plans.

"What is it?"

"A gun carrier," Christie explained.

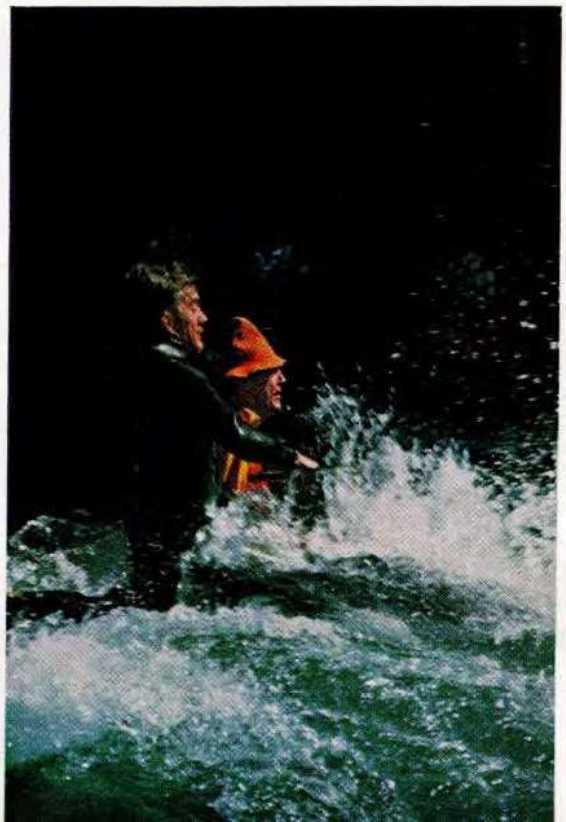
The idea of a motorized gun [*Continued on page* 67]

this is a parade?



turbulent tossup is the 26th annual running of the "White Water Parade," a bouncing, daredevil trip down Oregon's McKenzie River. Some 400 craft of all sorts shoot the rapids of the 20-mile course. One of the famous local river boats (left) starts confidently with approved stern-first technique. Boat, below, is using more common sideways, or "no-control," downriver style.

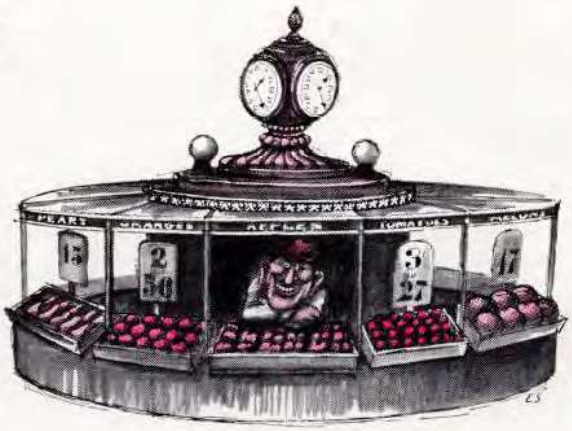
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DON JONES



real rapid runners in survival raft (above) shift hastily when buckling raft spins in white water. Third crew member unexpectedly fell out of what suddenly became the stern. Sailors below are swiftly going aground in an airplane inner tube. Thousands of warm, dry spectators cheered boatmen and inadvertent swimmers in the icy river waters.

GRAND CENTRAL'S 100 GRAND SWINDLE

Turn the station's famous information booth into a fruit stand? The brothers Fortunato thought they could—and lost a lot of lettuce as victims of one of the wildest hoaxes that ever hit New York



BY ALAN HYND

■ The winds of misfortune blew on two highly successful fruit dealers—brothers Tony and Nick Fortunato—one day in the last half of March 1929. A brisk, moustached stranger dropped into their store in midtown New York and handed Tony, the older of the two fiftyish brothers, a card reading:

T. Remington Grenfell
Vice-President
GRAND CENTRAL
HOLDING CORPORATION

"You are," Mr. Grenfell explained to the Fortunato brothers, "the lucky ones." What he meant was that Tony and Nick had been selected by the holding corporation, after a lengthy investigation of the fiscal and moral stature of the city's top fruit dealers, to run the information booth in Grand Central Terminal on lease when it was converted into a fruit stand.

The change from information to fruit (plain and fancy and candy, too) was being made, Mr. Grenfell explained, because far too many travelers, seeing the big circular booth out there smack in the middle of the busy terminal, were impelled to ask unnecessary questions. Essential information was to be given out at the ticket windows after April 1, the date the change was to go into effect.

Though Tony and Nick had made a bundle since arriving in New York from their native Italy about a quarter of a century before, they were still singularly naive. They had never caught on to sharp American ways. They were quick to see, though, that the information booth was a perfect spot for a fruit stand and highly flattered that they had been the winners of a contest they hadn't even known about. They asked Grenfell what the rental would be.

"The money is secondary to us at Grand Central," explained Mr. Grenfell. "We're asking only $100,000 a year—in advance."

Hefty as it was, the figure didn't faze Tony and Nick. For one thing, they had the money. For another, almost $2,000 a week rent, while a stiff sum, wasn't unreasonable for the information booth, which was to operate around the clock. The heavy traffic passing the booth, particularly during the daylight hours, would, Grenfell explained, be good for sales averaging $35 an hour. The gravy would come from the expensive baskets of fruits and from boxes of candy and nuts, dates and figs rather than from the apples and oranges. A gross of that kind could run to about $6,000 a week.

Now, as a semi-clincher, Grenfell dropped the word that if, after six months, the booth didn't show a profit of at least $1,000 a week, Tony and Nick could cancel their contract and get half the rental back.

Next, Grenfell, who hadn't stopped talking since he had dropped in on Tony and Nick, opened a handsome brief case and brought out a blueprint. The blueprint detailed precisely how the fruit stand was to be constructed, fanning out all around the circular booth. There were so many restrictions to the construction—how high the display steps were to be, how many there were to be, and how far out from the booth they were to extend—that the whole thing could hardly have appeared to be more genuine.

When Grenfell eventually stopped to catch his breath, Tony and Nick said they wanted to think it over.

Grenfell looked hard at the brothers, blinked and cleared his throat. "I'm afraid," he said, "there won't be time for that. After all, we at Grand Central are not asking you for anything. We're *offering* this opportunity to you."

Now the con man, applying the clincher, dropped a name—the name of a bitter rival of the Fortunato brothers in the realm of apples, oranges and bananas. If Tony and Nick didn't see fit to grasp their opportunity forthwith, their rival was waiting.

That did it.

Hustling Tony and Nick into a chauffeur-driven limousine, Mr. Grenfell led the brothers to a tall building connected to Grand Central Terminal and to the door of a suite of offices that bore the legend:

Wilson A. Blodgett
President
GRAND CENTRAL
HOLDING CORPORATION

Just inside the door, Mr. Blodgett's attractive blonde secretary sat at a small desk. Blodgett was in a second room, behind a frosted-glass door, but the three arrivals could hear him putting the finishing touches on a telephone conversation. "Very well," he said, and now Blodgett dropped the name of the bitter rival of Tony and Nick, "the deal's closed. Have your certified check for $100,000 in my hands by noon tomorrow and the booth is yours."

Ushered into Blodgett's office with Grenfell, Tony and Nick were introduced to the president, and learned that there had been a mix-up. It seemed that Blodgett, a man with many things on his mind, had somehow got the erroneous impression that Tony and Nick had been unable to produce a certified check for $100,000.

[*Continued on page* 98]

Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter for the taste that's right!

Viceroy is scientifically made
to taste the way you'd like a
filter cigarette to taste.
Not too strong . . . not too light . . .
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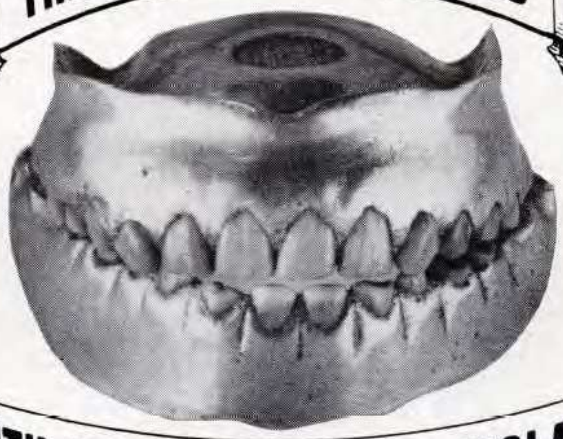
SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands and you'll agree: some taste too strong . . . while others taste too light. But Viceroy—with the Deep-Weave Filter—tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. That's right!

1964 Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation

By WILLIAM VAN DUSEN

THE MAN WHO CHEWED WITH A BLACK BEAR'S MOLARS



"Nimrod's" False Teeth Were Unique: They Were Transplanted Into His Mouth From The Jaws Of A Bear!

■ If it takes more than a spirit of adventure and an electric blanket to meet the he-man challenge of our 49th State, then the story of my friend Nimrod Robertson must rank as "Exhibit A."

One of the few survivors of that ill-fated band of gold-struck adventurers who followed Tagish Charlie over the Chilkoot and down the White Horse Rapids to the Yukon around the turn of the century, Nimrod was a living legend in Alaska for more than 40 years. Born Erwin A. Robertson, "somewhere Down East in Maine, sometime in '56," a jeweler by trade, he came North in quest of making a few fast bucks.

But Nimrod was not a miner. In a lifetime of pecking away at the claims he staked out in the Seventy Mile River region, he was never quite able to get his hands on much gold at one time. Despite his name, he wasn't an exceptional hunter, either. Although he never got farther than he could walk from his lonely little cabin up on Flume Creek, his amazing dexterity with metals as well as the Gargantuan proportions of his carniverous appetite were fabled from Juneau to the Arctic Sea.

Nimrod lived contentedly enough, gorging himself royally on the prolific products of a trapline he maintained only for food. Then, in the spring of 1905, the outside world intruded in the form of a missionary who followed the early thaws up the Yukon with a young dentist in tow.

The evangelist made little impression, but the dentist, fresh out of school and intent upon picking up some concentrated clinical practice before returning to the States to hang out his shingle, drove terror into the hearts of the citizenry. Quoting freely from a primary textbook he clutched under his arm and with a fine professional air of authority, he blood-curdlingly dramatized the horrors of neglected teeth, attributing to this source the whole gamut of human ailments from corns to colitis. He struck a mild bonanza.

Nimrod became his prize customer. Because the metalsmith could not bring himself to dilute his meat with anything as unworthy as vegetables, he developed scurvy and, by that time, his teeth were so far gone that they all had to be extracted. The dentist promised to manufacture a set of plates as soon as the summer's rush of teeth pulling, cavity filling and elementary bridgework was caught up. Only the anticipation of a mouthful of new "choppers" sustained Nimrod through that interim diet of soup.

But strange things are forever happening in Alaska. For instance, there is the *Williwaw*, a storm peculiar to those upper latitudes which, from a dead calm, can whip itself into a howling tornado in 60 seconds. And on a mild afternoon in that particular autumn a *Williwaw* swept down from the nearby Arctic Circle leaving in its wake below-zero cold, a barricade of snow and a double tragedy: a case of lethal pneumonia for the tenderfoot dentist, and a suffering Nimrod, faced with a long winter to eat his way through—without a single tooth in his head!

With sorrowful but far from silent resignation, the old sourdough plied his trapline, laid up an enormous cache of meat, and nobly reconciled himself to a long-suffering winter of survival on broth. Day by day he grew more gaunt, the fire in his outraged stomach flamed more fiercely. Then came the cruelest blow: one morning he found his cache in a shambles, his precious store of meat gone save for a few shreds that were trampled in the tracks of the bear that had done the deed.

Nimrod thirsted for revenge. Hungry as he was, he used the last few shreds of the meat to bait his traps, cunningly hid them around the cache—and waited. Sure enough the culprit returned, and Nimrod snared one of the biggest black bears ever seen in the Yukon.

He had the beast almost skinned before the strange impulse came over him. Reaching down, he lifted the great shaggy head onto his knee, pried open the snout—and gazed into a mouthful of such magnificent molars that his own toothless jaws fairly ached with envy! With one deft stroke of his knife he severed the bear's head, hooked his dog team to the carcass, and dragged it back to his cabin.

With the dead bear's glazed eyes staring at him from the kitchen table, he fired up his forge and set his aluminum tea pot on the hot coals. While the metal was melting he pried up a floor board, dug a shovel full of clay [*Continued on page* 95]

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TRUE's WIND-UP DOLLS

By Bill Wright

HOUSEWIFE DOLL: Wind it up . . . kiss it good-by . . . go to work — and it will go back to bed.

SPORTS DOLL: Wind it up—and it will be sure to play ball with you.

BEATNIK DOLL: Wind it up . . . fill it with espresso, poetry and gin—and watch it go like way out, man.

COLLEGE DOLL: Wind it up . . . take it for a ride . . . park—and learn something new.

LATIN QUARTER DOLL: Wind it up . . . wine it and dine it—and it will give you the other three quarters.

SECRETARY DOLL: Wind it up . . . ask it to work overtime — and listen to it scream!

THE MILITARY INVENTOR

[*Continued from page* 58]

carrier was hardly new, but this was like nothing the Army had ever seen before. It had caterpillar tracks and wheels. That was just the idea, Christie explained. This fantastic vehicle would travel to the scene of battle on rubber-tired wheels. Then zip—onto it would go caterpillar tracks, and the device could take off hell-for-leather across the battlefield—*any* battlefield, Christie asserted proudly. It would roll across logs or rocks, climb 35 percent grades, and do it all without shaking a gun to pieces.

That was the start of a year-long Washington run-around for Christie. He met with derision, indifference and suspicion, as he made the dreary circuit from Ordnance to Infantry to Artillery to Procurement, to the War Department. Finally, through pressure from artillery men, who realized that Christie's gun carrier could be the key to battle maneuverability in modern warfare, Christie landed an order. The order called for a prototype model which would transport a 105mm cannon.

There were a number of predictions that Christie, who had departed considerably from original blueprints, inventing as he went along, would be shown up at the proving grounds. But at Camp Charles, South Carolina, in late 1917, the doubters could not have been more wrong. The eight-wheeled vehicle that Christie tooled out across an open field went through its paces in a fashion that astounded friend and foe alike.

Admittedly, the cloud of blue smoke that poured from its exhausts indicated something was wrong with the 120 hp engine. (Its loose rings were causing it to burn a gallon of oil every mile and a half.) But the big rear thrusting gun, dwarfing the 17-ton vehicle that carried it, hardly wavered as Christie barreled the carrier across a rock- and tree-studded field. The gun also held steady when he drove it up an equally rough-surfaced, 35 percent grade and when he plowed through a mud course full of pot holes.

Altogether it was a somewhat awed group of officers who gathered around to examine Christie's ingenious system of wheels, treads and springs. There were four sets of wheels. The vehicle rested only on the two center pairs which were not powered. The front and rear pairs were placed well above the ground. Power was delivered to the front wheels only. The wide metal caterpillar track engaged in sprockets on them so that when the wheels turned the track turned also, causing all other wheels to revolve.

The heart of Christie's invention lay in those center wheels. They turned on axles affixed to bogies (or "trucks") similar to those on railroad cars. Assisted by powerful springs, they moved up when the vehicle encountered an obstacle.

When the tracks were removed—an operation Christie and his mechanic, Leo Anderson, demonstrated could be completed in 30 minutes—the bogies lifted up and the vehicle rested on the front and rear wheels. Thereupon it ran on them as in any conventional four-wheeled vehicle. Steering was accomplished from the rear wheels, which were pivoted.

Here, clearly, was a major invention, and it was enough to land Christie orders for additional prototype gun carriers, including one to carry an eight-inch howitzer, another for a 75mm ack-ack, and a big one for a 155mm. The contract added up to something over $600,000—with an offer of a separate fee to be negotiated later for the use of Christie's patents on the suspension system.

Christie's gun carriers, radical as their mechanical features were, involved no real change in military thinking. They were, after all, simply a demonstrably superior way to move artillery. If Christie had stuck to making them, as friends, military experts and business associates had all advised him to do, he would have become a prosperous manufacturer, in line for war orders, esteemed by the Army. But things never worked that simply with J. Walter Christie.

The engine of the first gun carrier had hardly cooled from its 104-mile test run, than Christie was making things uncomfortable for himself and complacent infantry generals. In September, 1916, the first tanks—British made—had come clanking out of the dawn mists at Cambrai to the dismay of the Germans. After that all combatants rushed to build more metal monsters that promised an end to the bloody stalemate of trench warfare. These tanks were clumsy and slow moving, but they served the purpose they were designed for: to screen advancing infantry.

COMING . . .

NEW GIMMICK FOR HOAXING WIVES

The full, inside story of phony marriage counselors and how they work. Don't miss this hard-hitting, hard-fact article.

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

While he worked on the gun carrier, Christie had been struck by a flash of inspiration. In his suspension system, he had a means of getting a vehicle across rough terrain. Suppose his carrier didn't have to carry a heavy gun . . . suppose it became a tank—armored, armed and fast moving. Not just a mobile fortress to creep along at infantry pace, but a fire-spitting, hell-raising fighting instrument in its own right.

Couldn't such a vehicle take over the traditional job of the cavalry which had been knocked out in this war of trenches and machine-gun emplacements? Couldn't such tanks dash behind enemy lines, surprising, outflanking, softening the enemy, smashing his communications, as cavalry had done of old?

Ten years later Charles de Gaulle was derided for advancing these same ideas, obvious as they now seem. In 1917, when Christie started making the rounds in Washington with plans for his "cavalry tank" under his arm, and missionary zeal in his heart, he met with blank stares. Yes, the United States needed a tank (with no design of our own we were producing British and French models) but not a tank like this. The generals would run their own wars, thank you, and didn't need Christie to tell them how to fight.

As a year went by with no order, Christie switched his tactics. Let them think of the tank in any terms they wanted to. Just give him an order. Once they saw it in action, he was sure they would see its possibilities. Finally, the brass did see the tank in action—but Christie was wrong about their response.

It was a dreary November day in 1919 when Christie took the canvas off the curious vehicle he and Anderson had brought down to Aberdeen Proving Grounds, in Maryland. The war was long over—Christie's tank hadn't been ordered until just before Armistice Day—and nobody could get much excited about it now. Nobody but Christie, that is. He bounded around the tank with fatherly pride, listening to the throaty roar of the 120 hp engine he'd built for it. Anderson had been scheduled to do the driving, but Christie climbed behind the wheel himself.

"Now you'll see something," he bellowed.

They saw something, all right. Christie had greatly improved the suspension system used on the gun carriers. Other tanks presented an ungainly spectacle as they lurched over obstacles, but Christie's, with its lifting bogies, remained level as it negotiated a rough course. Its 18-foot length, great in proportion to its 13½-ton weight and the six-foot height of its body, plus the fact that the rear-placed engine made it tail heavy, enabled it to ease across 10-foot ditches with hardly a dip.

Christie triumphantly raced it across obstacle courses, rammed it through a swamp, drove it over eight-foot-wide trenches. Then he repeated the performance, driving the tank backward. He had geared it for eight speeds, four forward, four back. With the tank stopped, Christie showed off another of his innovations, the revolving turret.

This demonstration of the tank of the future didn't change Army thinking about tanks. True, a few younger officers, among them Capt. George Patton, could see the possibilities, but their views never percolated upward. In the Army's postwar reorganization, Cavalry was specifically forbidden to have anything to do with tanks. The tank was an infantry screen, and that was that; they were assigned to Infantry and Infantry alone.

Nothing stopped Christie. A man obsessed with a dream, he went back to Washington to argue that he had a lot of other ideas for tanks. If the Army would order just one more, he could keep on with research that could be vital to the United States. He would be a sort of researcher in advanced weaponry. His proposal was actually considered briefly, but his antagonists in Ordnance saw this as poaching on their preserve. They'd never liked Christie's uninhibited remarks about their tank designs anyway. Now they were in a position to make it plain that any tank research would

be done by Ordnance and no one else.

Late in 1921, when he was finally turned down, Christie was nearly 60 years old. He had put in six years of effort, making military vehicles. The treasury of his Front Drive Company was nearly empty, for the gun carrier prototypes had been unprofitable, the tank costing more than the Army had paid.

Of course his prospects in the commercial world were bright. Investors were ready to put money into a company to make Christie trucks and fire engines. He had several engineering offers from Detroit. His friend Harry Miller was urging that he join him in designing racing cars.

All safe and sound, but Christie was a gambling man and he hadn't yet played out his hand. So he'd lost out on the tank. How about a strange vehicle he'd been working at on and off for years now? It tantalized him with the knowledge that a few more months—a year maybe—would see it completed. Yes, that's what he had to do. Tighten belts, let most of the plant employees go, quit drawing a salary himself.

And so it was that Christie went again to Washington, this time to tell them that he had a radical new vehicle that would solve an old military problem. He'd built the world's first practical military amphibian.

He returned from Washington in a rage. "They won't even let me show it to 'em!" he told Anderson.

Almost a year later Christie found a way to make the Army sit up and take notice. The American Society of Mechanical Engineers was holding a meeting in New York. He proposed that they witness a demonstration of his amphibian. Christie would use the Hudson River for a proving ground. The SME accepted. Christie knew that, as members of the Society, high ranking Army officials would be in the audience.

On December 6, 1922, Christie's odd contrivance rumbled up Riverside Drive. Behind it came a long procession of chartered buses, carrying several hundred of the country's top mechanical engineers. Among them was Brig. Gen. S. D. Rockenbach, head of the Infantry's tank forces.

The vehicle rolled along at a steady 25-mile-an-hour clip to Dyckman Street. There, followed by the entourage of observers, it was driven aboard a ferry, which took it across the river to the Jersey side. First, Leo Anderson drove the amphibian up a 40-degree slope, toward the sheer rock wall of the Palisades, in a startling demonstration of its hill-climbing abilities. Then he backed it down to the river's edge, where he and Christie pulled out a propeller and slid it onto a shaft, a process which took five minutes flat.

A Navy observer took a look at the river and asked, "You don't expect to cross that?"

Christie laughed and gave the go-ahead to Anderson. The craft was soon breasting the roiled waters of the Hudson at an estimated five knots.

General Rockenbach later wrote a description of the performance: "At the time of the crossing the tide was going out very rapidly and was the very worst possible for the machine to encounter. The driver turned the machine upriver and buffeted a tremendous tide and current successfully for over a mile. He then headed for the shore and reached a 20-foot rock revetment of the New York Central Railway Lines, ascended that, flopped down on the railroad tracks, turned south on the rails and ties and continued along the Railroad line until he reached the crossing at 265th St."

The general added, "It was a wonderful test."

Apparently it wasn't wonderful enough. The military observers went back to their posts and, as far as the Army was concerned, that was the end of Christie's amphibious wonder.

The Navy wasn't buying either, even though it did give in and authorize an unofficial demonstration for Marine Corps personnel. The amphibian was put over the side from the *USS Wyoming* and Anderson drove it up onto the beach of Culebra Island, off Puerto Rico.

Col. Robert Icks, in his *Encyclopedia Britannica* treatise on tanks, says that Christie's amphibian "led to a new concept of amphibious landings." The LVT's and DUKW's of World War II were lineal descendants of the curious craft that swam the Hudson back in 1922.

When Christie finally did get a taker, it was not the United States. A Japanese official showed up and offered to buy the plans. Christie checked with Washington about selling to a foreign power.

"Go ahead," he was told. Christie sold, for something under $20,000—about 10 cents on the dollar of his costs.

Still Christie wouldn't quit. One night his old friend Barney Oldfield stopped by the plant to find Christie slumped at his desk, staring at a $100,000 check propped up against a half empty bourbon bottle. The check was made out to Christie personally and represented the Government's belated payment, won after strenuous negotiating, for the use of his various patents and mechanical innovations, such as the suspension system.

"What you going to do with it, Walt?" Oldfield asked.

"Build a tank," Christie said. "This country's going to need a good tank—and when they come crying for it, I'll have it ready."

He stuck by this amazing decision. At a time when the U.S. wasn't putting a thin dime into tank research, he plunked down that 100 grand of his, talked a few stockholders into shelling out an equal amount, and was back in business as the U.S. Wheel Tracklayer Corp. It was a company that had few assets beyond the off-beat talents and wild dreams of J. Walter Christie.

Years went by while Christie, with his little staff of three, wrestled with the problems of tank design. Christie drove himself as if the Army would be calling tomorrow. Many nights he slept on a cot in the little front office, staving off his wife's complaints that he didn't spend any time with her and their son. He forged new springs, dozens of different models of them. He built a new engine, then scrapped it. Then another, and scrapped it, too, before he hit on the radical source of the power he wanted—an aircraft Liberty V-12 with 338 hp. He tried dozens of new steering mechanisms, improved the revolving turret, tinkered with tracks that wouldn't get clogged with dirt.

By 1928 he was on the ropes. The $100,000 was gone and Christie was deeply in debt, with his company virtually bankrupt. Still no word from the military. Then, that summer, things changed. The Army set up an experimental tank force and prepared to test its tanks, souped-up versions of World War I models modified by Ordnance. As

TRUE

"Your chair is finished, honey!"

the tank force went into maneuvers at Ft. Leonard Wood, its equipment made a sorry spectacle. The tanks crawled along, barely making 10.5 mph, broke down, got stuck, shook up their unhappy occupants.

The high command was jolted. All along it had been assured that Ordnance was doing all right in tank development. Now it was clear that the U.S. had no tank development—except in Christie's little rundown factory.

Christie got the call he'd waited for so long. Would he like to let the Army have a look at his tank?

The tank they saw when Christie brought it down to Ft. George Meade, Maryland, outwardly bore quite a resemblance to the earlier Christie model, though it had such new touches as lower lines and automobile headlights. Christie hadn't been shooting at externals, only at performance.

First, with tracks on, Anderson zipped it through figure eights with what a military observer called "the agility of a wildcat." Steering was so easy that the vehicle could be turned "with the pressure of a single finger" on the steering wheel. As the tank ran an obstacle course of eight-inch felled logs, sway was barely perceptible.

Other vehicles had all bogged down in one swampy area described as "impassable." Christie's tank plowed through the worst of it, including a section where the soup was four feet deep. The speed, with tracks, was clocked at 42.5 mph on roads and open fields, at 30 mph on "very rough terrain," meaning a log and obstacle course. With the treads off, speeds reached 70 mph.

Clearly, Christie's M-1929 was a tank such as the world had never seen. Maj. C. C. Benson, a Cavalry officer from the General Staff, was moved to comment, "Christie has given us in his new machine more technical progress than Great Britain has achieved in a period of 10 years from the expenditure of some $65 million."

Christie's long, lonely struggle appeared to have brought resounding victory. Congratulations and offers of financial help poured in. As he went ahead and built a new plant in Linden, New Jersey, assured that he was going to get Government orders for his tanks, no one would have guessed that there was a time bomb ticking away, ready to blast the hopes and dreams of J. Walter Christie and change the history of tank warfare. And, incredible as it seems, the man who would detonate it was Christie himself.

Leo Anderson came into the plant one morning to find Christie staring dejectedly at one of the new tanks.

"What's the matter?" Anderson asked.

"Leo," Christie said hoarsely, "the damned thing isn't good enough. I can't build any more like this for the Army."

Anderson was stunned. Christie rejecting his own masterpiece! After all the lean years—with success in sight.

Christie paced the floor as he tried to explain. Now, with the hard won knowledge of the years, he could see clearly the tank he *could* build—a tank with speed and power that no one, not even he, had dared dream of before.

"I want one that won't let my parents lay a hand on me!"

It is at this point that the Christie story really gets complicated and controversial. Some military men who were around at the time hold that what happened next was all Christie's fault. They view it as just come-uppance for a man who was impossible to deal with. About an equal number say that U.S. Ordnance played a dirty trick on Christie, one which did not serve the interests of the United States.

The bare facts seem to be these: Christie delivered the five tanks ordered. The Army accepted them and decided to call for sealed bids on the production of more of the same. They were designated the T-3 Tank in the Infantry. The Cavalry, still operating under the tank ban, called it the T-3 Combat Car. It was assumed that Christie's U.S. Wheel Tracklayer Corp. would be able to make the lowest bid.

Ordnance was staggered when Christie made a strange request. Don't call for bids, he said. Wait a few months, and I'll show you a tank that will knock your eyes out, something as far ahead of the T-3's as they were ahead of the old M-1919.

A wounded cry arose in Washington. What was the matter with Christie, anyway? The Army was perfectly satisfied with his tanks. He himself had said they were the best in the world. No, they certainly would not wait. And would he please correct a little oversight—the matter of the blueprints for the T-3's? He hadn't sent them along with the tanks.

He'd be damned if he'd send them the blueprints, Christie roared. He wasn't going to submit a bid and he wasn't going to have anybody else bidding either.

"That shut 'em up," Christie exulted when he heard nothing more from the Army after his blast.

But he was in for a shock. Ordnance had an ace up its sleeve. The engineers took one of the tanks, cannibalized it, studied and measured every part, and, at considerable expense and effort, made up their own blueprints! The bids were called for, with Christie being politely invited to submit his.

Stockholders, friends, pro-Christie officers in the Army, all begged him to reconsider.

"I will not bid on obsolete tanks!" Christie declared stubbornly. "It wouldn't be fair to my country when I've got a better tank. The Army should wait."

The Army did not wait. The contract went to a fire engine manufacturer.

Christie rushed ahead with what rumors spreading through the military world said was a fantastic vehicle. He was scrounging for dollars now, with the company treasury almost empty. He tried one engine after another in the new chassis that took shape straight out of his mind, without blueprints or regard for cost.

He had it finished in mid-1932. Would the Army look at it? The Army wouldn't. That is, not officially, not on Government proving grounds. All right, would they look at it in Linden then?

That's where they saw it, one hot July day. The 750 hp Hispano Suiza engines that Christie had built into the tank,

sent it roaring into a series of startling exploits. It remained perfectly level as it rolled over huge 24-inch logs. It leaped 12-foot trenches. On a street roped off for the occasion, it raced along at 60.5 mph with treads, 110 mph without.

"Unbelievable!" muttered Col. Daniel Voorhis, commander of the Mechanized Cavalry. It was an opinion he afterward embodied in a written report.

Officers and reporters who crowded around Christie could only nod in agreement as Christie delivered a sizzling lecture to the effect that now, surely, the Army would see that his super-tank made all others obsolete.

But in Washington the enthusiastic reports of field officers met with indifference and hostility.

In the early days of the Roosevelt Administration, Christie hounded generals and congressmen, and hammered on the desk of the Secretary of War. He got nowhere. A lonely old man in the deserted Linden factory, he faced bankruptcy.

It was during this period that he got an offer from Germany, made by the Nazis at the insistence of Gen. Heinz Guderian, the German who had made an even more searching study of tanks than had Charles de Gaulle. Guderian stated that no tank designer in the world equaled Christie.

The emissary from der Führer who journeyed to New Jersey in 1935 may not have appreciated all the fine points of Christie's earthy phraseology, but he had no trouble getting the general idea. Astonishing as it was, Walter Christie, tank inventor, stony broke, rebuffed by his own government, was flatly turning down an offer of a million dollars!

It would be pleasant to record that by profanely rejecting the opportunity to be chief tank designer of the re-arming Third Reich, J. Walter Christie succeeded in thwarting Nazi military aims. He didn't. A fateful train of circumstances had already been set in motion, thanks to the blundering and blindness of the U.S. military.

The Soviets asked Christie if he would come to Russia and take charge of a tank arsenal, at a fee of $10,000 a month. Christie declined. The Russians countered with another request: would he sell them a couple of tanks?

Financially desperate, Christie weighed the proposal, then made one last plea to Washington, begging the military to buy his tank for the United States. The Army and the office of the Secretary of War indicated that they couldn't care less about what he did with his tank. Sell it to Russia if he wanted to.

Christie went ahead, reportedly getting about $150,000 for a couple of tanks of a design somewhere between the T-3 and the super-tank.

It took the unfolding of history to reveal the consequences of this decision. In Russia, the Christie design was produced in a series called BT and finally modified to become the T-28. At the start of World War II, this was thought by other powers to be the best the Soviets had. Actually, they had carried Christie principles still further and had secretly produced the T-34, described by most of the world's experts as the "best tank of World War II." (Just as many were to call its descendant, the T 34/85, the best in Korea.)

Hitler's high command got a jolt when, after the invasion of Russia, a T-34 was captured. It was far superior to anything the Germans then had. At once, it was copied and ordered into production, becoming the first model of the Panther series. In many combat theaters these were the tanks that, in the mildest of military comment, "exhibited certain superiorities to American tanks."

The British also came to Christie, and the tank he produced for them became the first of a great British series, starting with the Cruiser. The Covenanter, which followed, was hailed as "the Rolls Royce amongst fighting vehicles." It had many features of the Christie supertank.

In the United States, Christie had become a living ghost. The Army had no official dealings with him—or unofficial ones either. When his suspension system was discussed, it was not even referred to as the "Christie suspension," (as it was everywhere else in the world), but was given some general designation, like "bogie type."

Christie raged at the continuing U.S. refusal to see any need for speed in tanks.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

As late as 1939, a report by Lt. Col. G. M. Barnes stated, "The tank can now cross ordinary terrain at speeds of from 10 to 20 miles an hour."

"Twenty miles an hour!" Christie bellowed when he read that. "And they *boast* about it?"

He bombarded Washington with proposals. The United States was sure to get into the war. Let bygones be bygones. Give him a chance. He'd design a new tank. Or at least let him do some re-designing on the tanks Ordnance had managed to turn out.

As late as 1942, however, when Christie was begging to be hired as a dollar a year man, he was still getting the brush-off. Now he was no longer trying to sell the Government anything. Let them use his designs and his services—free.

He did have one modest financial request to make. The Army, he argued, was using many of his design features, and hadn't paid him for the design of the T-3. Christie's legal advisors thought he should ask for half a million. Christie said he'd settle for $40,000.

The Army wanted no part of Christie's services. And as for the $40,000—or any other sum Christie might be thinking of seeking—it was the view of the Army that it didn't owe him a cent. Admittedly they were employing Christie design features, but, said the War Department's legal experts, Christie was wrong in claiming these hadn't been paid for. The way they figured it, these had all been covered by the patent rights they'd bought for $100,000 back in the 20's.

More years went by—Pearl Harbor—the United States was in the war. And Christie still trudged from office to office in Washington, offering his services. No responding phone call ever came to him in the little house he had bought across the Potomac in Falls Church, Virginia. His lawyer, Wallace Dempsey, pressing his claim for the $40,000, reported to him one January day in 1944 that he was just about licked. He thought that Christie's only chance was to introduce a special bill in Congress. Of course Congress would be slow—it might take years to get such a bill through. But there was a good chance of eventual justice being done.

Christie spoke up with his old fire. He had an idea for something that might spur Congressional action.

"By God!" he roared, "I'll get hold of one of my old tanks—steal it from Aberdeen if I have to—and drive it right up the steps and into the capitol!"

His lawyer averred that Christie might actually have done just that. But he didn't get the chance. At the age of 82, J. Walter Christie died of a heart attack on the 10th of January, 1944.

To this day the Government has never paid a dollar toward the Christie claim, although his wife and son have made efforts to collect. Privately, many military men admit that the direction of postwar tank design strengthens the Christie case.

America's newest tank, the General Sheridan, to be commissioned in 1966, had its forerunner in Christie's supertank, the one the Army didn't buy. Way back in 1932, Christie had pointed out that he had designed this tank in such a way that it could be modified to be both amphibious and airborne. At the time, his idea of dropping tanks from airplanes was enough to cinch many a smug judgment about "that crackpot Christie."

Whatever the legal merits of the financial claim of Christie's family today, it is hard to argue that the United States does not owe Christie something—at least a posthumous apology. Never has there been any official recognition of the contributions made by this ahead-of-his-times inventor.

About the closest Christie ever came to being honored by the U.S. military was in a tribute penned by Maj. C. C. Benson, then a General Staff historian, who, 35 years ago, wrote these words, which were published in *Army Ordnance:*

> "Walter Christie, inventor, for exceptionally meritorious work in inventing, perfecting, and constructing, at his own expense, a fighting machine for the armed forces of the United States. . . . He has shown extraordinary patriotism and has rendered conspicuous service to the cause of national defense."

Unfortunately, Major Benson had to add that this citation was strictly unofficial and was "consequently not recorded in the War Department archives."

—Norman Carlisle

THE FROZEN PLANE

[*Continued from page* 41]

and clear, Jon seemed much better, and things were looking up. In spite of the guide's admonition to keep going, Kris spent the day ranging over the countryside on the Caterpillar looking for a suitable runway. He found it, a long flat valley covered with three feet of snow only a few miles from the edge of the glacier. He clattered back to camp. It was 9 p.m., but still light. It was a mixed blessing; long days mean spring, and spring to Kris Oleson meant thaw.

"What the hell are we waiting for?" he yelled. "Let's go." As the old sheepherder stood watching them, they headed up the slope of the glacier.

It was a strange procession, there in the misty halflight of the arctic twilight and the swirling snow. A skier and mountain climber named Egill led the way, carrying a slender eight-foot iron rod with which he could probe any suspicious place.

Behind him came the two tractors, abreast, each towing a sled loaded with equipment and provisions, and a hut loaded with men. The runners of the sleds and huts traveled more smoothly over an unbroken surface than in the tracks of the tractors, and so the tractors pursued a zigzag course, the tows following at the end of 50-foot steel cables like water skiers avoiding the wake. Thus they undulated their way up the glacier.

As they climbed the mountain of ice, the temperature fell steadily, to zero, to 10 below. A crack rang out like a rifle shot and the Caterpillar lurched forward while the sled and hut it was towing stopped with a jerk. Kris ran forward. The three-quarter inch steel cable had snapped. In the intense cold, steel becomes as brittle as glass. Kris had brought along plenty of cable clamps, but working with the two frayed ends, the clamp, and the wrenches necessary to tighten it up in sub-zero weather was agony. Toward dawn a cable popped again and while it was being fixed a sudden cry went up for Kris from the driver of the Caterpillar. When he got there the driver pointed mutely at the left axle. The lock nut was missing. Only luck had held the drive wheel on. Kris, cursing under his breath, took a party back over the route, looking for the nut in the churned-up snow, but it was a hopeless search. When he got back Genni met him with a big grin.

"What are you so happy about?" Kris growled.

Genni showed him the axle. A nut was on it. He had taken the one off the right axle and split it in half to make two. It worked, and they were underway again.

It was daylight on the 18th. They were on top of the glacier with only a slight uphill grade. "Let's make time!" Kris shouted at the two drivers, and they gunned their engines.

The constant wind picked up the snow and drove it into their faces. Ahead the white snow and the white glacier and the white sky all blended together and there was no horizon, no up, no down, no nothing. Without dark goggles you'd go snow-blind for sure. It was like a constant blizzard.

Kris held to a northwesterly heading of 065 degrees. As he strode along between the two tractors checking the cables and the fastenings, the steady northwest wind with its burden of tiny sharp particles of frozen snow drove the cold into him, right through the layers of protective clothing, right on through his skin and into his guts. Even when he was relieved and burst into the hut for a scalding cup of coffee, it was impossible to get warm. The wind whistled through the cracks of the door and there was a two-inch layer of ice on the floor. The men were miserable.

In a sense the misery was comforting; there was no danger of the spring thaw coming in with weather like this. Kris stopped by the bunk of the burned driver, who was coming along fine, then gave Al, the official chef, a hand with dinner. They were throwing potatoes frozen hard as billiard balls into a kettle of boiling snow when they both heard the tractor engines slack off and felt the hut slow down. Kris grabbed his parka, goggles and gloves and was out the door in a minute.

"What's the matter?" he roared at Eirik Eylands, the dependable young driver of the Caterpillar.

"Where are we?" Eirik roared back. He waved out toward the white mist to the east. "I don't want to drive this thing into the lake."

Somewhere out there was the treacherous open lake which sits on volcanic fires in the middle of the glacier. Just the year before a party of Swedish geologists, exploring its secrets, had disappeared, never to be seen again. And to the north the glacier dropped off sharply in great precipices.

"Okay, take it slow," Kris said. "But keep going."

The tractors ground on slowly. Every man turned out of the huts to peer into the mist. As evening came on, the steady wind slacked off then died altogether. As the snow settled, landmarks began to materialize around them like ghosts coming to life. The drivers stopped their tractors, Kris brought out his maps, Al his compass. They identified the big black mountain of Kerlingar to the west, the rock called Palsfjall to the east, and other peaks dead ahead. Al figured out their position from these known points. They were four miles from the lake, less than 10 from the plane.

"We've been pushing since 9 last night," Al Eliasson told Kris reassuringly. "Let's turn in and get a fresh start in the morning."

Kris agreed, but grudgingly. Time was a monkey on his back. He'd have gone on all night.

And they might as well have because next day, even spread out in a line 150 yards across, they went right by the plane and wound up looking down a sheer drop on the glacier's northern edge. Reporting the failure to find the plane on the regular radio contact with headquarters that night, Kris's spirits were lower than the temperature, 15 below.

TRUE

"Only one thing we *can* do—give her an honorary membership."

They snapped back next morning when, from his seat on the International, Genni Oleson let out a roar. Kris leaped up beside him. Ahead was a low white mound. "That's it!" Kris bellowed. They heard him back in the hut. Al came busting out the door with the flag of Iceland on a long pole, ran to the mound, and plunged it into the snow. All 12 Icelanders, even Jon, the burned driver, were jumping up and down, shouting and beating each other on the back. Then they celebrated with breakfast—oatmeal and bacon and eggs and gallons of coffee.

As they chomped they discussed how they'd dig the plane out. As the highest point of the C-47 is 21 feet off the ground, the wingspread 96 feet, they'd have to dig a mighty big hole in the snow. The plan was to uncover the plane by hand shovels and use the bulldozers to get the snow out of the way.

"And remember, you guys, be careful," Kris said. "You can do a thousand dollars worth of damage with one goddam stroke of a shovel."

He put a special crew over where the nose should be. Though at that altitude you can only work 10 minutes at a time, Kris kept going until he was shoveling in slow motion. When they reached his goal, the small emergency window by the pilot's seat, he wriggled down into the plane.

The key was in the ignition. Kris reached out and held it between his thumb and forefinger. Suppose it wouldn't work. Seven months is a long time, even in Iceland's finest deep freeze. Batteries don't freeze, he knew from experience, and yet . . . he turned the key. Instantly the lights came on and the instruments lit up. So did Kris Oleson.

But how had the wings and undercarriage stood up under those tons of snow? It took days of constant digging to uncover the entire plane, precious days, when every rise in temperature was greeted with a groan. When it was uncovered they all stood and looked at it with despair. The weight of the snow had sheared the pins which locked the landing gear in place. The plane would have collapsed completely if it hadn't been for the snow under the wings. Genni reached out and grabbed Kris's arm. "It's not so bad," he said. "I can fix it."

Jacks and other special equipment would have to be obtained. Genni and Al went to the radio with a list. In the meantime Kris paced back and forth slamming his fist in his palm with impatience and frustration.

On the morning of the 25th the company plane circled in the bright sunlight directly over them, but even though the pilot brought it down to 150 feet over their heads the swirling snow obscured each from the other. After it made several passes Al went to the radio and, gauging the location of the plane by the sound, hollered to the pilot when he was over the camp. The needed equipment, specially packed and trailing bright cloth markers, came hurtling down to land only 50 yards from the huts.

All that day Genni Oleson worked to jack up the plane and weld the broken parts back together again. They all turned in early. The morning dawned bright and clear. Kris was the first man out of the hut. He strode toward the hole, happy in the sunlight, but when he reached the edge he stopped as though he'd run into a propeller. A storm had come and gone in the night. The plane was covered with snow again.

It was not hard-packed, but it still took the exhausted men two more days to dig the plane out for the second time. This expedition was no longer adventure, but grueling work.

At dawn, on the morning of April 30, the plane was clear and ready to go. Kris had designed and built a triangular tow bar of steel rods, 20 feet long, which he bolted onto the landing gear. He hooked up both tractors, with a block and tackle to multiply the power, and gave the signal to pull. The plane didn't budge.

"Hold it," Kris shouted. "You'll pull it to pieces. The skis are frozen to the ice." He fashioned a loop of steel cable, fastened it to the Caterpillar, and dragged it through between each ski and the ice. That broke it loose. This time the plane came right on up the incline.

The plan had been for one tractor to pull the sleds and huts, the other to pull the plane. But neither tractor would move the plane by itself and the two tractors together couldn't pull the whole thing. One sled, one hut and half the men were left behind to be picked up later.

At noon the strange procession started out—two tractors, sled, hut and, finally, the plane. They moved steadily down the slight grade, all day and all night, and reached the edge of the glacier at noon.

"I think we ought to leave the plane here while we go check the route to that spot we picked out for a runway," Kris told Al. "I'd hate to drag it any more than we have to."

"Okay," Al said. "Let's go."

It was the first of May, the sun was bright and the temperature was in the 50's. In one day they had entered a different world. Fears of the spring thaw had all been wasted. There was plenty of snow all around them. They followed their own tracks directly to the valley.

It looked just the way it had two weeks before—perfect.

"Let's test it to make sure," Kris said, a worry wart to the end. Eirik stopped the tractor and Kris jumped off into the snow. He sunk in up to his hips. He took a step and stopped. He took another step and then reached down and felt the snow with his hand. He looked up at Al, horror and disbelief spread all over his face. He looked like he'd stepped in a den of rattlesnakes.

"My God, Kris, what's the matter?" Al shouted.

"The snow," Kris said. He was almost crying. "It's melting. It's slush. We'll never get the plane off here."

Both Al and Eirik jumped down to feel for themselves. Sure enough, the snow was mostly water. The skis on the plane would sink right through it. They drove all over the valley, testing, but it was the same everywhere.

The three men looked at each other in consternation. The spring thaw had begun. The entire interior of Iceland was about to break loose. They all had the same thought—get that plane down off the glacier.

"Let's get back, and fast," Kris said.

On the way back they could see where the snow had melted in the tractor tracks. They retraced the route exactly, even to where they had crossed the river bed. They proceeded on across it. With no warning at all, a loud report sounded beneath the tractor. It lurched, then dropped four feet straight down. Three stomachs went with it. Water rose around their feet. They'd broken through the ice. And they hadn't even know it was there.

Though swift, the river was only about four feet deep and the motor kept running. The ice would easily bear the weight of a man. They stepped onto it and crossed over the ice on foot. They climbed up the slope of the glacier to the Caterpillar, brought it and the rest of the men down and snaked the International out with a block and tackle. Then they spent the rest of the day exploring the area on skis, looking for a flat place with dry snow. They couldn't find it. Everything was slush. And the plane was on the wrong side of a fast-growing river covered with ice that wouldn't hold a bulldozer, much less a C-47. If they couldn't get across right now, they couldn't get it across until next winter. In that case, as far as Icelandic Airlines was concerned, there wasn't going to be any next winter.

By now the spring sun was low in the southwest. Kris looked at the thermome-

ter. It was down to freezing already. There was hope.

"Look," he said. "Let's get the plane and everything else down and have it ready by the river. We'll let it freeze all night and then, before the temperature gets back to the thawing mark, we'll try to bring it across."

Getting the plane down the icy slope was a ticklish problem. They put one tractor in front to pull it, the other behind to hold it back. To keep from tearing the plane in two Kris used a 50-foot length of four-inch manila hawser, bought especially for that purpose. It would stretch enough to absorb the shock of sudden jerks.

They worked the plane down slowly, now pulling, now holding back, all the time mindful of crevasses, and it took all night. There was no time for sleep. Kris Oleson, who had bossed the job all the way across the glacier, had not slept for over 48 hours and during that time he had hiked many miles, skied 20 or 30 more.

By 5 in the morning, when the slanting rays of the sun began to lift the mercury upward, everything was ready. Kris looked at his watch, the sun, the thermometer, and then there was no longer any excuse. Eirik Eylands was sitting in the driver's seat of the International; Kris swung on board.

"Let's try it," he said. Eirik drove out on the ice. It held. That was the deciding factor. Now they were committed. In the next half hour they were either going to get their plane across the river or watch it crash through the ice.

Kris put both tractors on the far side of the river. Cable was payed out across the river, fastened to the plane. The drivers inched forward to take up the slack, watching Kris Oleson. He stood out on the ice, hand raised, ready to give the signal. The cables tightened, the plane inched forward.

"Go!" Kris shouted, dropping his arm like a starter at Sebring. Both tractors roared forward. The plane charged out on the ice and skidded on across the river. The ice held. "Yow!" Kris hollered, but he hollered too soon. He'd forgotten the river bank, three feet of sand and gravel. The plane banged into it and came to an abrupt and shuddering stop. The skis snapped like toothpicks.

"Oh, my God," Kris groaned. He ran to the equipment sled, grabbed an armful of shovels, and handed them out. They dug through the bank and the tractors pulled the plane through. Genni stooped and examined the broken skis.

"It's not too bad," he said. "I can patch them up in a couple of hours."

Kris looked at his watch. It was 8 o'clock. The sun was bright and the plane was off the glacier. "Let's hit the sack," he said.

Four hours later the old sheepherder, Kristofferson, skied into camp. He'd heard Al's daily radio report the evening before and had traveled all night to help. "I know a sheltered place about 20 miles from here where there's bound to be good snow," he said. "I'll take you there."

Kris rubbed his bleary eyes and took a swig of hot black coffee. "Okay," he said, "but there's something I got to do first. Before we drag this goddam plane all over Iceland I want to know if the engines will run."

He climbed on board, cut on the master switch and primed the right-hand engine. He looked at the starter button for a long moment, then he jabbed his finger at it, and held. The propeller started turning.

And the engine caught immediately. It couldn't have been easier. The left engine caught almost as quickly. Kris revved them up, checked the gauges. Everything was okay. He switched off the engines and swung down.

"Let's go," he said.

For three days they dragged that plane, and the sled and hut, over the bleak, barren, boulder-strewn upland country of Iceland. The snow was slushy and the tracks of the tractors, the runners of the sled and hut, and the skis of the plane constantly bit through to bang and scrape on the rocks. The plane itself leaned and twisted, protesting audibly, as they dragged it around sharp turns and over lava ridges.

The drivers were bitching and moaning louder than the plane. This was drudgery and frustration. But they had to keep going. The only alternative was to park the plane on a hill, then come back in midsummer to grade and smooth out one of those level stretches. But even if the company could have kept going, the cost of such an operation would be prohibitive. Kris put the idea out of his mind.

Late in the afternoon of the third day they skirted a rocky ridge and came upon paradise. It was a long level valley, so sheltered that the snow was deep and dry. They ran out into it and kicked it and jumped in it like kids.

All that night and the next morning the tractors roared up and back, packing the snow down. At noon the runway was ready, but the weather wasn't. A strong wind was blowing at right angles to the runway. Kris kicked a tire with impatience.

"Let's taxi it down to the end of the runway," he said.

Al shrugged. Why not? They got in, Kris started the engines and jockeyed the plane to the end of the strip. As he turned it around one of the men in front of the plane happened to drop his bandanna. It fell straight down. Kris pulled back the window. Not a breath of air came in. The wind had died. His heart started pounding, but he kept his voice calm.

"I guess this is as good a time as any," he said. "Do you want to fly it?"

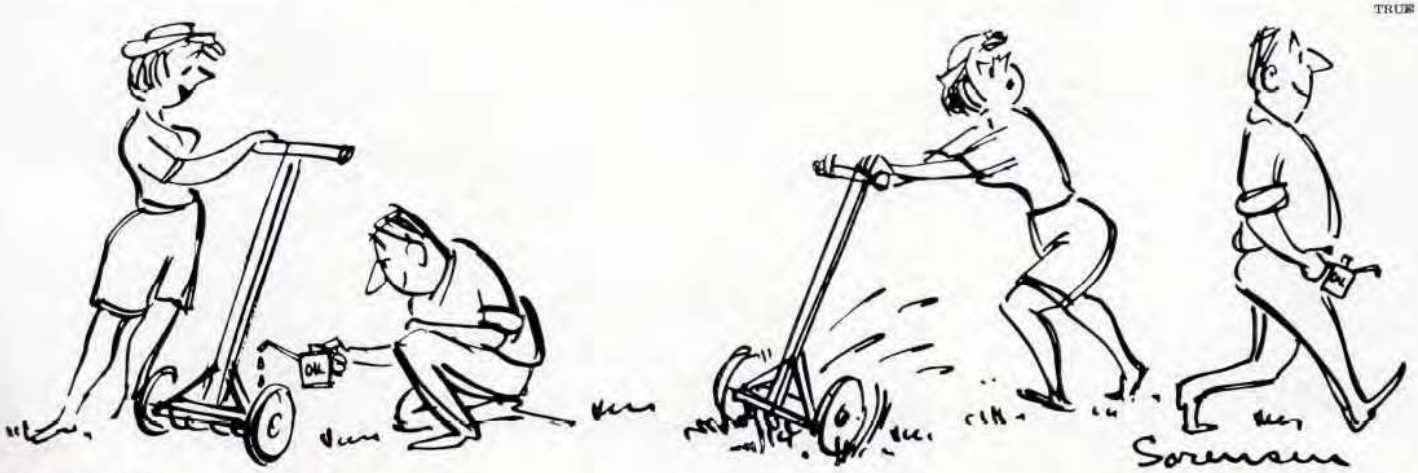
"You go ahead," Al said, equally calm. "I'll be co-pilot."

Kris gave the engines full power. The plane lurched and started forward. It rocked from side to side, then picked up speed and steadied down. The skis skimmed over the snow. The plane lifted. Kris eased the wheel back, gently, and they were flying. Neither man said a word. There's no way to express such elation. Never before, not even on his first solo, had Kris felt such exhilaration in the air. He wanted to sing, to shout, but instead he checked his instruments, set course for Reykjavik and radioed that he was coming in with Icelandic Airlines' new plane.

* * *

Actually, the C-47 never became a part of Icelandic's fleet. It was flown to England to be outfitted for passenger service. Even before work began on it, however, a Spanish airline offered $80,000 for it, as is, for a net profit to Icelandic of over $75,000. It was enough to get the company going again. Today Icelandic flies a fleet of DC-6's between New York and Europe. Al is president, Kris chief of operations. They have the lowest rates to Europe, their ships are full and they're making money. Nothing pays off like the impossible. **—Booton Herndon**

TRUE



[*Continued from page* 46]

guards, but that won't help unless we train the tigers not to eat them."

My remark broke the tension of the meeting and helped to put things in better perspective. There was really no answer.

You don't extinguish tigers the way you do public enemies. You can hunt them but this doesn't mean you'll find them easily. I had been on many hunting trips in Africa, where I was raised by missionary parents, and also had hunted in Vietnam, but had never seen a tiger. The tiger is one of the most elusive and clever of man's adversaries.

A native poses with the numbers one and three tigers which are shown where they fell. Second tiger died 50 yards away in the jungle soon after shot.

The author, now regarded as a god by the natives, with tiger number four, probably the same one that had killed a lone messenger only the day before.

Now a pack of them in a remote province of Vietnam was "my responsibility."

I stomped into the office in a black mood, and dictated a letter to a friend, Marcel Roche, a Frenchman who owned a tea plantation on the edge of the jungle area. I had never hunted with Marcel, but during a weekend spent at his villa we had talked of tigers. His knowledge of lore was phenomenal, his methods as daring as they were unorthodox. He could have been boasting.

A week later there was an answer. Yes, he could arrange an expedition and would be glad to go along as guide. Fortunately he could get away as this was the dry season. He would meet me with porters at Kilometer 135 on the Saigon-Dalat highway the following Monday morning at sunrise. Roche added that as this was an official affair, he would not share in the hunting.

Calling the Palace, I left word that I was going upcountry for a week to look into the tiger problem.

Kilometer 135 was on a desolate stretch of the only paved road north of Saigon. It was in the center of a bamboo forest, and the canes, some as thick as a child's body, towered overhead, their fringes capturing the first light of dawn. In the sickly, pale green that filtered through, I saw several bodies sprawled alongside the stone marker. Roche was ahead of time. Apparently, he had already dispatched his jeep back to the plantation.

"You Americans," he said with a grin, walking over to shake hands. "Any trumped-up excuse to get away for a good hunt."

Dressed in tan slacks and windbreaker, Marcel Roche was tall, lithely built and looked younger than a premature baldness would indicate. His rifle was slung with expert carelessness. Born in Vietnam, he was able to speak Vietnamese and several of the *Moi* dialects, in addition to English and his native French.

"No excuse, Marcel," I protested. "The tigers have the government worried. They have become a real political problem."

"Which you are anxious to solve."

I laughed. "Well, if I can get one, its skin is going in the place of honor in my living room."

I could tell that he was looking me over to see if I were physically fit for the march. From here on it was by foot—25 kilometers through tough jungle by sunset.

"A desk job in Saigon is not the best conditioner," I said somewhat apologetically, "but I'll make it."

"I've already been in," he said. "The shacks and blinds are built. The bait is killed and staked out."

He pointed at the still sleeping natives.

"These porters are *Moi*. I hired them from the village near the camp. We came out yesterday and overnighted here on the road."

"Good Lord."

I was shocked and considerably disappointed for I had wanted the village headman in on the plans from the beginning so that he would learn how to begin solving the tiger problem for himself.

"Did you check with the chief?" I asked.

"He would only have slowed me down."

The tone of my voice was cool. "I thought you said this was my party."

"It is all the way. But if you want to kill a tiger that is one thing. If you want to romance the headman, that's another. The two don't mix."

I held my temper.

The Frenchman regarded me curiously.

"Howard," he said, "let's get one thing straight before we go in. The picture you get of these mountain people back in Saigon can be a good deal different from the way they are. I have lived with them all my life. First of all, *Moi* are superstitious about tigers, actually worship them. If one of the villagers disappears, they shrug it off. Fate, they say. Sure they yell to Saigon about losses and they are glad when somebody comes and kills a tiger. But do it themselves? No, that is tampering with the gods. So if you had in mind some weird aid project like teaching them self-defense, forget it."

I said nothing.

"And the second reason I went ahead is that these tigers do not eat fresh meat unless they are ravenously hungry, even if they have killed it themselves. They wait until it is ripe. You would have sat around all week without even a glimpse of a striped beauty."

Somewhat mollified, I instructed the jeep driver to be at this same marker in seven days. We woke the porters, made equally weighted loads of my supplies, and plunged into the jungle.

Coming quickly out of the bamboo region, we crossed open hilly country that had been burned off—ostensibly for rice, but more likely for opium—and headed for blue hills in the distance. Between us and the mountains lay the green jungle of Vietnam, the wall of which reared ever closer and higher like a monstrous tidal wave.

Before we were swallowed in the dark entrails, we took the first of hourly

breaks that were to continue all day.

"I'm afraid I sounded unappreciative back there," I said to Marcel. "I'm really very grateful."

"Forget it."

We sat down and looked at the glut of foliage ahead.

"What sort of bait did you lay for the tigers?"

"Four Sambar deer, about 600 pounds each."

I whistled. "That's elk size. The last tiger hunt I was on, I used just one 200-pounder."

"How long did you sweat it out?"

"Five days in the rain."

He chuckled. "You'd still have been waiting. Tigers usually hunt in pairs. Your 200-pounder would have been a square meal for one of them. What they like is a big fellow. Then they can come back two or three times. You see, they aren't as suspicious the second time around. One takes cover and keeps lookout while the other fills his belly. That's when we go for the one that is eating."

"I hope we don't tangle with the one that's hiding."

Roche laughed. "Hold that thought."

"Did you fix tree blinds or ground?"

"Ground, about 15 yards off the bait."

I had brought a miner's cap that I usually wore for night hunting. When I mentioned this item, Marcel said, "I don't like night hunting. First of all, the tiger can see better than you, day or night. The spotlight gives you a momentary advantage in blinding him and you have his eyes reflecting. But you'd better hit him flat dead. If you miss, he knows where you are, and so does his mate. That beam makes plenty of light."

The 10 minutes were up and we headed into the jungle. There was just enough room in the trail to crouch and get through. Despite the brilliant day, only a vague half-light filtered through the mass of tangled foliage. Branches slapped and quickly drenched my clothes. Nettles stung my neck and arms. The only sound to be heard was a constant rustle, the drip-drip-drip of moisture through the layers of leaves overhead. . . .

"Here is your tiger country," said the Frenchman shortly before noon, as we stepped out of the dampness into bright sun and open fields. We were in the foothills of the rugged mountain region.

"Nice to get away from roads and automobiles and telephones and people, isn't it?" Marcel said. He wasn't asking a question, rather expressing a philosophy as he drank in the wild beauty of nature untouched by human hands. We lunched by a rushing stream. Like so many of his countrymen he would never return to his native France.

F. rther upstream there were two dugouts belonging to the porters' tribe. Our supplies went into one and we into the other. The *Moi*, who up to now had been silent laborers, flashed their genius. We were going to be paddled uprapids. One stood at front and rear of each canoe, using paddle or pole depending on the depth of the river. When we reached an angry shoal they got out and put all their strength against the foaming tide. Up the steeper rises we inched around jagged

"I don't know anything about politics, but this is a damned good convention."

rocks, sometimes losing, sometimes gaining, but never overturning and always finally making it. The porters refused to let us out of the craft to slog our own way.

As if the sun had dropped out of the sky, it became suddenly dark. In the high mountain region where we were, night comes along this way.

Blazing on the river bank as we rounded a bend was a bonfire.

"Our camp," he said and looked at his watch with satisfaction.

"Five-thirty. The men should have a venison dinner already on the fire."

The next morning I awoke refreshed and ready for anything . . . except the reception we got at the nearby village.

First, we checked the blinds. There were four of them, each roughly a mile and a half from camp in different directions. This was so that a rifle shot at any one of the locations could be heard at headquarters, but not at the other sites. A tiger seldom returns to bait it has been scared from.

"We are still a couple of days too early," Marcel said, sniffing at the rotting meat which was tied securely with vines. There were neither bites nor tracks.

The blind itself, or as Marcel called it the *mirador*, was about the size of a telephone booth laid flat on the ground. It was made of natural shrubbery, branches and sticks, and blended into the landscape. I rolled in and out of each one through the rear door which pulls down behind so that you are hidden from all sides. There is a little peephole facing the bait through which you have to fire, holding back so not to show your barrel.

The *Moi* village was about half a mile upriver from camp, and was a collection of bamboo and thatched huts. In the center of the cluster was a large rectangular building of sturdier construction. This, I found out, belonged to the headman. Before we could reach it, however, we were surrounded by hundreds of natives, all waving, shouting, throwing flowers, darting forward to thrust a tiger tooth into my hand as a good-luck charm. The accolades did not quite jive with Marcel's description of native indifference to the tiger threat. I glanced at him significantly. Staring straight ahead, he ignored the throng except to push his way through it.

The *Moi*, or mountain people of Vietnam, have little in common with their countrymen of the delta. They are taller

and darker and, as I had heard it said, a thousand years behind. Few had ever known of Saigon or the outside world until the circulation of recent government decrees.

The chief, glittering with silver bangles, met us on the veranda of his house. Spry for his advanced age, he sported a mouthful of gold teeth, managing to show them most of the time as he smiled and nodded. Behind him at a respectful distance stood a number of bare-to-the-midriff females whom I took to be his wives and daughters. They regarded us coyly.

The headman was delighted that President Diem had sent me to solve the tiger problem. He hoped that I would have better luck than several of his tribesmen. Encouraged that there had been some local effort to stamp out the marauding beasts, I questioned him closely. Marcel, acting as interpreter, smiled at the response. What the old fellow meant was that he hoped I would have better luck in *avoiding* the tigers. The fact that they might be eliminated as a pest by scientific hunting methods seemed completely beyond him.

He changed the subject to Communist guerrillas who had been putting the bite on him for food stores and who were abducting some of the young men of the village. He pointed out slyly that he had hired out his best men to use as a means of protecting them. I promised to see what I could do in sending a detachment of Civil Guards, although privately I doubted it could be done.

Insofar as the tiger problem was concerned, I had solved it just by making the visit. The *Moi* chief was most grateful. He insisted that we quarter ourselves here as his guests. Marcel declined and stood up to leave when the chief invited us to a festival that night in our honor. Marcel explained that tiger hunting required a full night's sleep. I was irritated, thinking that getting to know the old fellow better, I might be able to win him over.

We were accompanied back to our camp by a troupe of giggling children and yapping dogs. En route, I said sharply, "I don't know what it is you have against these people, Marcel. I would have enjoyed that festival tonight."

"You ought to thank me—at least your wife should—for getting you off the hook," he said. "After the feasting, Howard, which goes on until midnight, then comes bedtime. And, as the honored guest, you get your choice of the headman's daughters."

"Don't be ridiculous."

"If you want to see American prestige shot to hell, just try to beg off. If you turn down the daughters, he offers you the pick of the wives. Then, friend, it becomes a matter of personal insult if they don't please you."

For a few minutes we walked in silence.

"I guess I'll stick to tiger hunting," I said finally.

The next day there were tracks around the bait.

The day after that huge chunks were torn from the hind quarters of one of the carcasses.

Marcel took one look. "Let's go get your gear."

With mounting excitement we returned to camp and I threw my stuff together—cameras, Thermos of coffee, a canteen of water and a packet of sandwiches. It was a perfect day—clear, no wind.

"I'll wait here," Marcel said, "and will start the minute I hear a shot. If you shoot, reload without making any noise. Remember the mate will be around. And, Howard, whatever you do, don't go out of the *mirador*. If we don't hear fire, we'll pick you up at dark."

We shook hands. The porters and I were off.

I had to admit I was nervous, particularly when we neared the blind. I veered away from the party, keeping step. The natives talked loudly. Stepping gingerly to avoid brittle underbrush, I reached the blind and rolled in, pulling the leafy door quickly down behind me. I didn't move until the voices faded away.

Very carefully, I peeked through the spyhole. There was the bait, just as I had seen it before. In slow motion, I arranged my gear, memorizing where everything was placed. In the dark of the *mirador* you can't see, but if you need something in a hurry you have to be able to put your hands on it without fumbling. The .375 magnum rifle went close to my right hand. There would probably be several hours to wait if the eight-hour lapse between tiger meals held true. But beasts observe no rules; you never know for sure. I relaxed as best I could, peering out the hole every two or three minutes.

I had decided not to shoot right away if one showed up. Usually a tiger will spend a half hour to an hour eating, and I wanted some photographs.

An hour passed. Try sitting in a cramped position for an hour without getting stiff. I had had some experience in this and had developed a series of exercises. Waggle each finger, then the wrist, the elbow and the arm. Repeat every time you think about it.

There was a rustle outside. A small mouse was being pursued by a two-foot-long white lizard. They passed quickly by and I relaxed.

Suddenly, there it was. The mouse had made more noise. Standing over the bait, swiveling a massive head from side to side, tail flicking restlessly, was my adversary. A jungle tiger looks bigger than a zoo tiger—twice as big. It looked in my direction and the tail stopped. I held my breath and hardly dared blink.

Finally its head went down and it began to tear at the meat. My hand moved in the dark for the camera.

All I could do was get the lens to the hole and aim blindly. Using the finder was impossible. I squeezed. The click sounded like a twig snapping. I had not considered the noise in the deathly quiet of the jungle. I did not dare move the camera too quickly. Yet I could not risk the chance that it might not have noticed. In a movement that was agony, I edged the camera back . . . at the same time getting the rifle into position.

The tiger was standing stock still over the bait, glaring in my direction, a chunk of dripping red meat in its mouth. It could have leaped on the *mirador* in three strides.

As I crouched rigidly a soft wind sprang up and there was a faint clicking in the distance; bamboo trees tapping each other.

The tiger's gaze turned away from me.

I took a second to put down my camera . . . then sighted. But he was gone.

When Marcel Roche and the porters hailed me at dusk, I was still waiting. I vented my wrath as I rolled out of the blind.

The Frenchman was kind.

"There's meat left. He'll be back if you

TRUE

"Who's asking you to *clean* it?"

didn't scare him off." If I had scared him, this site was now useless.

"That picture better be good," I said as we trudged back to camp. If I had known then that I had snapped a beautifully detailed shot of the bush near where the tiger was standing, I think I would have given up and gone home.

My quarry returned during the night and finished off most of the carcass.

"Why don't you try again?" Marcel asked.

I thought he was kidding.

"No, I am serious, Howard. Watch the bones. Tigers sometimes go crazy for them, particularly if they are confident of the site."

"No," I said shortly. "I'll wait for a strike at one of the other blinds."

About noon word came from the village that a government courier had been killed near one of our untouched baits. The headman sent an apologetic message that we seemed to be attracting tigers to the vicinity without killing them. He wanted the porters back.

I was glum but not ready to quit.

"I think I'll go watch bones," I told Marcel.

I was going through one of my finger exercises, after an hour and a half in the blind, when I looked up to see not one but two tigers moving around the bait. No picture taking this time. Watching them critically, I finished unlimbering my joints and reached for the rifle.

The shot that is most effective and does little damage to the trophy is right behind the ear. But you can only get this shot if the tiger offers its profile. One was standing broadside, an excellent target. The other was just behind with its head in line with the first.

A wild thought came to me. When a teen-ager in Africa and following an antelope herd, I had fired at one of the animals, killing it. The bullet, passing through, had entered the head of a second, felling it as well. I had taken a lot of ribbing over that, as if I had planned it. However, it was a dangerous thing to try with tigers, even in the unlikely chance that such a shot presented itself. A bull's-eye on one might only wound the other, creating the proverbial scourge of the jungle. But I was angry at the headman's attitude.

The second tiger raised its head and looked over the neck of the first. This put its chest in line; the shot was still possible.

During the echo of the rifle fire, I automatically reloaded.

The tiger closest to me dropped, twitched, and then lay still. The second let out a terrible roar, sprang about 10 feet high and began a series of erratic plunges. The animal would fall to its side, get up and lunge again. It quickly thrashed out of sight.

I thought it was a goner but I wanted to make sure and there was only one way to do it—go after it with another shot.

With the mate already dead, I figured it was safe enough to leave the *mirador*. I rolled out the back and ran a few steps in the direction of the crashing. I did not want to get too close or, on the other hand, let it get out of hearing range.

Whatever made me glance back at the site of the scattered bones I will never know, but it was fortunate that I did. There, glowering at me by the dead tiger was the real mate. Not a sound came from its throat. Its muscles were tense bulges. About 10 yards separated us. If it sprang, I would have one shot and that would be it.

There was only one thing to do—wait, motionless. If confronted unexpectedly by something that should move and does not, an animal sometimes is confused and delays its natural reaction.

The roars of the dying beast behind me became weaker and finally ceased. Inch by inch, I got my rifle into a better position.

And still the mate stared at me. I could not wait any longer. In a lightning motion, I sighted at the base of the V where the stripes meet in the center chest and fired. Its spring never got off the ground. It just dropped and rolled. The bullet had plummeted through the heart. The only movement it made was to switch its tail about two minutes later.

The next sound I heard was that of the footsteps of the men from camp, alerted by my first shot. It is likely that the tiger had heard them before I did. Distracted, it had delayed her spring.

"Over here," I called.

Marcel was dumbfounded.

"What the hell are you doing outside the *mirador?*" he shouted.

I motioned to the two dead tigers lying by the bones.

"*Mon dieu!*"

"And there is another one," I said, pointing into the brush behind me.

He would not believe it.

"But you only shot twice!"

Following the line of broken foliage, we found the third tiger about 150 feet away.

Marcel looked at me strangely.

"Three tigers with two bullets in 10 minutes."

He turned and walked away.

We had to dispatch runners to the village to get extra help. When we finally got the three tigers to camp—four men carrying each one—it was well after dark.

I found myself not only a hero but a god. Expecting a rousing reception of handshakes and flowers, I encountered only silence and awe.

The *Moi* villagers hung around and watched as the tigers were skinned by flickering bonfire light.

"I want to get this finished tonight," Marcel said.

He was doing the intricate part of the skinning.

"If we leave early tomorrow, I don't think there will be trouble," he said.

"Trouble? What do you mean?"

We could speak in English without being understood.

"The chief isn't here and he hasn't sent congratulations."

I had been too keyed up with exhilaration to notice his absence.

"With all those wives, he's probably too busy," I cracked.

The Frenchman's knife glinted sparks of firelight as it laid back the striped hide in flawless movements.

"You've become a god to this tribe,

ASK...

THAT'S THE WAY TO GET PENNZOIL

At your new-car dealer or garage, and at the service stations you prefer for gasoline, when you need motor oil, *ask* for Pennzoil. *It's worth asking for.* This double-rich, pure Pennsylvania oil contains Z-7, its own complete additive, at no extra cost. And that's exactly what you must have for the extra miles and protection today's cars *demand* of motor oil. So remember: *ask*... that's the way to get Pennzoil.

"I suppose it's still correct to say that this program is coming to you live."

Howard," he said without looking up. "If we get out fast, they'll sing about you for years, probably long after you are dead. If we stay around, there will be some doubts. They may want to test your mortality."

"Nuts," I said. "Maybe these people think I have some supernatural powers, but the chief is a smart old codger. He knows we came to get a tiger. So we killed three. What's superhuman about that?"

"Listen, Howard, we are leaving in the morning."

I didn't argue.

As we were breaking camp at sunrise, two runners came loping down the trail from the village. In the guttural singsong exchange that followed, the Frenchman shook his head repeatedly. Ignoring them finally, he hefted a carton to his shoulder and started for the boats. The natives sat down looking dejected.

Getting in stride with him, I asked, "What is it?"

He answered reluctantly. "Another tiger."

"Where?"

"Our bait where the government courier disappeared. Half the carcass was eaten last night."

We continued walking.

"Why don't you try for it," I suggested.

He shook his head. "No," he said, "we're leaving as scheduled."

"That's ridiculous, Marcel. If there is a chance to eliminate another man-killer, then it is our responsibility to try."

He said nothing.

At the river's edge, I broke the silence. "Look, I don't want to be a hog about getting another one. I think you ought to do it. But, if you don't want to, then I'd like a try."

The Frenchman sloshed into the stream, laid the box in the boat. Then he turned and said, "Suppose you miss?"

"I don't understand."

"If they hear you shoot and there is no tiger to be carried in, you are no longer a god."

"That suits me fine."

He sighed.

"I guess I can't expect you to understand, Howard. *Ça va,* I'll wait for you."

"Why don't you take it?" I argued. "Then I'm off the hook whatever happens."

"No more tigers for me," he said. "Sometime when we are back at the plantati n with nothing better to do, I'll tell you a story. No. This is your party."

When I picked up my rifle and made gestures to the runners, they took off for the village in a gabble of excitement.

"What did they say?" I asked Marcel.

He was tight-lipped.

"That the tiger is a goner. All you have to do is look at him, and he drops dead."

He touched me on the arm. I was surprised at his earnestness.

"Howard, believe me. Don't shoot unless you have a perfect shot. If they hear nothing, they will assume the tiger was scared by your presence and would not show up. That would fit in with their concept. We'll be able to get away. If you shoot and miss—"

He shrugged. "I'll wait here until noon."

Going to this new area, we had to pass by the village. I heard the wail of a flute. There was none of the customary clutter and chatter. The paths were mostly empty. The *Moi* who saw me, kneeled quickly to the ground or scurried for cover.

It was about 8 a.m. when I entered the blind. After three hours a tiger even larger than the others I had killed slipped out into the open and started tearing at the meat. I waited until it raised its head to look my way, giving me a sight at the V on its chest. A side shot might be too risky.

Praying for a calm grip and a steady squeeze, I sent off the shot. The tiger dropped and rolled over as the one had done yesterday. But then it sprang up and bounded into the bushes.

I thought I had shot it right through the heart.

I listened intently. The sound of brush crackling stopped. Was it dead, or had it got away?

Half the village accompanied the porters but Marcel was not with them. There was a good deal of dissension when the tiger was not to be found and there were some dark looks in my direction. I led them into the bushes where the animal had disappeared. A hundred feet, 200, 300 . . . nothing. The *Moi* were becoming agitated and pressing close to me when a cry was raised off to the right.

The wounded tiger had veered toward denser foilage. There it lay in a grassy glen. Dead.

The natives retreated from me. When Marcel came striding up rifle at the ready, his worried expression changed to a relieved smile.

"I hung behind just in case," he said.

With mock severity, he asked, *"Now* are you ready to leave?"

He had been to visit the headman who was greatly relieved that we were departing, and had taken pains to relay to me a bit of tribal wisdom: "The god who is not cruel is soon swallowed."

He also sent a roughly hewn silver bracelet for the "very fortunate American lady." He expressed no thanks for reducing the tiger population.

As Marcel and I shook hands at Kilometer 135, I said, "You know, I'm getting near the end of my second tour in Vietnam. I may not see you at the plantation again. What was the story you were going to tell me?"

The Frenchman looked down the deserted macadam road that wound through the arches of bamboo. Our jeeps were loaded and ready to roll, faced in opposite directions.

"Howard, I have lived here all my life . . . as you know. Maybe it is too long. I've come to believe in the spirits."

I laughed. He did not.

"You were lucky. You had the spirits on your side, my friend. But, don't try hunting tigers again. The odds are now against you."

I pretended seriousness. "What did the spirits do to you?"

"Not to me. To my father. He was the best hunter who ever set foot in this country. Whatever I know I learned from him. He was the one who carved our plantation out of jungle. One dry season, he set out to rid the area of tigers and got five before they got him."

The Frenchman paused to light a cigarette and turned away.

"He was infallible, never made a mistake. The tribes hailed him as a god. He thought it was nonsense and told them so. Then one day they surrounded him and got his rifle away. The headman said there was only one way to prove that he was a stronger god than the tiger—they tied him to a tree as a bait and left him there alive."

Finally he turned and faced me. "I saw the remains."

I climbed into my jeep. It was hard to find anything to say. Soon, Diem and his brothers would be overthrown and killed, with a new government taking over in Saigon. My remarkable tiger hunt had provided a unique glimpse into a troubled land where the blood of gods mingles in the jungle with the sounds of battle against the communists that have made world headlines.

—Howard Hoyt & Hunton Downs

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

ANI

Skillful thrower can make the boomerang as lethal as a spear. What makes it work?

An Australian aborigine can throw a boomerang with such accuracy and power that it will circle a tree 450 feet away and return. This is not a record throw, but standard performance. Six hundred footers are not uncommon.

Intrigued by the performance of the Aussie wonder stick, David Brennan of Boston sends this question spinning in our direction. What, he wants to know, makes a boomerang come back?

Scientists hail the boomerang, designed first by the Australian natives, as a mechanical marvel. (Primitive people in America, Asia, and Africa used curved throwing sticks, too, but never hit on the come-back feature.) It has the powers it does because it combines two great engineering principles—those of the airfoil and the gyroscope.

It would take a textbook of graphs and equations to show all the complexities of the boomerang's operation, but simplified, this is how it works: One of the arms of a boomerang is cambered, shaped into an efficient airfoil. When the sender throws the boomerang, he holds it at right angles to the ground, sending it more or less straight up. When it reaches a certain height—determined by the force of the throw—the lift begins to work on this airfoil just as it does on an airplane wing. However, since the foil is perpendicular to the ground, the lift pulls it not upward but sideways, causing it to go into a curve. This aerodynamic principle teams up with the gyroscopic effect of the whirling boomerang and keeps it moving in a smooth and steady curve instead of falling.

To a considerable extent, the performance of a boomerang is built in. The angle made by the arms (which varies from 90 to 120 degrees), the exact curve of the airfoil, the size (Aussie ones are two to four feet long), the wood it's made of—all are factors in its behavior.

However, with any given boomerang, skill makes the difference in what it can be made to do.

"It's like fly casting," says Frank Donellan, a famous Australian expert who has outthrown the natives. "You learn it by practice."

The feats a practiced thrower can perform are astonishing. Among them is the ricochet, in which the boomerang actually hits the ground 50 to 60 feet out, jumps into the air, circles, and returns. Another startling trick is the one in which the whirling stick comes back to a point in front of the sender, then swoops first to the left, then to the right.

The hawk flight is a favorite piece of boomerang virtuosity. The thrower sends it straight up, where it soars in circles, like a hawk, then drops down almost to the ground, 50 feet away. At this point it suddenly picks up speed and comes straight back to the sender.

Q: Do lakes turn over? *George A. Henry, Jr., Horatio, Ark.*

A: All lakes do an actual flip-flop twice annually, once in the spring when the warmer water goes to the bottom and forces the cooler water to the top and again in the fall when the colder surface goes back to the bottom and pushes the warmer water up. This is a form of convection, and although this is a continual process with lakes, it is much more pronounced in the fall and spring because of rapidly changing temperatures.

Q: Can a gorilla be kept as a house pet? *Bruce Lindeke, Boulder, Colo.*

A: Yes, but only young ones can be trained. A full-grown gorilla, which has a bite as dangerous as any beast of prey, is considered too dangerous to keep. The book, *"Goma the Gorilla Baby,"* tells how Dr. Ernst Lang, director of a zoo in Basel, Switzerland, has brought up one of the only two gorillas born in captivity. Dr. Lang notes that there was no noticeable difference in behavior during the early months between Goma and a human baby. At six months Goma learned that she could bite. At 18 months she was still with Dr. Lang, but she was too big to be kept indoors, and soon checked into her own private cage at the Basel zoo.

Q: What is the origin of the *bota*, or wineskin, that you see matadors so often drinking from at bullfights? *Manual Lopez, Chicago, Ill.*

A: The origin of the wine bota is about as old and varied as bullfighting itself. The wineskin was in use all over Spain long before the Coming of Christ. It was first used as a kind of canteen by Iberian soldiers during the Roman conquest. The classic bota, which is becoming rare, was made of goatskin with the hair inside, and then lined heavily with pitch to plug the pores. Today botas are made of cowhide and lined with plastic rather than pitch.

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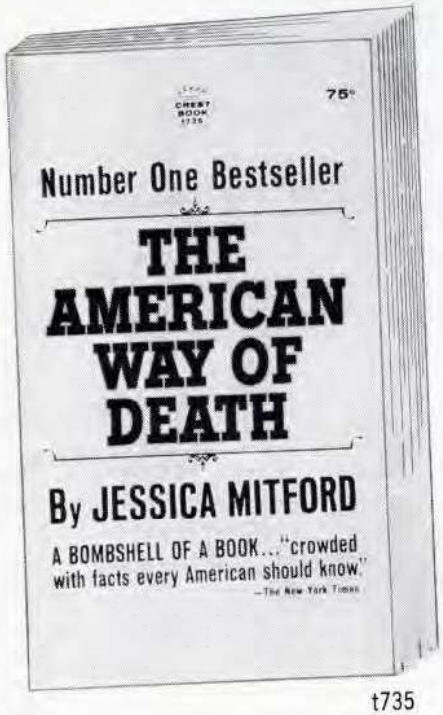
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Q: With reference to a muzzle-loading rifle, what is a false muzzle? ***Tony Neville, Baltimore, Md.***

Herb Flatow

A: To protect the somewhat sensitive bore of a barrel during loading and reaming, a false muzzle is an extension of the actual rifle barrel. It is attached to the barrel's loading end with hinges and pegs, and acts as a funnel—or an alignment—for the bullet and patch. It was invented in 1840 by Alvin Clark of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Q: How did the name Uncle Sam originate? ***Mrs. William Gray, Pleasant Hill, Mo.***

A: It originated much in the same manner as "Kilroy was here" in World War II days. In 1812, Samuel Wilson, nicknamed Uncle Sam by his friends, was an inspector appointed by the government to receive large supplies for the army in Troy, New York. The "U.S." stamp on the boxes and crates, designating country, was immediately, and good-humoredly, interpreted as "Uncle Sam." It stuck. As the goods and supplies moved on across country, so did the name.

Q: Is it true that Stanley Ketchel, the great middleweight champion, was murdered? ***Jim Lawless, Hurley, Wisc.***

A: Ketchel, who fought 61 bouts between 1903 and 1910, was shot and killed by Walter A. Dipley at Conway, Mo., October 15, 1910. He was visiting the ranch of Col. R. P. Dickerson at the time, and Dipley, a ranch hand, shot him in the chest as he ate breakfast. It was said to have been over remarks Ketchel made to Dipley's girl friend, a cook at the ranch. However, when Dipley was caught later by a posse, Ketchel's wallet was in his possession. Dipley was sentenced to life in prison, but was paroled 24 years later. Ironically, during his fighting career, Ketchel was known as the "Michigan Assassin."

Q: Is it true that Panama once had three presidents in 13 days? ***W. Frank McCollum, Greensboro, N. C.***

A: Yes. Panamanian President Jose Antonio Remon was slain by assassins at the Juan Franco race track in Panama on January 2, 1955. Jose Ramon Guizado, the first vice-president was sworn in as president the next day, but was ousted from office by the National Assembly of Panama on January 15th. On the same day, Ricardo Arias Espinosa, the second vice-president, was sworn into office as president.

Q: Why is the Maltese Cross used as an insignia by most fire departments? ***Milton Bock, Glen Oaks, N. Y.***

A: Shortly after the paid Fire Department of New York City was established in 1865, the commissioners selected the Maltese Cross as the official design for badges and cap insignia to be worn by the firemen. Other cities gradually followed the lead of New York in adopting this form of insignia, and it is now universally used in the American fire service. The Maltese Cross as used by the fire service is a modification of the Cross-Pattee, which was originally used by the Christian Knights of the Crusades. It signified the protecting power of the knights, and was selected as a fitting symbol to signify the protection given by men of the fire service.

Q: What is the origin of the saying, "on the wagon"? ***Richard Depascal, Bayside, N. Y.***

A: The term "on the wagon," or more precisely, "on the water wagon," refers, of course, to a person who shies away from alcohol. It originated some years back when the watering or sprinkling cart was a much more familiar vehicle on our dusty streets than it is today. Thirsty Americans, troubled with dusty throats but seeking to avoid drink, spoke of climbing aboard the water cart. The expression came into vogue in prohibition circles during the 1890's.

Q: Despite TV commercials, I have never been able to figure out how soap gets out dirt. Can you enlighten me? ***Bruce S. Neben, Encino, Calif.***

A: The need for soap comes from the fact that the sweat glands in our bodies constantly give off a certain amount of oil. This oil attracts dust and dirt and must be washed away. When soap is dissolved with water it forms an "emulsion" with the oil. This means that a mixture is created in which the oil is held suspended in very fine particles. When the soap solution is washed away the oil particles—and dirt—go with it. Soap as we know it has only been around since the beginning of the Christian era. It is believed to have first been made in France. In ancient times people washed themselves with olive oil or used the juices or ashes of various plants to keep clean.

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Q: Did James J. Corbett retire as world champion or was he himself defeated? ***Bruce King, Ashtabula, Ohio***

A: Both. In 1892, "Gentleman Jim" knocked out John L. Sullivan in the 21st round and in doing so won the heavyweight title. After a relatively inactive career as champion, he announced his retirement in 1895. Two years later, reclaiming the title, he was back in the ring where he was knocked out by Bob Fitzsimmons in the 14th round. He fought two other title bouts, both against Jim Jeffries (who won the title in 1899 from Fitzsimmons) but lost both.

Q: How is the characteristic color, ranging from pale amber to a dark red, of American bourbon whisky obtained? ***Leslie Combs, Whitmore, Calif.***

A: Bourbon is probably the world's only naturally colored whisky. It happens this way: by U.S. law, whisky can not be called bourbon unless it has been aged in *new* charred oak barrels. A thin red layer produced by a kind of "caramelization" in the charring process inside the barrel contributes the rich color to the bourbon. The actual tone of color tends to vary with the length of aging.

Q: I have heard that if you plant a weeping willow tree above a sewer pipe, the roots will grow into the pipe and keep it clogged up all the time. Is this true? ***Donald Sjolie, Minneapolis, Minn.***

A: Not necessarily. Willow roots will not penetrate ordinary closed sewer pipes, but they spread rapidly and will grow into drain tiles that have spaces at the joints. Cottonwoods also have this tendency because their roots spread rapidly, too.

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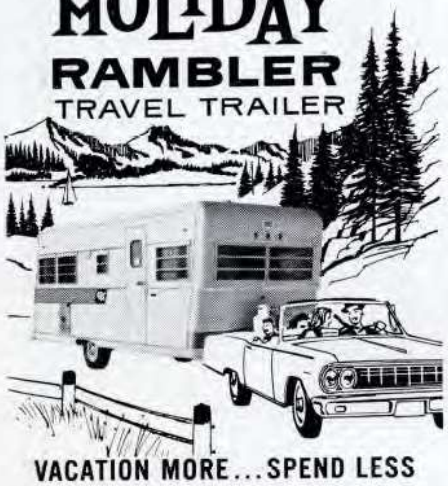

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CASE OF THE DEMON LOVERS

[*Continued from page* 35]

personality melted away. For his part, Algarron recognized almost at once that he had finally found, after experimenting with many girls, just what he had been seeking to fit his philosophy—a desperately unhappy human being who was looking for something, but did not know what. She could be molded in any way he wished.

Soon they were living together, in his days off duty, and the great experiment began. Algarron filled Denise full of strange esoteric ideas which she accepted eagerly. She was not without intelligence, and she was hopelessly in love. Algarron told her that the two of them would form a super-couple for whom none of the conventions of the world had any meaning. He said to her, "To form an ideal couple, a man and woman must be capable of committing any act for each other, without a second thought—any crime, even to the point of . . . murder."

Denise was flattered beyond words that he took her so seriously, and spoke to her of such profound subjects. He was so unlike the doctor who had given her a baby and deserted her, so unlike the small-time schoolteachers and bank tellers who had been her lovers before. She willingly submitted to Algarron's sadistic sexual urges. Later, in court and on trial for her life, Denise was to say, "I was proud of showing the scars from his horsewhip when I wore my bikini on the beach."

The momentous decision, the step of fate, was taken on August 29, 1954, four months after their first meeting. It was then that Algarron declared the only way Denise could release herself from the bondage of human frailty and prove herself a superwoman was to kill her 2-year-old daughter, Cathy. Denise was appalled, but the magic spell of Jacques Algarron was unbreakable. Once she had taken time to digest the command, however, the next question was simply how. Separated as they were most of the time by Algarron's military service, this discussion resulted in one of the most bizarre correspondences of criminal history.

"I think of you," Algarron wrote her, "and as I do, a simple geometric line emerges before my window; it is a powerful tree shivering in a stormy sky. . . . I expect from you more than the Extraordinary, and you know it. If your blood becomes as strong as mine, transporting you above yourself, you will be the woman in the Couple I intend to create."

Algarron had probably never heard of the Loeb-Leopold case, because he always took for granted that everything he did was unprecedented, colossal. He would have been mortified to know that it had all been thought of before. Loeb and Leopold, too, planned a pointless murder, just for gratification of the senses and to prove themselves superior to others. It was the relationship of the weapon—Denise—to the intended victim which made Algarron's machinations more horrible—if that were possible—than those of Loeb and Leopold.

But Denise, watching the little girl playing in the home of her foster-nurse, could not bring herself to do the awful task, and sent Algarron a tearful letter begging release from her promise. Algarron wrote back, languidly telling her to forget all about it, and about him, too. He was, he said, quite pleased with his own reaction to her weakness. "I find a voluptuous pleasure," he explained sadistically, "in abandoning such a pretty quarry."

Desperate at the thought of losing him, Denise swore to do exactly as he wished. She led Cathy to the window of her apartment, on the third floor of a building in Rennes, picked her up quietly, and held her at arm's length outside, feet dangling in mid-air. Cathy thought it was a huge joke and gurgled with glee. Denise tried to let go, but her hands seemed glued to the child. And when her arms tired, she whisked Cathy back and put her down, then leaned against the wall, almost fainting.

She did not dare tell Algarron about her weakness. A week later she pushed Cathy into a canal, but again horrified, plunged in after her fully clothed, and carried the shivering child home to Madame Laurent, who immediately put Cathy to bed with a glass of warm milk.

Algarron was due in Rennes that evening for a few hours' leave. She met him at their usual rendezvous, the Café Glacier, and told him of her two abortive attempts at infanticide. She was nervous and excited. Algarron put his hand over his mouth and yawned.

"Good intentions!" he said. "Spare me your good intentions."

Denise pleaded with him for time to gather her strength of will. Algarron decided to be gracious. "I will stay with you until tomorrow morning," he said. "When I leave, you will try again immediately." Denise nodded gratefully.

Algarron took her hand in his, and by way of consolation said, "When she dies, I will permit you to keep the child *we* will have."

But the days passed and still Denise could not get up the courage to kill her daughter, and the weird exchange of letters continued. She wrote Algarron, "If I could look into your eyes it would be so easy. Love will be stronger than fear, the devil cleverer than God. My one desire is to become your wife."

At his post, Algarron continued to impress his superior officers with his authority and intelligence, his diligence with logarithms and textbooks on military logistics. For Denise, he put these aside long enough to write, "I can feel your isolation. . . . The creation of our Couple will mark the Apogee of my life. . . . You risk your heart, Denise, and I doubtless risk my reason. But your intelligence and my heart cannot be kept out of the matter much longer."

Had Denise been less delirious with love, she might have spotted in these letters the trap which Algarron was springing for her. The ultimate object of the plot was not the murder of Cathy. That was the secondary end. A further chapter had to be added, and the clue was in the way he was wording his letters.

While Denise wrote frankly of their plot, Algarron never replied directly. He simply imitated the high-flown verbiage of Nietzsche. Denise was laying her throat on the block, if investigative eyes ever saw those letters; Algarron was not.

Denise had moments of lucidity, however. Alone, when reason regained her, she wondered what the true purpose was of the ghastly business. *Why* was Algarron so anxious to destroy Cathy? Was the superman himself actually capable of such a banal bourgeois sentiment as *jealousy?* Of a little girl? The questions rose, then faded away as love submerged Denise again.

By October 16 she had found the strength to go through with the deed. Her nerves calm, she threw Cathy into a river which ran near the home of Madame Laurent and her husband. As Cathy struggled, Denise gave conventional screams. Neighbors rushed up. A young farm worker kicked off his *brodequins* and dived into the water. He reached Cathy with strong strokes and brought her unharmed to the shore. Denise's mock hysterics became real. Bystanders trying to soothe her were taken aback by her words when they told her the child was safe. "What!" she screamed. *"She's not dead!"* All Denise could think of was that she had failed again, for the third time.

That evening she telephoned Algarron and told him what had happened. "It was not my fault," she insisted fiercely. "I was strong. But someone else rescued her."

"I am afraid this is the end," he said. "I will not see you again. I am not used to being called from my post for bagatelles." The phone clicked.

While Denise was wild with despair, Monsieur and Madame Laurent were having discussions of the utmost gravity, on a subject so unnatural they scarcely knew how to put it into words for each other. They both loved little Cathy, and Denise's crazy behavior frightened them. Twice the child had almost drowned, both times when her mother was present. Neighbors had witnessed the girl dangling out the window, but hearing her laughter, decided that mother and daughter were merely playing a dangerous game.

Madame Laurent gathered her courage to speak to the point. "Listen, Denise," she said, being careful to choose her words. "I know that for a girl like you, who is alone, and has to make her own way in the world, Catherine is something of a bother. Leave her to us. Go to your brother-in-law, Maître Dusser, the lawyer, and have the adoption done legally. We will take good care of her."

Denise trembled, but shook her head. Cathy was her one link with Algarron, and had to be destroyed if she were to get him back. A few days later Algarron let it be known he was still waiting. He was enjoying the cat-and-mouse game too much to abandon it. He phoned from the barracks to say, "I may possibly arrive this evening." Denise was overjoyed. "Promise me, however," he added, "you will do *something* before my arrival."

Eagerly Denise promised, just to see

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her superman again. But by now the Laurents were keeping a constant watch on Cathy and would not let her out of their sight.

The first words Algarron said to Denise when he saw her were: "Is she dead?"

"No." Denise waited, either for a blow, or for him to turn his back and walk out. Instead, Algarron took a coin. "You must start all over again," he said. "Heads you do it tonight. Tails you get a week's reprieve." He flipped the coin. "Tails," he said, smiling. "You are lucky."

"Thank God!" said Denise.

"And now, *au revoir, chérie.*"

"*Au revoir?*" Denise exclaimed. "Aren't you staying?"

"I am going out with a pal of mine and a couple of girls. I think it will be better in the long run if we break this up. Besides"—he smiled—"I will have to go to Algeria soon. Haven't you read the papers? The fellagha are attacking French military posts in Kabylia. I'm a soldier."

"I shall kill myself!" Denise shouted.

"Kill the child first," said Algarron, and the door closed behind him.

But still they kept seeing each other, Denise always pleading and promising, Algarron relentless. Little Cathy had to die. Inevitably, in the end, Denise hardened. Cathy ceased to be her daughter, to become only an intolerable obstacle, and Denise positively looked forward to her death. "But it is very difficult," she wrote. "Catherine never leaves her foster-nurse in the daytime."

Algarron could feel her will getting stronger. He encouraged her, with letters when they were apart, and with lovemaking when they were together. Denise knew that the moment was approaching. "Life is a game," she wrote. "So is death. In a few days we will be two. I have a feeling we are beginning a great love story."

Algarron could not let such a thought go unchallenged. "A great love story always finishes badly," he replied.

On the morning of November 8, Denise finally saw her chance. Cathy was playing alone in the yard near a *lessiveuse*, a deep stone basin peculiar to France, which country people use for washing clothes. Madame Laurent was at the market doing her shopping. There was not a neighbor in sight. Denise crept up behind the child. A quick move and it was done. Cathy was dead, head down in the water-filled basin.

She rushed to the phone to tell Algarron the great news. She was filled with a mad sense of accomplishment and pride. For Cathy she felt nothing.

Algarron listened indifferently, and was quiet. "What do you think of me?" Denise demanded exultantly.

"I find it all very disappointing," he said. "It means nothing to me now."

Denise did not let this affectation distress her. Jacques was just up to his old tricks. Everything would be all right once she let him whip her again. She was certain that her act had welded them together for life. But the events of the next few days put even that tremendous thought out of her mind.

Cathy was buried, but Madame Laurent was suspicious. Denise, from behind the curtains of the room which Madame Laurent permitted her to have at the house, saw her study the *lessiveuse* for hour after hour, chin in hand. Once she came back with a friend whom Denise recognized as a local lawyer. She could not hear what they said, but she saw Madame Laurent point to the *lessiveuse* and shake her head. In response to a question she extended her hand to indicate Cathy's height, and measured it against the height of the basin. There was a scratching of heads and a pursing of lips. A tape measure was produced, and then a camera.

Algarron was forgotten. Denise was now frightened for her life. She went to the office of her brother-in-law, the lawyer, Jean Dusser. She told him Cathy had died by accident. She said that Cathy had been climbing on the basin, and that she herself had gone to lead the child from it, but suddenly had a dizzy spell and fainted. Her brother-in-law looked dubious, and recommended she go to the police with her story.

Denise did so, not mentioning Jacques Algarron. She was held in custody—French cops hold *everybody* in custody—while the police carried out their own investigation. At the end of November she was charged with murder. In January, 1955, she was also charged with attempted murder on three prior occasions.

Now, for the first time, before the *Juge d'Instruction*, the Examining Magistrate, she implicated her lover. She declared, "I am the mistress of Lieutenant Jacques Algarron, serving at the School of Artillery at Châlons-sur-Marne. It was he who told me to kill my child to prove my love for him."

Algarron was summoned from the barracks, and for the first time since the murder came face to face with Denise. It was one of those confrontations so dearly beloved by French law. The difference between the two was startling. Denise, though still beautiful, was pale and haggard from two months in prison, and her clothes were shabby. Algarron was trim in appearance, with a starched white collar and neatly knotted tie, and the aroma of after-shaving lotion about him. He told the magistrate that he was due to be posted to Algeria, with the implication that this farcical proceeding must not be allowed to hold up matters. His face remained grave as he listened to Denise's accusations, but his green eyes were amused.

At the end of her declaration, he looked her in the eyes. "She is mad," he said. "The woman is a raving lunatic."

Denise went faint. All at once she realized he had accomplished his intellectual mission. He had passed the test of the *superman*, and proved himself beyond human weakness. As Cathy had been ritually sacrificed by Denise, now it was the turn of Denise to be ritually sacrificed by Algarron. The progression was completed. And how could she prove otherwise? Well, she still had his letters. But his letters said nothing.

The magistrate was inclined to believe the officer rather than the hysterical girl. Nevertheless he decided to keep Algarron also in custody. Algarron persisted calmly in his denials through several more judicial confrontations.

"I served a monster," Denise affirmed. "He held me completely in his power, and made me his thing."

"Nonsense," said Algarron. "I made the mistake of treating her as an intellectual equal, and we discussed philosophy. I am no more guilty in this matter than, say, Jean-Paul Sartre is guilty of the silly things that are done in the name of Existentialism on the Left Bank of Paris." Algarron's letters seemed to bear out his point.

Bitterly, Denise wrote from her cell to Madame Laurent. "Believe me, if Jacques

TRUE

"That must be Harry back from the dog track."

had not ordered me to kill my daughter the idea would never have come into my head. While he is denying everything now, there was a time when he was fixing the day and hour when Cathy was to die. I have enough on my conscience with having murdered my daughter, without having to invent a story against Jacques if it were not true."

By this time the magistrate felt there was sufficient case against Algarron for him to answer in court, and he was charged, side by side with Denise, for the slaying of Cathy. The trial began on May 30, 1955, at Blois, and it was the sensation of France. Reporters came from all over Europe. Tass, the Soviet news agency, was there, to develop the theme that Algarron's beliefs conclusively proved the French Army to be a Nazi outfit. But it was the turnout of Frenchmen themselves that shook the authorities. The outraged *citoyens,* men and women, swarmed the streets, awaiting only a chance at the hated lovers. Police reinforcements came from as far away as Paris to save the couple from being murdered. Even with the strong guard, the cars that brought Algarron and Denise from the prison to the court were covered with spittle and egg yolk by the time they arrived.

A point of French law needs to be noted here. It is persistently believed in the United States that in French law a defendant is "guilty until he proves himself innocent," in unhappy comparison with the superior British Common Law which obtains in Britain and America, where a defendant is innocent until proved guilty. Things are not that simple. In France it is for the Examining Magistrate in the lower court to decide whether the defendants have a case to answer in the higher court. If he decides they are innocent, that is the end of it. If he feels there is doubt, the case goes for trial, and then the defendants have to establish their innocence, not merely sit back and leave it to the prosecution to prove their guilt.

The parents of Algarron took the precaution of retaining the greatest of all French criminal lawyers, Maître René Floriot. Denise was represented by a less flamboyant lawyer, Maître Maurice Simon. Judge André Lecoq presided.

Floriot was at his best, and in Algarron he had a cunning client. The lawyer made a great point of Algarron's letters, which never mentioned murder. Algarron declared, "Whereas my ideas were always in the abstract, she wanted to create something concrete."

Floriot drew attention to the fact that Algarron had had many girls, and was, in fact, the father of two children by different women. He produced several of Algarron's former girl friends in court to show that Algarron was a perfectly normal young fellow, and with a refined Gallic touch, even found one who testified that Algarron was not very good in bed.

Nevertheless, the case began to move relentlessly against Algarron. Denise Labbé was, after all, a human being. She was tense and haggard from her months in prison; the dark rings under her eyes made her misery apparent. There was obvious sincerity in her recital of the conversations she had had with Algarron. For one thing they were too outlandish for a girl to make up, yet all the time she was testfying, Algarron sat coldly unmoved in the dock. The whole world could see that he was a man without a scrap of compassion.

Then one of Floriot's witnesses let the side down. A former girl friend of Algarron's said, "One day, Jacques told me that in love, two partners should inflict physical pain on each other. I replied, *'Pardonnez-moi, mon cher,* but I don't approve of that sort of thing at all.' He dropped the subject and did not bring it up again."

The girl said it before Floriot could harrumph her into silence. So Algarron *was* a sadist, just as Denise had testified he was. He certainly looked like one. And the letters he had written . . . well they did not mention murder, but they mentioned other things, which revealed a strange and somewhat reptilian character:

"The wind stirs the leaves along the tree's backbone, in the same way our eyelids turn blue when my fingernails mount the tender furrow of a woman's back from the dampness of her thighs to the diaphanous nape of her neck. . . ."

And so on, and so on, down to specific and predictable details. As literature it scarcely matched *Fanny Hill,* but to a bourgeois country jury it was, to say the least, highly immoral.

Madame Laurent, good Madame Laurent, came into the box dressed in deep mourning. She could not speak of Cathy without weeping, and she was an incoherent witness. At first she did not see Algarron in the box, but suddenly her eyes caught his and she lost control of herself. *"Assassin! Assassin!"* she screamed, and spat across the court. The judge did not rebuke her.

The public prosecutor demanded the death sentence for Denise, as the admitted murderess, and for Jacques Algarron, penal servitude for life. Floriot made a long speech to plead for Algarron's complete acquittal. The jury considered the case for three and a half hours. When they returned with their verdict, they found extenuating circumstances for Denise, as the victim of Algarron's domination, and they decided that Algarron was indeed the instigator of the crime. Judge Lecoq then handed down his verdict; penal servitude for life, and 20 years' hard labor, for each.

There was one last macabre incident between the two demon lovers before they descended the steps into the lifetime of darkness to which their viciousness had condemned them. Denise passed Algarron in the dock, and as she did so, she dropped her glove ostentatiously at his feet. Perhaps it was a gesture of thanks for past services rendered, for the love and sex she would never experience again. Algarron did not react. He continued to look straight in front of him, his green eyes blank. An *agent de police* picked the glove up and gave it back to the girl.

—Geoffrey Bocca

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reason for this. I can't do anything about my physical condition beyond following the instructions other people give me. But the ball club is my own responsibility.

I don't play the game any more. I'm just the manager, sitting on the bench and watching others do the playing. But maybe there's a move I can make that will win a game that might otherwise be lost. Maybe there's a shift that will save a ticklish situation. Maybe I can order a bunt, or a steal, or a hit-and-run, or flash a take sign, or make a substitution, or call in a new pitcher.

Maybe we'll lose a ball game because I didn't. Maybe we'll win one because I did.

Either way, there are always a dozen things to think about. If we lost, how could we have won? If we won, what mistakes did we make that might cost us a future game if they're made again? Did we win because we played well or because we were lucky? If something must be corrected, it has to be done right away. We can't wait until after the next game. The same mistake might cost us that one.

The tighter the pennant race, the more important the decisions and the more intensive the thinking must be. So much is riding on every game, every inning, maybe every pitch. I got less sleep in 1961, when we won the pennant, than I ever have before or since. Everything had to be hashed and re-hashed especially carefully, every play minutely reviewed. Night after night I tossed and turned—and it was the most enjoyable season of my life.

Baseball kept me awake, but not from worry. All the sleepless nights I've ever had were spent thinking. There's a big difference between worrying and thinking. You worry about what might happen. You think to keep it from happening. My sleepless nights weren't wasted. I was accomplishing something, figuring something out. But I wasn't aimlessly worrying.

Except for the night Bill told me I had cancer I never lost any sleep over it. I don't require more than four or five hours a night, and I always got that. Why shouldn't I sleep? There was nothing for *me* to think about. It was the doctors who had to do the thinking and make the decisions. I hope they didn't lose any sleep over it, but I'm afraid my brother did when I first told him about the swelling in my neck.

That was the night before Christmas. I had taken my annual physical examination in Cincinnati in September, and came out fine. But a month or so later I started to get chest and back pains. I didn't think much about it, but when I began to have trouble swallowing I stopped smoking. I had been a heavy smoker for a long time, good for at least a couple of packs of cigarettes a day. I smoked as long as I enjoyed it. But I like eating better. When cigarettes interfered with my enjoyment of food it was obvious I'd have to give up one or the other. A problem like that is pretty easy to solve. I solved it.

The pains didn't stop, however, so I got into the habit of kneading my neck to see if I could find anything. One night I felt a little node on the right side, and decided to see a doctor. He said it could be any one of a number of things, and told me to come back in a few days. When I came back, he sent me to a surgeon. When the surgeon wanted me to go to the hospital for a biopsy I figured it was time to call Bill. I told the doctor and he understood perfectly.

"I don't blame you," he said. "If I had something like this and my brother was a surgeon I'd want him to know about it and maybe examine it himself."

I phoned my brother at 6 o'clock Christmas Eve. He called me back at 6 the next morning, which was 3 a.m. in Seattle. That's how I knew he didn't get much sleep. He must have spent most of the night wrestling with the problem.

"Why don't you come out here?" he said. "I'd like to look at that thing."

He tried to sound casual, but he wasn't kidding me. He specializes in chest and abdominal surgery and he knows as much about tumors as anybody in the business. He wouldn't want me to go way the hell out to Seattle from Florida if he thought all I had was a pimple.

Even with a pretty good idea of what this might be I wasn't particularly worried. First of all, it was only an idea. Nobody had found out anything yet for sure. Second, there wasn't anything I could do myself. Whatever I had, the doctors would know more about it than I did. And third, even if it was what it looked like it might be, that didn't mean I was through. Somebody would probably figure out something that would help.

The night before I flew to Seattle we had 80 people over for a Christmas party. Most of them didn't know I was going. The only ones I told were Birdie Tebbetts and Hoot Evers, two old teammates and golfing partners of mine who live near me on Anna Maria Island, off Bradenton. Tebbetts was the Detroit catcher when I first broke into the big leagues as a kid pitcher for the Tigers in 1939. He caught me through the better part of my playing career, which lasted about a dozen years. Evers was an outfielder on the same club.

Birdie has always been something of a hypochondriac. When he heard about my illness he told Patsy, "I'd have expected something like that to happen to me, but not to Hutch. I always thought he was indestructible." Ironically, Birdie gave us a terrible scare himself when he suffered a heart attack three months later at spring training in Arizona and temporarily had to leave his job as manager of the Cleveland Indians.

On New Year's Eve, the night Bill told Patsy I had cancer, Birdie and Hoot and

TRUE

their wives came over to keep her company. Afterward, Patsy told me all they did was sit around and mope. It must have been a lively session. I'm glad I missed it.

I had reached Seattle about 4:30 in the afternoon, and Bill checked me that evening. He fingered and fiddled with the node and questioned me for hours. The next day I went to the Swedish Hospital for X rays and more examinations. Doctors fingered the node some more and took pictures from every angle. They studied the pictures and then took more pictures. Before they were through, they knew more about that little node than I knew about my ball club.

After the biopsy Bill said, "You've got cancer. You're going to be bothered with it. It's going to have to be treated. People are asking questions. I got a long distance call from Si Burick of the Dayton *Daily News* today. He wanted to know if it was true you have cancer. I'm sure others will be calling, too. What do you want to say."

"Let's tell 'em," I said. "What the hell, it's not syphilis or anything to be ashamed of. I got what I have through no fault of my own. The writers are good guys. We'll have one press conference and tell them as much as we can, and then they'll leave us alone."

Dewey Soriano, the president of the Pacific Coast League, with whom I grew up in Seattle, made all the arrangements. Newspapers, wire services, television and radio all were represented at the conference, which was in Dewey's office. There wasn't any reason to pull punches, and I didn't.

"I've got cancer," I said. "I'm going to stay here for treatment, but I expect to join the Reds in time for spring training."

I had no idea it would cause such a fuss. I got hundreds of letters from all over the country, and they were still rolling in when I returned to Florida. It'll take me all season to acknowledge them. I think it's wonderful that strangers are so thoughtful, but I can't understand it.

What the hell, a lot of people have cancer, maybe one out of eight. Some victims are pretty prominent, far more than I'll ever be. I'm not a world leader, or a movie star, or one of the Beatles. I'm just a baseball manager looking for a third baseman and maybe a relief pitcher or two.

They tell me it's unusual for anyone in the public eye to announce he has cancer. Now I ask you, what else could I do? I was in a hospital in my old home town, going back and forth every day, constantly running into people I knew. I was being treated in the Tumor Institute, where the chances are pretty good that cancer is a patient's ailment. I was having deep radiation therapy, and you don't get that for a common cold or a sore arm. And alert newspapermen like Si Burick were asking questions even before my case had been diagnosed.

That made me a hero to say what I had?

I think it's senseless to go around whispering that a guy has cancer. I look at this like a heart attack. Some people die

Rose Fever

CAVALIER reaches a fever pitch in August, appropriately, with its beguiling photos of the youthful new European sensation, actress Margaret Rose Keil. But just as much to the point—point of view, that is, of the typical college man, our avowed typical reader—are the fiction features by Ellery Queen and Charles ("Lost Weekend") Jackson, a chilling interview with the Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan, a four-page feature offering the coolth of a collection of summer drinks, an outspoken interview with Miles Davis, the usual complement of masculine fare in humor and outstanding photography, and, of course, another smashing giant-size gatefold, this month of a bilingual secretary who is without doubt the last word in her class. On sale at your newsstand—July 9th.

Cavalier

THE NEW MAGAZINE FOR THE NEW MAN

of it and others live out their lives with it. When somebody has had a heart attack, do you go around with your finger to your lips, acting as if he picked it up in a place he had no right to be? The whole world knows the President of the United States had a heart attack. What's wrong with letting it be known that Fred Hutchinson has cancer?

The pathologist who made the biopsy on my tumor, Dr. Paul Lund, is an old friend of mine. I guess he turned his lab upside down studying the thing. He spent three days of intensive research, doing nothing else but go over and over the section they took. It's comparatively easy, from what I'm told, to spot a tumor as malignant. Paul was trying to determine just how big it was and how much it might have spread, so that he and his collegues could figure out the best way to treat it.

They all agreed it was inoperable, which sounded as if they thought I was too far gone for surgery. Maybe they did at the time. I suppose they had no way of knowing whether or not my lung was affected or if this thing was in any other part of my body. My brother thought it was a good sign that I had gained 15 pounds since I quit smoking, but he warned even that wasn't a guarantee that everything would be all right.

Bill told me frankly what the possibilities were. I guess he wanted to prepare me for the worst, if there was a worst, because he felt I could take whatever was dished out. I still refused to worry. There was no sense getting excited over possibilities that might not develop.

All I wanted was to get on with the treatment, if any. I didn't care what the doctors planned to do as long as they'd get it done fast enough for me to return to Florida in reasonably good shape by March 1.

They finally decided to try super-voltage radiation in a hyperbaric chamber, a method so new that it is still considered more or less experimental. Seattle is the only place in the country where it is used in a treatment for cancer. The chamber is a big, round, metal enclosure that looks a little like an iron lung, except that you're sealed into it from head to foot. I wouldn't recommend it for people who can't cope with claustrophobia. And it helps if you have the soul of an astronaut or a deep-sea diver.

You lie on a table, and they slide you in like a side of beef, then slam the door. The top is plastic or some such thing, so you and people outside can see each other. There's a built-in communications system. If you're inside, all you have to do is talk. If you're outside, you have to wear earphones and talk into a mouthpiece.

Once they get you into this thing, they pour on the pressure. They give you 30 pounds of oxygen so that you can absorb two million volts of radiation. This shortens the length of the treatment and practically eliminates the risk of hurting healthy tissue. It takes different people different amounts of time to be pressurized 30 pounds worth. Usually they figure anywhere from eight to 10 minutes getting you "down," seven minutes of radiation and eight to 10 minutes getting you "up" again. They use the terms "up" and "down" because the effect is like that of a diver descending into the ocean. He has to do it in stages, then be brought up in stages so he won't get the bends. You can get the bends if they take you out of the hyperbaric chamber too fast.

According to the doctors, only a certain type of person can take this sort of thing, and I guess I qualified on most counts. The patient has to be someone who isn't apprehensive, and my worst enemy wouldn't accuse me of being that. He has to be someone who can stand great pressure, and I've always managed pretty well in that department. And he has to be someone who can shake off claustrophobia. That was the one doubtful point with me. I sometimes get a hemmed-in feeling in elevators which makes me want to fight my way out.

Frankly, I didn't look forward a bit to going into that chamber. Dr. Orliss Wildermuth, the radiologist at the Tumor Institute and another old friend of mine, explained the whole business to to me beforehand. He showed me the chamber, told me how I'd go in and out,

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

how they'd put me on the pressure, then take it off, and all the other things he thought I needed to know. He said I'd feel it most in my ears; that I'd get a headache, that I might think I was going to burst into small pieces and that I'd probably be hit with claustrophobia, whether I was normally subject to the feeling or not.

He said if I didn't think I could take it, I could have an anesthetic, which many patients need. I was tempted until I asked him which he preferred. He said it was much better if I didn't. That was enough for me. Why make it tougher for the doctors? They had spent all that time doping out what was wrong, and had decided that this was the way to cure me. There was no sense throwing blocks at them. I'd go into that chamber conscious.

I wasn't afraid of the pain. I have a higher pain threshhold than most people. I very seldom take Novocain at the dentist—just tell him to go ahead and get it over with. There's nothing courageous about that. I'm just not very sensitive to pain. The only thing that bothered me was the thought of claustrophobia. I was afraid I'd try to break that machine apart once I got into it.

I gave myself a pep talk before I went in. "This isn't so bad," I thought. "The damn thing isn't going to bite you. They wouldn't let you go into it if it would do you any harm. Now just be sensible and go nice and quietly."

It was as bad as the doctor said it would be. When I was settled on the metal table I clenched my fists while they slid me in. The technician was a friendly Negro woman who kept assuring me that everything was going to be all right. I tried to believe her, but that still didn't keep me from wanting to try to bust out of there once she had slammed the door.

She asked me how I felt and I said I felt fine, and after a little while she told me the pressure was on. There was a hissing sound, but I didn't feel anything at first. Then my ears began to get tight, the way they sometimes do when you come down fast in an airplane. After that came a nagging little ache which grew worse and worse until I began to wonder if I really was as insensitive to pain as I had always thought. Pretty soon my ears were pounding and my head felt like a lopsided baseball and I wanted to fight the whole damn gadget, technician and all.

Every so often a doctor popped in, picked up the other earphone and talked to me. Patsy was in and out of the room, or maybe she was there all the time, but out of my range of vision. She looked as if she thought the whole thing was going to explode.

The technician kept talking softly to me, asking how I felt, if I was taking it all right, if the pressure was coming too fast —questions like that. She said she was trying to judge the time it would take me to go down, so I might be there a little longer this first time than I would after I got used to the machine.

Sometimes when she asked if I wanted her to take it easy, I told her yes, but most of the time I let her use her own judgment. What the hell, she knew what she was doing. Why should I try to tell her her business? Besides, the sooner she got me to where the radiation could be given, the sooner it would be over.

It took about 15 minutes to reach that point. By then I was wound up like a spring, but at least I knew it wouldn't get any worse. I lay there still and tense while the X ray was poured on, and then the technician grinned and told me she was going to start taking off the pressure.

She did it very slowly, at the same speed she had put it on. It certainly was easier coming up than going down, at least the time passed more quickly. Before I realized it, she was telling me it was almost all over, that in four or five minutes I could come out. The next thing I knew, the door was open and they were sliding me back to civilization.

I stretched my arms wide. They couldn't get me off that table fast enough. I was overwhelmed by a feeling of complete freedom of motion. The 40 minutes I had been in that chamber seemed a lifetime. When I looked at the chamber from the outside I wondered how I had stayed in so long. Worse, I wondered how I could make myself go back in there the next day.

I had to give myself another pep talk in the morning, and this time I was really mad. It was ridiculous to be such a baby. That thing wasn't as bad as all that. I

had been through it once, so I could certainly do it again. Instead of considering it an enemy that made me uncomfortable I should accept it as a friend that would cure me. I pretty damn well better. I was going to have to go in there six days in a row and then, after a three-week layoff, six more days in a row. Would I get panicky before every performance like a rookie actor who couldn't remember his lines? What the hell was the matter with me?

I managed to take it a little better the second day. There was a different technician. She moved me down and up faster that time. Before the week was over I could do the whole bit in 23 minutes; eight minutes down, seven minutes in radiation and eight minutes up. I never learned to like the thing, but it didn't scare me any more.

One day while I was in the chamber, Patsy and I were talking when a look of horror suddenly came over her face. Before I could ask what was wrong, she said, "The phone broke. I can't hear you."

I think she was always somewhat nervous after that. She figured if the phone could break, maybe the whole contraption could break, and what would happen to me then?

We found out later she had nothing to worry about. The chamber was pretty nearly foolproof, but even if something did go wrong there was emergency equipment right there. Nobody ever came out of that thing with the bends because the pressure remained on when the power went off.

The immediate effect of the first series of sessions in the chamber was practically nothing except a headache I could control with aspirin. But results don't show up overnight. I was getting in six days treatment that ordinarily takes several weeks. The advantage of the chamber is that the radiation can be concentrated on the diseased area, and healthy tissue is rarely touched. In conventional radiation, some healthy tissue usually is destroyed because the treatment lasts so much longer.

A couple of weeks after I completed the first series, there was definite evidence that the tumor was shrinking. More important, it apparently also was being isolated. Where at first it had appeared to be on the lung, there was now reason to believe it hadn't touched the lung.

I sailed through the second set of treatments like a veteran deep-sea diver. Those six visits to the chamber were pushovers compared to the first six. Funny how you can almost get used to something like that.

By now the doctors thought they were able to figure out exactly what was wrong with me. They told me I had what is medically termed a malignant thymoma. Everybody, I discovered, has a thymus gland, situated in the upper and outermost portion of the chest. It makes antibodies and protects against infection. Vitally important in infants and young children, it gradually diminishes until at puberty it apparently stops functioning, although it never disappears. Remnants of the thymus gland have been taken from elderly people.

My cancerous tumor arose from this tissue. It was a finger-like projection that came up just beyond the notch of the breastbone, and slightly to the right. The chest and back pains, and the trouble I had swallowing were caused by pressure due to the enlargement of the tumor, which eventually got big enough so I could feel it in my neck with my fingers.

After finishing the treatments in the hyperbaric chamber in late January, I stayed in Seattle nearly a month so the doctors there could keep an eye on me. The radiation would be working on me for about three months, and they wanted to be sure I got off to a good start. I didn't care, as long as I could make Tampa by March 1. I now could.

The doctors ordered a few minor changes in my routine. I had to limit my drinking to a couple of diluted highballs a day, but that was no problem because I never was much of a drinker. And, at least while the radiation was still taking effect, I had to get a little more rest than usual, which meant lying down for an hour or so every day.

The only aftereffects I had were from the treatment, not the tumor. The headaches persisted for months, but I didn't mind, since I could hit them with aspirin. And I now have a big scar on the upper right side of my chest, where the deep radiation was concentrated. It looks like a sunburn, and serves as a reminder of my hours in that chamber—as if I could ever forget them.

I have frequent X-ray pictures taken which are sent to Seattle so the boys there can study them. I also go to Seattle as often as possible. In April we had a two-day layoff between a series in Los Angeles and one in San Francisco, so I flew up. The doctors found things going along all right, I guess. They told me that the tumor was still going down. Maybe it will disappear one of these days.

When I met the Reds for spring training, I took it a little easy. But that didn't interfere with my directing the ball club as usual. The only difference was that for a while I went from place to place in a cart instead of walking, and I did more sitting than standing. I never have done much managing on my feet, anyway—even when I was younger, managing the Tigers and the St. Louis Cardinals before going to Cincinnati, I was a bench manager. The doctors have told me to go easy on the yelling, but that doesn't stop me from letting an umpire know if I think he's wrong. I even got thrown out of a game in Orlando for protesting a decision in the spring, and when the regular season got underway the umps and the other teams had no trouble discovering I was present.

Whatever happens, I'm grateful for everybody's good wishes. Cancer is a tough foe and not easy for anyone to whip. But with luck, I expect to be around as long as most people my age (45 in August), malignant thymoma or no malignant thymoma. At least I learned what the thymus gland is. I never knew I had one.

—Fred Hutchinson & Al Hirshberg

Is it proper to call for Gordon's by name in English Pubs?

It's not a matter of being proper. It's unnecessary. For when most Englishmen ask for gin, they expect to get Gordon's. After all, its distinctive dryness and delicate flavour have been a part of English life for 195 years. Americans, however, have been enjoying Gordon's for a somewhat shorter span of time. So it is wise (and proper) to specify Gordon's by name. Your first sip of a Gordon's martini will tell you why it's the biggest selling gin over here as well as in England and the rest of the world.

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THE HORSE THAT HAS IT MADE

[*Continued from page 52*]

out any small animals who might have moved in during the night, Davis grabs a pitchfork and lunges into the empty stall with the enthusiasm of a hotel maid.

He cleans it and tidies it, freshening and smoothing the straw floor. Most stallions have sugar cane shavings in their stalls, but Adios, who can be trusted not to munch on his wall-to-wall carpeting and get a sickening hay belly, prefers the softer stuff.

From her kitchen window across the private road, Mary Lib Miller, Del's bustling, attractive wife, waves at the animal who has afforded her trips to Paris, luncheons at the Four Seasons and total obeisance at raceways around the country. "He has wonderful habits, that dear little man," she says.

"See that green apple tree in the middle of the paddock? Well, any other horse would have eaten himself to colic by now. Not Adios. One apple a day, and that's all.

"I just *love* to watch him," she says, scrambling the breakfast eggs. "Those sharp little ears, those sensible eyes. A very smug horse. Very assured of his masculinity. And so *very* blasé about his love life."

Sheer feminine romanticism, of course. A large van pulls up on the dirt road between Adios' paddock and the mare barn and the old stud's ears perk up and he becomes restless. Stanley Davis laughs. "That old horse always gets excited when a truck comes up. Always thinks there's something in it for him."

By 7 a.m. the farm manager has studied the menstrual charts of each of the 80 mares on the grounds. This is the first step of the laborious chore of finding a partner for Adios. A mare is fertile every 21 days. On any given day, some 20 of the mares will be in some degree of heat.

"Without Adios," says Miller, "our careful and expensive program wouldn't be economically feasible. We could afford to shoot a few blanks now and then, but with a property like Adios you want to make every shot count."

The 20 mares in heat are next examined by a sad and passionate character named Snuffy, Adios' sexual stand-in. Snuffy is a "tease pony," a dirty-white stallion of unknown ancestry who has spent the past five years in a fever pitch of frustration. His job is to judge which mares are psychologically ready to be brought to the bedchamber of his master.

A groom leads Snuffy to the mare barn, careful to close the door on Adios' alert view. Snuffy sniffs at the stall door of a placid, dozing female. The mare sniffs back. Snuffy whinnies. The mare whinnies back. The groom slides open the stall door and steps away as the mare turns in the narrow cubicle, her rump to Snuffy. The tease pony edges forward gingerly. *This* is the moment. A mare turns her back on Snuffy for one of two reasons: either she is eager for sex, or she wants room to kick.

WHAM!

The mare's back hoofs lash out where Snuffy's head had been a moment before. With the tease pony's conditioned reflex of survival, Snuffy jerks away just in time. His danger is a constant one. Should his reflex ever fail him, he could be killed or crippled. But he is expendable. No high-priced stud, however, could be exposed to the hoofs of a capricious female.

The moment of violence arouses the other mares, and the noise of shuffling hoofs and high-pitched whinnying fills the stifling-hot, fly-ridden mare barn. Snuffy paws the plank floor, shakes his head. The groom leads him to the next stall.

The next mare shows interest, too. She sniffs at Snuffy through the slats, comes forward to nip at him as the door slides away. Then she backs off, turns around, tail twitching, whinnying in want.

But Snuffy is always a loser. He raises up on his hind legs, eager and ready and quiveringly excited, and suddenly, cruelly, the groom yanks him out of the stall. "She'll do, that one," says the groom, already dragging Snuffy, painfully and frustratingly erect, on to the third of the 20 mares he must tease that morning.

By lunch time, 10 or 12 mares wil have been passed to the third and final phase of the selection: a thorough gynecological examination by a veterinarian. The vet will reach deep into the mare with a rubber-sleeved arm to determine if her cervix is properly relaxed and her ovarian follicle is soft—indicating the height of fertility.

Through the noon hour the farm rests, baked and oppressed by the heat. Sleepy cats watch sleepy mice crawl across their paws. Mares make desultory efforts to clear their faces of seething, fist-sized clumps of flies. Adios is back in his stall, out of the debilitating sun. The stereo receiver over his stall is tuned to the soft music of WKJF-FM in Pittsburgh, his favorite station. The grooms would like to turn on the ball game or a station with more rock to its music, but Adios would snortingly object. Grooms can be replaced.

Davis wanders through the stud barn, making sure that none of three stallions there are trying to handle their own sexual problems. Studs masturbate by banging their penises against a wall, or dropping their bellies against the floor and rubbing.

Adios, who rarely tries to masturbate, stands quietly. Davis pours some pipe tobacco into a cigarette paper and grins at the writer who has come to watch the stud in action. "He's a real man, that Adios, y'know what I mean? He deserves bein' writ' about, he keeps his own counsel and better than pays for his keep."

The stud king's keep is somewhere around $2,000 a year, which includes such necessities as $2 pedicures, $5 blood tests and $10 worm counts every so often, and such luxuries as English leather and $8.57 patronage ads in various horse journals. Such ads are for good will only—Adios is booked for every breeding day for the rest of his life.

In the smug arrogance of his character and the cool sensibility of his habits, it almost seems as though Adios really knows what's going on, that he's hip to the knowledge of his status and worth and masculinity. Davis is a firm supporter of the cult of personality that has grown around Adios and enjoys comparing him to the other two working studs that live in the same barn.

Eight-year-old Thorpe Hanover has the reputation of a work horse (mainly because he gets erections even in his sleep), a tendency to get fat and lazy and to pout like a baby if he is handled roughly.

Jamie, a lean, nervous 13-year-old, likes a day off between breedings and will stop eating and run around his stall if his sex life becomes too regular or the grooms too heavy-handed.

Adios is no back-balcony adolescent about his sex. He becomes excited only when he is being paid to, and he prefers his food, water and sex in moderate portions and at regular intervals. He's no fool. He takes good care of himself.

A few years ago, Adios' halter strap snagged on a rusty nail in his stall. Any other stallion would have panicked, tried to pull loose and ripped his face in the effort. Adios stood immobile, all night long, until a groom freed him in the morning.

Adios lovers tell such stories as proof that the beast is almost human. They also like to point out his affection for Candy, a dainty, 5-year-old pinto saddle pony who is often stalled across from him. Adios will hang his head over the stall door and gaze at her for hours. Davis claims that Adios is more tractable when she is around. He has never made a pass at her, like an aging rake who keeps one pretty, platonic shoulder to lean on.

By 3 p.m. the farm shakes out of its midday torpor. The vet, the farm manager, Davis, and a clutch of grooms crowd into the gleaming white laboratory near the breeding shed to drink coffee and prepare the instruments of antiseptic passion —the microscope for making sperm counts, the $500 autoclave sterilizer, the clinical centrifuge, the drug chest, and dozens of swabs and test tubes and syringes and needles and sutures.

Horsemen are big-boned, earthy men, and they talk like ballplayers before a game—idle, overcasual and in a private language. A stallion never has intercourse, he "covers" a mare. Mares are never pregnant, they are "in foal," and a sire's progeny is always his "get." When a stallion fails to complete his function he has hit a "foul ball," and a horse like Adios, who never hits foul balls or strikes

out, is a "push-button stud" or a "wham-bang pro."

The men are professionals, too, with their own set of ethics and morals. They were resentful when I asked whether Spanish Fly or testosterone was ever used to jazz Adios' production. Such aphrodisiacs are used by some breeders, but the majority of horsemen consider it a shady and possibly harmful practice. Once, they tried to slip Adios some raw eggs, they said. He didn't like them. That was that.

And women are *never* allowed in the breeding shed. "It ain't quite proper," says Davis, who was disgusted when a local matron gigglingly admitted that she had hung a picture of Adios over her bed to "inspire" her husband.

At 3:30 the grooms cross the road to the mare barn and begin leading the day's chosen to the paddock behind the breeding shed. There are six mares, one for each of the three studs, and three to be artificially inseminated. Adios, who has been lost in the stereo-world of Percy Faith and Mantovani since noon, suddenly becomes alert, his ears go up. As each new mare crosses his line of vision through the stall window, he becomes more and more restless. He whinnies, he tosses his head. Now he rises up on his back legs and pounds a tattoo on the planking. Jamie and Thorpe take up the cry.

Adios, as usual, will be first in the breeding shed. Today he will cover Terka Hanover, a 12-year-old bay mare of less than spectacular beauty but fine family. A mother several times, Terka's first assignment with Adios was arranged years ago.

Terka is brought to the shed. Her four legs are hobbled so that in the violence of love-making she will not kick out and injure the stud. She is prepared for sex: her genital area is first washed with medicated soap, then lubricated with petroleum jelly. Her tail is tied up out of the way. Her head is held firmly by a groom. She never sees Adios.

Stepping high, restless, impatient, tossing his head to free it from Davis' grip, Adios prances into the breeding shed. At the sight of Terka Hanover, bound and waiting for him, he rears back with excitement.

The farm manager scurries forward with a bucket of watered antiseptic, washing down Adios' penis with two quick, practiced swipes of a wet cloth, then scurries back to the far wall of the shed.

The stud moves forward with small mincing steps that bring him to within a foot of the mare's hindquarters. Sensing the stallion behind her, the mare whinnies and her vulva begins to pulsate.

Adios steps back, hesitating for a moment. The muscles in his hindquarters bunch and he springs. With one fluid, graceful movement he is upon her back, heaving, snorting, in a muscular explosion. Then Adios' hoofs settle along the mare's flanks and his head arches in a classic pose along his right leg.

The vet rushes forward to guide the stud into the mare, a necessary service for those horses who have been tamed away from the instincts of the range.

Soon there is a frightening, hellish electricity in the shed, as seven men cower along the walls, dwarfed by the tumultuous movement of almost 2,000 pounds of horseflesh, buffeted by the storm of sound, the snuffling, wheezing, gasping, pounding of two animals at sex.

Adios' back legs pump up and down like a soldier marching in place, the muscles of his hindquarters contracting and expanding as his sweat-slicked body moves forward and back, as the snuffling noise bounces off the walls and the shed quivers with the strain. Suddenly, Adios shudders violently, his tail twitches once, and the coupling is over.

Slowly, Adios backs away, mincing backward on his hind legs, his front hoofs sliding along the mare's flanks. The vet scurries out again with a glass jar, catching the precious excess fluid which will be used to artificially inseminate another mare.

Docile, spent, Adios drops heavily to four legs. He stands quietly, shivering slightly, as the farm manager washes his genitals again. Heavy-footed, but head high, Adios is led away, out of the shed, and back to his stall.

Stanley Davis croons in his ear as they shamble back. "Nicely, nicely, old man," he says, and even Jamie and Thorpe fall silent as the great stud shuffles past. "You're the smoothest, you're the best, old man, you got the touch."

In the shed, the harem guard is scurrying, dashing about. The vet slips a sample of the excess semen under the microscope, pronouncing the sperm numerous and active. The rest of the excess is drained into a syringe to inseminate another mare, new life planted to grow strong and speedy, to make men rich.

Terka Hanover is led out as two more grooms lead in another mare. In 48 hours, the vet will examine Terka and make a preliminary report. If the ovarian follicle has disappeared, it will be assumed that she is pregnant. Within 40 days, a positive test will be made.

Reports still have to be filed on the coupling, and notations made on the mare's chart, and new syringes sterilized, but in the spacious stall, quiet, almost dreamy, lulled by the soft strings humming out of the stereo, the great stud Adios rests his head on the wooden door and looks at Candy. His eyes close.

Then, at 5:30 p. m. on their way home, Stanley Davis and the farm manager and the vet and the grooms stop by the stall and look at the great stud, sleeping into evening. They lower their voices and lift their feet higher and turn down the music. Adios has earned his rest.

—Robert M. Lipsyte

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GREAT GUNS OF GRANADA

[*Continued from page 32*]

zábal—called AYA by one and all—is Eibar's and Spain's largest gunmaker. Back in 1902, in the beginning, they made mostly barrels and gun parts. In 1940, after the Spanish civil war, they began to manufacture the complete gun and soon developed a series of handsomely designed weapons that became world famed. By 1962 their production reached 18,000 guns per year with 15 percent earmarked for the U.S.A. and a husky 22 percent going to England, a country which has always considered its own gunmakers the best in existence. Other AYA scatterguns go to Germany, France, Japan, the Scandinavian countries and even to far-off Hong Kong.

The reason for the success of this mass export is simple. AYA makes a quality gun distinguished for its mechanism, barrels, stock and engraving and its top grade, a beauty, sells for considerably less than half of what the best English Boss or Purdey costs. Even its bitterest rivals concede that AYA makes a fine gun for the money.

For its gun actions AYA uses both the Anson & Deely and Purdey systems. Anson and Deely, two clever craftsmen then employed by Westley Richards, introduced the basic design of the box lock in 1857. It was the first efficient hammerless action and 106 years later it's still going strong, the commonest action in general use around the globe.

The Purdey action is a sidelock (the mainsprings are contained on side plates) and the mainsprings are not compressed until the gun is closed. Because the mainsprings act to push the barrels open when the action bolt is withdrawn, the gun is a self-opener. The barrels are held fully open until the gun is loaded, a valuable feature in driven-bird shooting when fast reloading means the difference between a large game bag or a mediocre one.

Aranzábal takes pride in his stocks. AYA uses fine-figured native Spanish walnut, some of which is a match for any Circassian, and to prevent running short they make a point of keeping a five-year supply of blanks on hand. For their best-quality guns the AYA craftsmen use only well-seasoned wood, since it cuts more easily and more truly for the delicate fitting required and also prevents the swelling or warping which might result from improperly cured wood. Stockmakers keep the rough stocks in a dry room, no small problem in damp and rainy Eibar. Here they weigh each stock separately every six months, eliminating any which continue to lose weight. Two years is considered the absolute minimum for proper curing.

Even though AYA employs 430 persons, it still takes about eight months to finish a fine custom gun, the oil finishing of the stock itself taking as much as 10 weeks.

This flourishing firm which started out modestly over 60 years ago is today a handsome, modern six-story building which dwarfs most of the other 61-odd gunmaking establishments of Eibar. Many of these others are merely family groups who purchase bulk gun componets in the rough, finish them in their own style, and add their own trademarks.

AYA's big export to America via Firearms International Corporation in Washington, D.C., is the moderately priced Matador, a side-by-side shotgun with single trigger and automatic ejector, but they also produce over 20 other models including overunders and single-barrel guns. Ranging from very inexpensive models ($227) to super-deluxe custom dreams, AYA has a line with a latitude to fit every taste and pocketbook.

Their best gun, a back-action sidelock, is a side-by-side that for sheer beauty and balance will hold its own against any English custom shotgun. The removable locks (see picture on page 32), activated by a concealed key, are fashioned with watchmaker's precision and the lock mechanism itself polished to a mirror finish. The side plate on which the lock is mounted is engine-turned like a fine silver cigarette case and all moving parts are gold plated to prevent rust. It is careful craftsmanship of a quality which has to be seen to be believed.

Since labor works cheaper in Spain than in America and England, an apprentice going directly into the AYA factory is paid a flat $1,000 the first year while he is learning. The second year jumps his salary 25 percent and the third year increases the raise to 100 percent. Since it is estimated that it takes three years of work to develop a good gunmaker, his third year salary becomes a sort of unofficial diploma. Of the various classifications among the craftsmen, the veteran action-makers and fitters draw the highest pay.

To prevent the other three local industries—bicycles, sewing machines and machine tools—from siphoning off the available youth, the gunmakers of Eibar have banded together and set up a technical trade school to teach weapons design and the various facets of the gunmaker's art. This institution, happily, has provided a sturdy backlog of young men who will be AYA's gunmakers of the future. Many of them, of course, come by it naturally since their fathers and grandfathers before them were in the trade.

One of AYA's most popular shotguns is an overunder built on a Merkel-style action involving two underbolts and a Greener crossbolt, the round crossbolt designed 80 years previously by the great English gunmaker because his experiments had proved that the usual square bolt weakened the extension of the top rib and widened the slotway. He also reasoned that the round bolt could also be fitted more accurately in less time.

This fine overunder has superb engraving, a stock of fancy walnut, a raised ventilated rib, single trigger, and checkering of a quality that amateur gunmakers dream about—26 lines to the inch—and it looks just as good under a magnifying glass as it does to the naked eye. This model has met with such approval that almost 60 percent of the Spanish pigeon shooters use it, with another 15 percent using AYA doubles. Since Spain has nearly as many pigeon shooters as it has bullfight *aficionados*, this is the kind of compliment any gunmaker appreciates.

It isn't just the Spaniards that like them, either. A lot of Americans who have competed in Spain's pigeon rings and have watched the AYA at work have ended up by ordering one, usually with two or three sets of barrels in various chokes.

The Spaniards take their pigeon shooting seriously. They believe that if a

TRUE

"For Pete's sake, Helen, forget how the movie ends!"

shooter has won an important match against strong competition he should have a worthy trophy to remember it by. In consequence one finds really beautiful silver cups offered each year by the arms and explosives manufacturers, by the great sherry vintners and by various wealthy clubs and pigeon federations. In a country famous for elegant and elaborate cups, those donated by AYA are outstanding in quality, design and sheer weight of silver.

But the Aranzábal family doesn't hold to that ancient axiom that it is better to give than to receive. They like to take 'em, too. Don Agustin himself has won an impressive array of trophies clear across Spain while son Imanol, a crew-cut lad who speaks fluent English and looks like an American college senior, is currently garnering a big collection of silver mugs by dint of strong and expert shooting. I was present at San Sebastian in 1958 when Imanol outshot the entire field of high-octane pigeon slayers to win the Ugarteburu Trophy. Such wins, achieved with their own guns against extremely tough competition, naturally brings great prestige to the firm of Aguirre y Aranzábal and produces quite a passel of converts to the brand. It may be fun—but it's also damned good business.

Engraving, of course, can make or break the appearance of any gun. AYA is justly proud of its fine scroll engraving which is so perfect that English gunmakers have invaded Eibar since the war to try to recruit such workmen for service in London.

That the Spaniards are capable of executing such fine decoration should surprise no one who knows anything about the history of the country. Don Agustin Aranzábal is merely carrying on a tradition of fine gun craftsmanship that is a heritage from the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries when the guns of Iberia were world famous for their beauty of workmanship. Spain, in the early 17th century, developed the miquelet lock, a new mechanism which had fewer parts and in general was far superior to the snaphaunce then popular on the continent. Spearheaded by Velasquez, Spain had a rich art tradition and many of the antique guns in the royal armory at Madrid are superb examples of taste, design and wonderful craftsmanship. There are also handsome 18th century guns there barreled by such great names as Pedro Estiva and Francisco Lopez. One I liked was made in Eibar—future home of AYA—way back in 1792.

And Don Agustin Aranzábal is jealously proud of the name and fame of the modern AYA gun.

It is no secret that in the great game of international snobbery the grass is always greener on the other side of the fence. Thus the British Rolls-Royce has become a status symbol here in America, while the French like to climb behind the wheel of a German Mercedes and the well-heeled German sport feels he simply has to own an Italian Ferrari.

So it is, also, with some shooters. A few wealthy Spaniards think that the posh thing to swing in the field against partridge or in the ring against pigeons is a British Purdey or a Boss and nothing less will answer.

One well-known Spaniard owned such a weapon and spent most of his time proclaiming its various merits and obvious superiority to all and sundry. The day came, however, when the gun broke down. The export-import arms regulations of Spain can be a bit sticky, so it was not feasible to ship the piece back to London for repairs.

In a spot, the owner took the scattergun to Aranzábal, who had long since got tired of hearing its praises sung. As a very special favor, asked the owner, would Señor Aranzábal have AYA make the necessary repairs?

Aranzábal's eyes, the somewhat crafty, all-knowing eyes of the typical Basque, lit up a bit. Yes, he agreed, he would do this very special favor.

Several months passed.

Each time that the owner called the AYA factory there was a different reason for the delay—certain problems which had arisen, certain parts which had to be remade.

Finally there came word that the repairs on the gun were finished and Don Agustin himself would personally deliver the weapon into the owner's hand on the following Sunday at the gun club.

True to his word, Don Agustin was there.

Fondling his pet gun, the shooter grabbed a box of shells and headed for the patterning boards behind the clubhouse. Loading up, he fired the barrels rapidly in succession, reloaded and tried it again. The gun, his pride and joy, was functioning perfectly and he was a happy man once again.

And that afternoon, his confidence returned along with his favorite shotgun, he won the cup in live-pigeon competition.

Now he was almost delirious with joy, and his thanks to Don Agustin were profuse and lengthy. He could never, never repay him for the great favor of repairing this masterpiece, this jewel of a weapon, the out-of-this-world holy-of-holies English gun.

Don Agustin looked him coldly in the eye. "English gun?" he queried. *"What* English gun?"

Taking the weapon out of the startled man's hand he tapped it with a stubby forefinger. "This gun, Señor—this gun with which you have just won a fine cup, is an AYA, made by my own hands at Eibar. Your own gun, long since repaired, now awaits you in the armory."

Tucking the beautiful gun under his arm, Don Agustin Aranzábal turned his back and with head held high stalked out of the clubhouse.

He and his craftsmen had duplicated the English gun so perfectly, down to the last engraved screw, that even the owner couldn't tell the difference. Proud of his trade, his name, and his reputation, he had demonstrated in a highly dramatic fashion that Spain's greatest gunmaker could match England's best—and do it in far less time.

The honor of AYA had been upheld and all of sporting Spain still chuckles at the story. —**Russell Barnett Aitken**

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NO PLACE TO SPIT

[*Continued from page* 55]

Stuart Bloch, a clean-cut young vice-president of the Mail Pouch Company, "because she claimed it would give me bad breath. But I have kissed her several times with a small chaw in my mouth and she never knew it was there."

A spry old-timer who recently retired at age 70 from an executive post in the chewing industry sadly told me that when he entered the business in 1926 Americans were consuming 80 million pounds of scrap chew—that is, the loose, leafy variety as opposed to hard plug—per year, yet today our swollen population chews only 35 million pounds of scrap. To brighten the old-timer's spirits, I remarked on his vigorous appearance. "Only normal," he replied. He then ticked off the names of four hard-chewing colleagues who have lived to celebrate their 83rd, 85th, 88th, and 89th birthdays.

I make my living writing and I chew vigorously, sensuously, as I write. There is no wife hovering nearby to deprive me of my pleasure, because I am a bachelor. (Now, in chorus, all the ladies will shriek: "No *wonder* he's a bachelor!") Yet there is no safe retreat from the female oppression that dogs us. My cleaning lady, Jessie, informed me on her first day in my employ that under no circumstances would she touch my filthy old spittoon and if I didn't like it I could take my job and—well, the venom of the enemy knows no limits. But the last laugh, you see, is on Jessie. What she doesn't know is that my spittoon, made of stainless steel that responds instantly to a dash of cleanser, cleans more easily than any object in my quarters.

I took up chewing purely in self-defense, some 10 years ago. At that time I worked for the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*. My desk stood adjacent to that of a crusty old sportswriter named Fred P. Alger, whose office attire consisted of a peaked cap, a kerchief around his neck, a checkered hunting shirt, baggy trousers and high-top shoes. Pecking away two-fingered at his typewriter, he would spit tobacco juice without troubling to take aim at his spittoon. Naturally, a fair number of his wayward shots hit the cuffs of my trousers.

Although I called to Fred P. Alger's attention the fact that my cleaning bills rapidly were approaching the sum of my take-home pay, he seemed spectacularly unconcerned. So I took up chewing in self-defense. Whenever he hit my trousers, I hit his.

I left the *Post-Gazette* more than three years ago, and shortly thereafter Fred P. Alger, bless him, went into retirement. Last year the newspaper moved its staff into a spanking new city room. When I dropped by to visit I was dismayed to observe that even though newspaper offices have been among the last havens for tobacco chewers, the *Post-Gazette* management had installed not a single spittoon on the new premises. I am probably wrong but I think I detect a decline in the quality of the newspaper.

Clearly, tobacco chewers face an uphill fight. Farmers and factory workers remain largely unfettered while on the job, but office workers and even post-office clerks are hopelessly pitted against building service unions that are writing no-cuspidor clauses into labor agreements so as to permit their janitor members to get more sleep on the job. Even baseball players, long our most notable public chewers, are being shamed down the road to bubble gum.

Their wives pop up at the ball park to make sure the athletes are not disgracing themselves "in front of all those people," for ballplayers and their wives today are accepted in polite society and nothing must be done to endanger "position." But second baseman Bill Mazeroski of the Pirates is thankful that he has continued to pack his jaw with a chaw the size of an egg. Recently he was struck down by a wildly hopping ground ball that crashed viciously into his face. Thanks to his cud, Maz suffered only a cut lip and lost not a tooth.

Women, of course, always have campaigned individually or in groups against chewing, but through most of this nation's history men did not allow themselves to be dictated to. That is, men were men. A hotel attracted no salesmen unless it had cuspidors in the lobby, and every Pullman car had ample facilities for the chewer. Today, however, even Bloch Brothers, of which the Mail Pouch Company is a wholly owned subsidiary, has retreated before the enemy by branching off into the manufacture of pipe tobaccos and, like almost everyone these days, missile work. Still, Tom Bloch, the head of the firm, stands out as a shining example to those of us who would continue chewing, not only covertly but in public. Says his son, Stuart:

"Dad can put a chew in his mouth, then fly from the home office in Wheeling, West Virginia, to Detroit and have lunch on the plane and not spit once until he gets off the plane in Detroit."

Inasmuch as Tom Bloch's skill is beyond most of us chewers, it is clearly time that we come out of hiding, that we let our cuspidors fall where they may and chew fearlessly. Indeed, a small beginning already has been made in Nelsonville, Ohio, where chewers arose in rebellion only a few weeks ago. I shall quote from the Nelsonville *Tribune*, whose rich prose, accompanied by a photo that showed two defiant chewers named Chick Dorst and Charlie Pancake holding aloft a fine old brass spittoon, captured the spirit of the battle:

"That's right, folks—right here in good ole Nelsonville, a parallel case to the historic Battle of the Alamo is being waged. Pictured are two of the members of the SPTCLRofA (Society for the Preservation of Tobacco Chewing in Lodge Rooms of America), who are currently engaged in a battle to preserve their ancient and honorable American custom in one of the lodges in our town.

"It seems that the brass spittoons (which had been a fixture in this lodge room since the beginning) suddenly disappeared recently. No one seems to know what happened to them, but certain non-chewing members of this lodge grinned smugly, like cats who had swallowed canaries, and were heard to remark, 'Well, that's the end of those crummy old spittoons.'"

The *Tribune's* account, which I found stirring, went on to relate that the SPTCLRofA "moved into the fray" and

TRUE

"I know I haven't said anything. Read it back to me anyway."

at last word had entered vigorous demands for return of the cuspidors. For a moment the thought crossed my mind that the *Tribune's* editor, probably a mischievous old man wearing a celluloid collar and sleeve holders, was spoofing his readers—after all, could there really be a man named Charlie Pancake? I placed a call to Nelsonville.

Indeed there was a Charlie Pancake, but he was not home so I spoke to his wife, who informed me her friends call her Cupcake Pancake and that she stood solidly behind Charlie's right to chew. "In fact our 15-year-old boy chews," Mrs. Pancake said. "He plays on the high school football team. Bob Shesky, the head coach, chews, and so does his assistant coach, and they've been teaching the boys. They say it does something for 'em—keeps 'em from getting thirsty in practice, I think they said."

How had the battle at the lodge come out, I wondered anxiously.

"The chewers definitely won," Mrs. Pancake reported. "See, the women got up an auxiliary for the Eagles lodge and went in there and cleaned and put in carpets and hung draperies and took out the spittoons. They tried to fix it up like a ladies' home." Mrs. Pancake paused and then added with conviction, "I don't belong to that auxiliary myself."

Yes, but how had the chewers effected return of the spittoons?

"Well, Charlie and the boys went out and got an outhouse toilet and put it smack in the lodge and said, 'That thing's staying there for us chewers until we get our spittoons back.' So the women's auxiliary brought 'em back."

Dare we chewers take heart from this one small triumph? We must, and then press forward. History may record that Nelsonville was the Thermopylae, the Chateau Thierry, the Stalingrad that turned the tide of battle. On obscure battlefields have great causes discovered the leader for whom they cried out. Come forth and your name will be heard in all the land, Charlie Pancake!

—Myron Cope

THE MAN WHO CHEWED WITH A BLACK BEAR'S MOLARS

[*Continued from page* 64]

and, with some spruce resin scraped from a warming log behind the stove, fitted forms for his gums and palate, then pried out of the bear's jaws 12 of the beast's best teeth. Pouring the molten metal into the forms with one hand, he worked the choppers in with the other. As the metal cooled, he lined these up with a straight edge, filed off the rough edges, stripped on a wet piece of moosehide as an adhesive to hold the upper plate to his palate, took a couple of highly satisfactory chomps, then proceeded to eat the bear—with the bear's own teeth!

EPILOGUE

Before his life was over Nimrod was to "fall victim" to another dentist. In that winter of toothless travail, before he ate the bear, and largely out of curiosity he began collecting teeth from various animals snared in his traps. But when some, like those from mountain sheep, so closely resembled his own late and much lamented masticators, he dumped them all in a cup and hid them from sight. Later on, because the big bear's teeth made his lips "jut out some," and with the long winter ahead of him, he decided to remodel his chewing machinery. By trial and error he finally had a set that just suited him. Drilling holes in the aluminum, he fitted four teeth from the mountain sheep across the front in the upper plate, leaving four bear's teeth on either side. In the lower plate he substituted seven caribou teeth in the front, wedged in between two of the bear's teeth, and one from a fox on either end. The only complaint he had was that he had trouble getting the teeth to stick in the aluminum and was forever sending "outside" for cement he ordered from a firm of Seattle dentists who advertised in the local Dawson newspaper.

But for 33 years Nimrod lived in gastronomical peace—until another dentist entered his life. In the summer of 1938, Dr. Fred L. Mellor, the Seattle dentist who had been filling these strange orders for cement through the years, joined up with a medical doctor and a party of sightseers for a trip up the river on the old stern wheeler *Yukon*. Tourists being rarer than gold in that country, when they got to Eagle, Proprietor R. E. Steel hosted to a dinner at the Road House. Nimrod, of course, being the senior citizen, sat at the head of the table.

It is understandable that the dentist just could not keep his eyes from that mouthful of bright metal that sent flashes clear across the room. After the meal he apologized for his stares and asked if he might have a look. Nimrod obligingly leaned back and opened his mouth.

As he liked to tell the story, Nimrod claimed that the doctor must have revived the dentist "with a powerful dose of something that took his brains away" because, when he came to, the tooth expert offered a proposition just too good to be true. Would Nimrod trade those home-made plates of animal molars for the best set of false human teeth to be had in the whole state of Washington? The deal was made on the spot and as quickly as Dr. Mellor could finish his masterpiece, the swap was made. Of course, when he put Nimrod's teeth on display and told the story that went with them, he wasn't believed, either, until the old sourdough filled out an affidavit and, in a fine Spencerian hand, signed it "E. A. Robertson, alias Nimrod." Dr. Mellor still has the teeth today.

Nimrod always claimed that his home-made teeth fit a lot better but was willing to acknowledge that the store-bought variety did improve his appearance. "A man should look his best so I'll just live happily with 'em forever after."

—William Van Dusen

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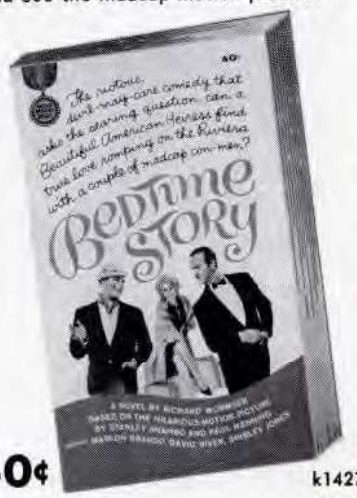

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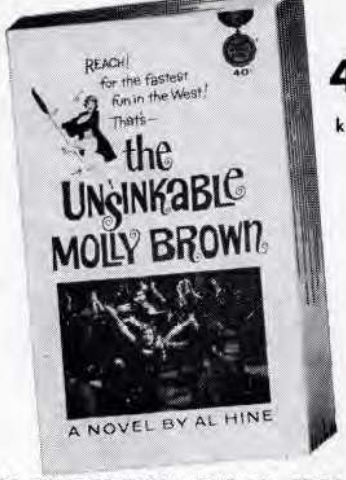

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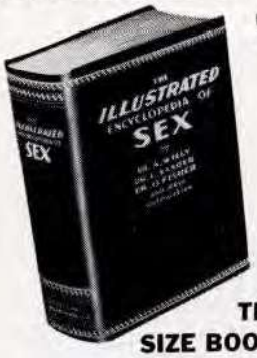

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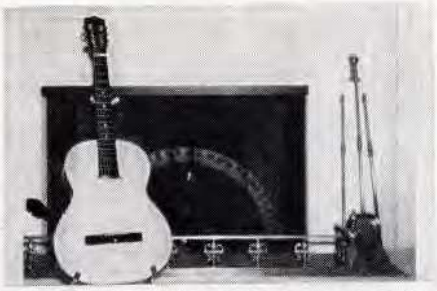

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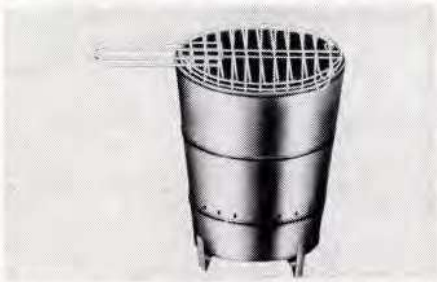

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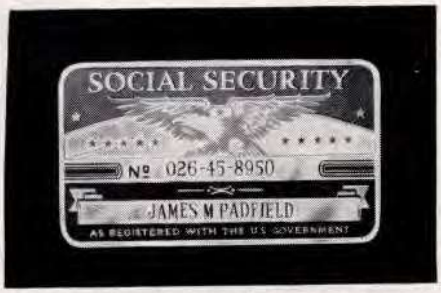

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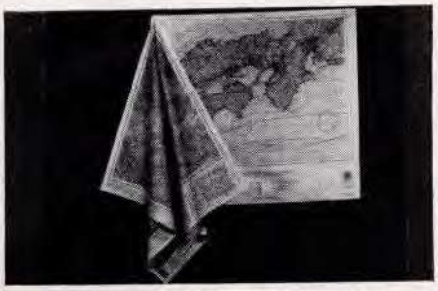

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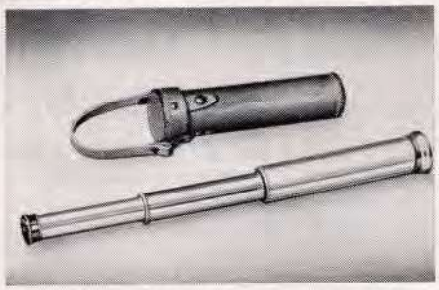

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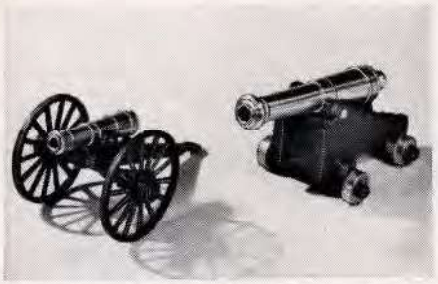

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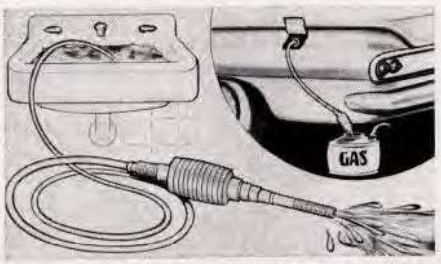

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GRAND CENTRAL'S 100 GRAND SWINDLE

[*Continued from page 62*]

"But these two gentlemen can produce such a certified check, W. A.," said Grenfell. Turning to Tony and Nick, Grenfell asked, "Can't you, gentlemen?"

"Sure," the brothers replied in unison.

Blodgett, who seemed to be a man of painful integrity, mulled things over. "I guess," he said to Grenfell, "the only fair thing the railroad can do now is to let the first one here with the check have the booth."

Next morning, not long after their bank opened, the Fortunato brothers arrived at the office of the Grand Central Holding Corporation with a certified check. Grenfell was there, sitting at Blodgett's side, and the blonde stenographer went out and came back with a notary public. There was quite a flurry of papers, hand raising, oath taking and signature writing. Then, the deal wrapped up, everybody shook hands and went their separate ways.

Thirteen days later—Monday morning, April Fool's Day, a few minutes before 9 o'clock, when the one-year contract was to go into effect—Tony and Nick appeared in Grand Central with a small gang of carpenters. The lumber for the display steps was in two trucks out on Lexington Avenue.

The magic hour of 9 came but four men in the booth dispensing information showed no signs of leaving. Tony and Nick waited only a few minutes, then Tony approached one of the men in the booth.

"What can I do for you?" the man asked Tony.

"It's after 9 o'clock," said Tony. "You and the three others here are supposed to be out of this booth by now."

When the man looked puzzled, Tony flashed the contract. When the man read it, he looked even more puzzled. When the three other men in the booth read the contract and shrugged, the first man handed it back to Tony and said, "This must be a joke of some kind."

"Joke, hell!" roared Tony. "Me and my brother here have leased this booth for a hundred thousand dollars!"

By now the lumber was being carted in and dumped around the booth, making it difficult for travelers to get close enough to ask questions. A railroad cop appeared, studied the sawing and hammering that had begun, and then, after asking some questions, got a gander at the contract. After reading the contract and exchanging glances with the men in the booth, the cop hustled off to get some action.

It was more than an hour before the cop's report filtered through the complicated administrative levels of the New York Central Railroad, owners of the information booth, to reach the office of the vice-president with the power to deal with the problem. So the work was on in earnest by the time a little man with piping on his vest minced onto the scene.

"There is," he explained to Tony and Nick after viewing the action and studying the contract, "no such thing as the Grand Central Holding Corporation."

When Tony and Nick took the v.p. up to the suite where Mr. Grenfell had had them turn the certified check over to Mr. Blodgett, the suite was of course deserted. Now the v.p. tried, without any success, to explain to the brothers that they had been the victims of a confidence game. The Fortunato brothers weren't buying that. The entire operation had seemed so genuine to them that they were sure the railroad was involved in the swindle. They had to be forcibly ejected from the terminal.

Tony and Nick went to their bank to find out the name of the bank in which the certified check to the Grand Central Holding Corporation had been deposited. An officer looked up the information and named a bank in the Grand Central area.

Zooming into the second bank, Tony and Nick didn't get the quick cooperation they were looking for. A v.p. they talked to wasn't at all willing to impart information about one of its depositors to a couple of wild-eyed characters barging in off the street. So Tony and Nick went to the police.

Along toward noon Tony and Nick reappeared in the second bank in company with a policeman who specialized in confidence work. He quickly got the surface facts about Messrs. Grenfell and Blodgett and the Grand Central Holding Corporation.

The two con men had first appeared in the bank about a month previously to open a checking account. Banks didn't peer into the backgrounds of new depositors in those days, prior to the Wall Street market crash, as they began to do afterward. So Grenfell and Blodgett, palming the Grand Central Holding Corporation off as a brokerage outfit, had opened a joint checking account. They avoided the need to supply references for themselves by charming the v.p., who opened the account with their cash deposit of 10 grand.

When Blodgett had deposited the certified check for the 100 grand and not made any attempt to draw on it, the people in the bank thought that the Grand Central Holding Corporation had got off to a nice start. It wasn't until the big check had been deposited for about a week that Blodgett and Grenfell began making withdrawals—10, 15, 25 grand at a clip. By Saturday, March 30, the last banking day before the roof fell in, Grenfell and Blodgett had been carrying a balance of little more than a thousand dollars.

The New York police didn't seem to have any camera art on either Grenfell or Blodgett, obviously assumed names, in their rogues' gallery. Weeks passed. Somebody suggested to Tony and Nick that they take their problem to Raymond Schindler, the private eye who specialized in identifying con men, running them down and, in assorted ways, making life so miserable for them that they sometimes forked back part of the boodle just to get Schindler off their backs.

Schindler took the case. But nobody who had laid eyes on Grenfell and Blodgett—Tony or Nick, the bank people or the man who had leased the office to them—was able to give Schindler a morsel of useful information. After about a year, he was forced to tell the bilked brothers that he couldn't help them.

The more time passed, the more Tony and Nick became convinced that the railroad had somehow been involved in the swindle. That blind spot was to remain with the Fortunato brothers to the end of their days. For several years, catching or leaving suburban trains in Grand Central, Schindler would hear that one or both of the Fortunato brothers had been in. They'd stand around the booth that had cost them 100 grand, Tony or Nick or both of them, shaking their fists and hurling imprecations at the poor guys who were doing nothing but trying to make a living giving out information. —Alan Hynd

TRUE

The Spy Who Came In From The Cold

[*Continued from page* 30]

ran. He took a bicycle. They can't have known about me. He'll come over later."

"Tonight?"

"He said he would come tonight. The others have all been caught."

A policeman was standing at Leamas' side. "You'll have to move away from here. It is forbidden to obstruct the crossing point."

Leamas half turned. "Go to hell!" he snapped.

The German stiffened, but the woman said, "Get in. We'll drive down to the corner."

They drove slowly until they reached a side road. "I didn't know you had a car, Elvira," he said.

"It's my husband's," she replied indifferently. "Karl never told you I was married, did he?"

Leamas was silent, but took a key from his pocket. "You'll want somewhere to stay," he said flatly. "There's an apartment in the Albrecht-Dürer-Strasse, next to the Museum, Number 28A. You'll find everything you want. I'll telephone you when he comes."

"I'll stay here with you. He's coming to this crossing point."

"He told you that?" Leamas was surprised and startled.

"Yes, he trusts me. He told me everything."

"Christ."

He gave her the key and went back to the checkpoint hut, out of the cold. The policemen were muttering as he entered.

"Where's the CIA boy gone?" asked Leamas.

"Bedtime," said the older policeman, and they all laughed.

Leamas had hot coffee. Putting down his mug, he said, "What are your rules for shooting to protect a man coming over? A man on the run."

"We can give only covering fire if the Vopos shoot into our sector."

"That means you can't shoot until a man's over the boundary?"

The older policeman said, "We can't give covering fire, Mr. . . ."

"Thomas," Leamas replied. "Thomas." They shook hands, the two policemen giving their own names.

"We can't give covering fire. That's the truth. They tell us there'd be war if we did."

"It's nonsense," said the younger man. "If the Allies weren't here the Wall would be gone by now."

"So would Berlin," muttered the older man.

"I've got a man coming over tonight," said Leamas abruptly. "It's worth getting him out. Mundt's men are looking for him."

"There are still places you can climb," said the younger policeman.

"He's not that kind. He'll bluff his way through; he's got papers, if they're still good; and he's got a bicycle."

They spoke as if afraid of being overheard. Leamas went to the window, in front of him the road and to either side the Wall, a dirty, ugly thing of cinder blocks and strands of barbed wire. That damned woman, he thought, and that fool Karl, who'd lied about her. Lied by omission, as they all do, agents the world over.

You teach them to cheat, to cover their tracks, and they cheat you as well. He'd produced her only once, after the dinner in the Schürzstrasse, last year:

Leamas' superior, the man called "Control," had shaken Karl's hand for five minutes. "I want you to know how pleased we are, Karl, damned pleased." When they'd finished dinner Control pumped their hands again. Afterward they'd gone to the Alter Fass. There Elvira was waiting for them, a 40-year-old blonde, tough as nails.

"This is my best kept secret, Alec," Karl had said.

Afterward they'd had a row, Karl and he. "How much does she know? Who is she? How did you meet her?" demanded Leamas furiously.

Karl sulked, refused to say. "If you don't trust her it's too late anyway," he'd said, and Leamas took the hint and shut up. But he told Karl much less afterward. . . . And there she was, out there in her car, knowing everything, the whole network. Damn her hide!

One of the policemen cried, "Herr Thomas! Quick! A man on a bicycle!"

Leamas picked up the binoculars. It was Karl. At that moment Karl seemed to hear some sound, sense some danger; he glanced over his shoulder, began to pedal furiously, bending low over the handlebars. There was still the lonely sentry on the bridge, and he had turned and was watching Karl. Then, totally unexpected, the searchlights went on, white and brilliant, catching Karl and holding him in their beam like a rabbit in the headlights of a car. There came the seesaw wail of a siren, the sound of orders wildly shouted. In front of Leamas the two policemen dropped to their knees, peering through the sandbagged slits, deftly flicking the rapid load in their automatic rifles.

The East German sentry fired, quite carefully, away from them, into his own sector. The first shot seemed to thrust Karl forward, the second to pull him back. Somehow he was still moving, still on the bicycle, passing the sentry, and the sentry was still shooting at him. Then he sagged, rolled to the ground, and they heard quite clearly the clatter of the bike as it fell. Leamas hoped to God he was dead.

A QUESTION OF KILLING MUNDT

Leamas watched the Templehof runway sink beneath him. The plane's stewardess thought he was interesting. She saw a short man with close-cropped, iron-gray hair, and the physique of a powerful swimmer. She guessed that he was North of England, which he might well have been, and rich, which he was not. She put his age at 50, which was about right. She guessed he was single, which was half true. Somewhere long ago there had been a divorce; somewhere there were children, now in their teens, who received their allowance from a bank.

Leamas knew he was written off—it was a fact which he would henceforth live with, as a man must live with cancer or imprisonment. It was odd how soon he had realized that Mundt was the writing on the wall.

Hans-Dieter Mundt, born 42 years ago in Leipzig, had been, until 1959, a minor functionary of the Abteilung, the East German intelligence agency, operating in London under the cover of the East German Steel Mission. He returned to Germany in a hurry after murdering two of his own agents to save his skin and was not heard of for more than a year. Quite suddenly he reappeared at the Abteilung's headquarters in Leipzig as head of the Ways and Means Department, responsible for allocating currency, equipment and personnel for special tasks.

At the end of that year came the big struggle for power within the Abteilung. The number and influence of Soviet liaison officers were drastically reduced, several of the old guard were dismissed on ideological grounds and three men emerged: Fiedler as head of counterintelligence, Jahn took over from Mundt as head of facilities, and Mundt himself got the plum—deputy director of operations—at the age of 41. Then the new style began. First a girl courier was shot. A discarded agent was found dead. Two members of the network under Leamas' control were arrested and summarily sentenced to death. So it went on, remorseless and unnerving.

And now they had Karl, and Leamas was leaving Berlin as he had come—without a single agent worth a farthing. Mundt had won.

Leamas was met at the airport and driven to London. They parked near the anonymous building in the plaza called Cambridge Circus which was the nerve center for British espionage, and went into the hall.

Control shook hands rather carefully with Leamas, who remembered that milk-and-water smile, that same elaborate diffidence. They sat down, lit cigarettes.

There was a pause; finally Leamas said, "Riemeck's dead."

"Yes, indeed," Control declared. "It is very unfortunate—I suppose that girl, Elvira, gave him away."

"I suppose so." Leamas wasn't going to ask him how he knew about Elvira.

"Did you like Riemeck—as a man?"

"I suppose so," said Leamas again. "There doesn't seem much point in going into it," he added.

"Well," reflected Control, "Riemeck was the last of a series of deaths, quite a heavy expenditure. I wondered if you'd had enough."

"What do you mean—enough?"

"I mean . . . one can't be out in the cold all the time; one has to come in from the cold. . . . Do you see what I mean?"

"I see," Leamas said at last. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to stay out in the cold a little longer." Leamas said nothing, so Control went on:

"The ethic of our work is based on the assumption that we are never going to be aggressors. We do disagreeable things, but we are *defensive*. That, I think is fair. We do disagreeable things so that ordinary people here and elsewhere can sleep safely in their beds at night. Is that too romantic? Of course, we occasionally do very wicked things." He grinned like a schoolboy. "But you can't be less ruthless than the opposition simply because your government's *policy* is benevolent."

Leamas had heard that the man talked a lot of drivel before getting the knife in, but he'd never heard anything like this before. For God's sake, thought Leamas, what *is* he up to?

"That is why," Control continued, "I think we ought to get rid of Mundt."

"But we've got nothing left in East Germany to protect. You just said so—Riemeck was the last."

"That's not altogether true," said Control. "There is a special interest involved whom I wish to protect. Are you tired of spying? If you are, we would have to find some other way of taking care of Mundt. . . . Tell me, do you drink a lot?"

Leamas was puzzled by the question.

"More than most, I suppose."

"What I have in mind is a little out of the ordinary. We must discredit Mundt." He paused. "What do you know about him?"

"He's a killer. He was here a year or two back with the East German Steel Mission."

"Quite so, and tried to kill George Smiley. He's an ex-Hitler-Youth and that kind of thing. A practitioner of the Cold War."

"Like us," Leamas observed drily.

Control didn't smile. "George Smiley knew the case well. Too bad he isn't with us any more. Used to be one of our best men, don't you think? Are you friendly with him?"

"Acquainted," said Leamas. "Just barely that."

"Well, I think you ought to ferret him out. He can tell you more about Mundt. He lives in Chelsea on Bywater Street. Do you know it?"

"Yes."

"And Peter Guillam was on the case, as well. He's in Satellites Four, on the first floor. Spend a day or two with Guillam and Smiley. Then I wondered if you'd care to stay with me for a weekend, just you and I, to talk about things."

"Thanks. I'd like to."

"I think you might make a lot of money out of this operation. You can have whatever you make."

"Thanks. If it's a question of killing Mundt, I'm game."

"Do you really feel that?" Control enquired politely. "By the way, what happened to Elvira?"

"God knows . . . I'd like to take a swing at Mundt," said Leamas.

"Good. . . . Incidentally, if you should meet any old friends in the meantime, I don't think there's any point in discussing this with them." After a moment, Control added, "In fact, let them think we've treated you badly. It's as well to begin as one intends to continue, isn't it?"

It surprised no one when they put Leamas on the shelf. They said Berlin had been a failure for years, and someone had to take the rap. Besides, he was too old for operational work now. But it was bad luck about his pension. Accounts Section let out that poor Alec Leamas would have only 400 pounds a year to live on.

Leamas' contract had a few months to run, and they put him in Banking to do his time. Banking Section was different from Accounts; it dealt with overseas payments, financing agents and operations. Leamas went to seed, became a resentful, drunken wreck within a few months. And then one day he vanished. It leaked out that it was connected with irregularities in the accounts of Banking Section. Peculation was the one sin Personnel never forgot or forgave. . . .

His flat was small and squalid. He needed a job. He had no money at all. The gray shambling figure became familiar in the cheap neighborhood as a hopeless drunk.

A COMMUNIST NAMED LIZ

Finally he took the job in the library. Mr. Pitt at the Labor Exchange put him on to it one Thursday morning as he drew his unemployment benefit.

"They want another helper," Mr. Pitt said. It was odd about Pitt. Leamas was certain he'd seen him before, somewhere. At the building in Cambridge Circus, during the war.

The Bayswater Library for Psychic Research was like a church hall and very cold. In a cubicle sat Miss Craill, the librarian.

"I'm the new help," he said.

"I see." A wooden smile. At that moment the telephone rang.

He drifted toward the bookshelves, where a girl was standing on a ladder sorting large volumes.

"I'm the new man," he said, "my name's Leamas."

She came down from the ladder. "I'm Liz Gold. How d'you do."

Miss Gold was a tall, attractive Jewish girl, 22 or 23. Together they walked to an alcove where there was a shoe box full of cards.

"It's just a question of checking that all the books are on the shelves," she explained. "Have you done this kind of thing before?"

"No." He picked up a handful of cards. "Looks easy."

She then left him to the task. At half past 5 Miss Craill put on her coat, said good night to Liz, and ignored him. At 6 o'clock Liz Gold locked up, and gave the keys to the curator.

"Good night, Mr. Leamas," she said pleasantly. "See you tomorrow."

He walked slowly back to the grubby flat. On the doormat

was a letter from the electricity company, regretting that they had to cut off the light until the outstanding account of nine pounds, four shillings and eight pence had been settled.

About three weeks after Leamas began work at the library, Liz asked him to supper. Reluctantly, he accepted. It was the first of many meals which Leamas had at her flat. Somehow she knew there was something deeply wrong with Leamas, and that one day he might break away and she'd never see him again.

Once she tried to tell him she knew: "You must go when you want. I'll never follow you, Alec."

His brown eyes rested on her for a moment. "I'll tell you when."

Usually after supper she would talk to him, and he would lie on the sofa, smoking. She would kneel beside him holding his hand against her cheek, talking.

Then one evening she said to him, "Alec, there's some poison in your mind, some hate. You're like a man who's . . . sworn vengeance or something."

When he spoke she was frightened by the menace in his voice. "If I were you," he said roughly, "I'd mind my own business." Then he turned on the charm to placate: "Tell me what you believe in, Liz."

"History."

He laughed. "Oh, Liz . . . oh no! You're not a bloody Communist?"

She nodded, blushing, relieved that he didn't care. She made him stay that night and they became lovers.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE FROM BERLIN

One morning, about a week later, he didn't come to the library. That evening she cried herself to sleep, but the next day she took a taxi to his address and found him ill in bed. Drawing the curtains, she knelt beside him. Leamas' eyes were sunken and closed. Desperately she wondered what to do, then she ran downstairs to obtain food and consult with a chemist on the street. Upstairs again, she made beef tea, and propped him up to drink it.

"Alec, Alec," she whispered, caressing his pale face.

Gradually, his fever lessened and he fell into a calm sleep. She came every day for six days, attending to his needs. He spoke little. When she ventured to ask him if he loved her, he said he didn't believe in fairy tales. On Friday evening she found him dressed, but unshaven. He sat on the bed and chain-smoked cigarettes. At supper he hardly said a word.

Her fear grew until she could bear it no more, and she cried out suddenly, "Alec . . . oh Alec . . . what is it? Is it good-by?"

He got up from the table and kissed her as he'd never done before, and told her things she only dimly understood.

"Good-by, Liz," he said at last. "Good-by," and then: "Don't follow me. Not again."

Liz nodded and muttered miserably, "Like we said." Out in the street the dark hid her tears.

It was the next morning, a Saturday, that Leamas asked Mr. Ford, the grocer, for credit and was rudely refused as a bad risk. Leamas became furious and attacked the grocer, inflicting a fractured cheekbone and a dislocated jaw.

Brought to court, Leamas was given a jail sentence.

At night he lay in his bunk listening to the sounds of the prisoners. The indignity of captivity became urgently insufferable. Sometimes he thought longingly of Liz, but Leamas wasn't accustomed to living on dreams. Eventually, he was released and left jail with the brown paper parcel that contained all he had in the world.

London was beautiful that spring day. He sat down on a park bench after a long revivifying walk. When he strolled on, he left the brown parcel behind. He heard a man's shout.

"Here you—I say! This is your parcel, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I don't want it. You can leave it there."

"You can't, it's litter," said the man in the army mackintosh.

"I bloody well can," Leamas replied.

"Look here," cried the other, his voice high and irritated. "I was trying to do you a favor; why do you have to be so damned rude?"

"If you're so anxious to do me a favor," Leamas replied, "why have you been following me for the last half hour?"

"I thought you were somebody I once knew in Berlin, if you must know."

"So you followed me for half an hour?" Leamas' voice was heavy with sarcasm.

"Nothing like half an hour. . . I thought you were Alec Leamas, a man I borrowed some money from. I used to be in the BBC in Berlin, and there was this man I borrowed some money from. I've had a bad conscience about it ever since, and that's why I followed you. I wanted to be sure."

"I'm Leamas—and who in hell are you?"

He said his name was Ashe, with an "e," and Leamas knew he was lying. But they had lunch at Ashe's invitation, quite expensive.

They met at a party at Derek Williams', and all the press boys were there, Ashe said, and surely Alec remembered that? Derek had provided some really gorgeous girls. All were rather tiddly. It was then Alec had lent him 20 pounds.

"Christ," said Leamas, "I remember now, of course I do."

"I *knew* you would," said Ashe happily. "This is *such* fun!"

There were moments that afternoon when Leamas was so deliberately irritating that Ashe would have been justified in terminating their conversation, but he did not. Leamas was proving to his own satisfaction that only a man with a strong ulterior motive would put up with that kind of treatment.

It was nearly 4 o'clock when Ashe paid the bill and took out his checkbook in order to settle his debt to Leamas.

"Twenty of the best," he said, beginning to write.

Apologetically, Leamas said, "I haven't got a bank at the moment—only just back from abroad, you know."

"My dear chap, I understand," Ashe said, smiling.

They agreed to meet at the same place on the following day, at 1 o'clock, when Ashe would have the money in cash.

Leamas took a cab at Compton Street. He guessed he was being followed, changed cabs, trams and the underground, and wound up at Charing Cross at 9 o'clock, where a van was waiting, the driver sound asleep. Leamas glanced at the number, went over and called through the window. "Are you from Clements?"

The driver woke with a start and asked, "Mr. Thomas?"

"No, he couldn't come. I'm Amies from Hounslow."

"Hop in, Mr. Amies." They drove west, toward Bywater Street. The driver knew the way.

Control opened the door. "George Smiley's out," he said. "I've borrowed his house." He put on the hall light.

"I was followed till lunchtime," Leamas said. "A man called Ashe. A pansy. We're meeting again tomorrow."

Control listened carefully to Leamas' detailed story.

"I'm sorry we couldn't improve conditions for you in prison, but that would never have done."

"Of course not."

"I understand you were ill, and nobody to look after you, of course."

There was a very long silence. "You know she's in the Party, don't you?" Control asked quietly.

"Yes," Leamas replied, "and I don't want her brought into this."

"Oh, quite, quite."

"Who's that man in the Labor Exchange—Pitt. Wasn't he in the Circus during the war?"

"I know no one of that name. Pitt, did you say?"

"Yes."

"No, the name means nothing to me. In the Labor Exchange?"

"Oh, for God's sake, forget it," Leamas muttered. He was damned if he'd let Control play games with him.

Control got up. "Would you care for a drink?"

"No, why isn't Smiley here?" Leamas asked.

"He doesn't like the operation," Control replied indifferently. "Wants no part in it."

"He didn't exactly receive me with open arms, when I ferreted him out as you suggested."

"Quite. But he told you about Mundt?"

"Yes. Does Smiley know the special reason for the operation?"

"He knows very little about any of it," Control said, taking a

sip of whisky. "He is like the surgeon who has grown tired of blood and is content to let others operate."

As they got to the door, Control put his hand lightly on Leamas' shoulder. "This is your last job, then you can come in from the cold. About that girl—do you want anything done about her, money or anything?"

"I want her left alone," Leamas repeated with emphasis. "I want her forgotten."

THE INTERNATIONAL FEATURE SERVICE

On the following day, Leamas arrived for his lunch with Ashe and smelled of whisky. He hadn't shaved and his collar was filthy. Ashe didn't seem to mind and talked about himself.

"I've got onto a rather good thing recently," he said, "free-lancing English features for the foreign press. An old friend, Sam Kiever, started up a new agency for small features on English life for foreign papers. Sam's gambit was to get in touch with the editors direct—he traipsed round Europe like a gypsy, but it's paid hands down."

"Bloody good," said Leamas dully, full of whisky.

"You don't know Sam, do you?" asked Ashe.

"Don't think so." A pause.

"What do you do these days, old chap?"

Leamas shrugged. "I'm on the shelf," he grinned a little stupidly.

"I forgot what you were doing in Berlin. Weren't you one of the mysterious cold warriors?"

"Office boy for the bloody Yanks, like the rest of us."

"You know," said Ashe, "you ought to meet Sam. You'd like him," and then, "where are you staying?"

"Around, roughing it a bit. I haven't got a job. Bastards wouldn't give me a proper pension."

Ashe looked horrified. "But, Alec, that's awful. Look, why not come and stay at my place? You can't live in trees."

"Oh, I'll get a job. Then I'll be all right."

"What sort of a job?"

"Oh, I don't know. Anything."

"But you can't just throw yourself away."

"Well what the hell *can* I do?"

Ashe leaned across the table, speaking emphatically. "Alec, you need *contacts*, don't you see? I've been on the breadline myself. If I hadn't met Sam at Poznan five years ago, I'd *still* be on it. Look, Alec, come and stay with me for a week or so. We'll ask Sam around."

The flat was in Dolphin Square, just the kind Leamas expected—small and anonymous. "How long have you been here, Bill?" he asked.

"Oh, a year or more."

After tea Ashe said, "I'll have to go out and do a spot of shopping. I might give Sam a tinkle later. The sooner you two get together the better. Why don't you get some sleep—you look all in."

But when Ashe had gone, he made his way downstairs to the center hall, where there were two telephone booths. He dialed a Maida Vale number and asked for Mr. Thomas' secretary. Immediately, a girl's voice responded.

"I'm ringing on behalf of Mr. Sam Kiever," Leamas said. "He has accepted the invitation and hopes to contact Mr. Thomas personally this evening."

"I'll pass that on to Mr. Thomas. Does he know where to get in touch with you?"

"Dolphin Square," Leamas replied, and gave the address.

After a while he lay down and slept. He was awakened by Ashe, accompanied by a small, rather plump man with a slight accent. They had a gin and tonic. Drinking, Sam Kiever opened up a little. He'd just come back from a tour of West Germany and France. France was in a hell of a mess. It was a question whether the Yanks could hold the West Germans in line.

Dinner over, they went to a night club on Wardour Street at Ashe's suggestion. While they waited for the whisky to be served, Leamas leaned across the table and said to Ashe, "Now perhaps you'll tell me what the bloody hell's going on."

"What do you mean, Alec?" Ashe sounded uncertain.

"You followed me from prison the day I was released," said Leamas, "with some bloody silly story of meeting me in Berlin. You gave me money you didn't owe me, and you're putting me up in your flat."

Ashe seemed at a loss for an answer. Kiever took over. "You run along home," he ordered Ashe. "I'll look after this."

Obediently, Ashe left. Leamas and Kiever watched a strip tease in silence. Finally, Leamas asked, "Perhaps you'll tell me why that sissy picked me up?"

"By all means. I told him to."

"Why?"

"I am interested in you. I want to make you a journalistic proposition."

"Journalistic," Leamas repeated. "I see."

"I run an international feature service. It pays well. And a man of your experience and background who provided convincing factual material could free himself in a short time from financial worry."

"Who publishes the material, Kiever?"

"International clients. They pay and they ask for more. They pay promptly, and they're happy to pay into foreign banks, for instance, where no one bothers about things like tax."

Christ, they're rushing, Leamas thought. "They'd have to pay a hell of a lot," he muttered.

Kiever plied him with more whisky. "They are offering a down payment of 15,000 pounds. The money is already lodged at the Banque Cantonale in Switzerland. On production of a suitable identification, with which my clients will provide you, you can draw the money. My clients reserve the right to put questions to you over the period of one year on payment of another 5,000 pounds. They will assist you with any . . . re-settlement problems that may arise."

"How soon do you want an answer?"

"Now. You will meet my client and he will arrange to have the material . . . ghost-written."

"Where am I supposed to meet him?"

"My client suggested Holland."

"I haven't got my passport," Leamas said dully.

"I took the liberty of obtaining one for you," Kiever replied suavely. "We're flying to The Hague tomorrow morning at 9:45. Shall we go back to my flat and discuss any other details?"

Kiever's flat was luxurious and expensive. "Quite a little love nest. All paid for by the great Worker State," commented Leamas.

"Shut up!" Kiever said savagely.

PROGRESSION IN QUALITY

It was cold that morning, the light mist damp and gray. Kiever had provided Leamas with luggage, a nice detail of forethought. The formalities at the airport at The Hague presented no problem. A car was waiting for them, a Volkswagen driven by a woman who ignored them. Leamas guessed they were traveling northwest toward Scheveningen. Soon they had left the suburbs behind and were approaching a colony of villas along the seafront.

Here they stopped at a small cream-colored bungalow. On the porch was a sign with the words *Le Mirage* in pale blue Gothic script. The door was opened by a kindly, heavy-bodied woman, who welcomed them. Leamas glanced down the road which they had just traveled over. A man in a raincoat was getting out of a black car, 300 yards away.

"I'll make your lunch," said the woman, retiring from the hall.

The doorbell rang. Kiever opened the front door. Older than Leamas, the new arrival had a hard, colorless face. He held out his hand.

"My name is Peters," he said. The fingers were slim and polished. "Did you have a good journey?"

"Yes," said Kiever quickly, "quite uneventful."

"Mr. Leamas and I have a lot to discuss," said Peters. "I do not think we need you, Sam. You can go back to town."

Kiever said good-by and let himself out the front door. Leamas followed Peters into a back room in which there was a table with two carved chairs. A paper pad and pencil was

before each chair. On a sideboard there was whisky and soda. Peters mixed them both a drink.

"Look," said Leamas suddenly, "from now on I can do without the good will, do you follow me? We both know what we're about."

Peters nodded. "Kiever told me you were a proud man."

Leamas guessed he was Russian, but wasn't sure. "Kiever told you what I am going to pay you?" Peters inquired.

"Yes," and Leamas repeated the proposition but added, "I don't accept the conditions of the second 5,000 pounds. You know as well as I do it wouldn't work. I want to draw the 15,000 and get clear. Your people have a rough way with defected agents; so have mine."

Peters nodded. He picked up the pencil before him and said, "We'll begin with your war service. Just talk."

Leamas rapidly reviewed his military career from enlistment in 1939 to his recruitment by Cambridge Circus for underground work in 1942. The rest of the war he'd spent first in Holland, then in Norway. In '45 they paid him off, and he went into business. He failed at it, and then out of the blue he got a letter: would he like to go back to the Circus?

"Am I going too fast?" he inquired.

"Not for the moment," Peters replied, pouring him more whisky. "We'll discuss it again of course."

The interrogation continued. When lunch was cleared away, Peters said, "So you went back to the Circus. Who were your colleagues?"

"Peter Guillam, Brian de Grey and George Smiley. Smiley left us in early '51 and went over to Counterintelligence. In May '51 I was posted to Berlin as D.C.A.—Deputy Controller of Area. That meant all the operational work."

"Who did you have under you?" Peters was writing swiftly.

"Hackett, Sarrow and De Jong, who was killed in a traffic accident in '59. We thought he was murdered, but we couldn't prove it. They all ran networks, and I was in charge. Then in 1959, Karl Riemeck turned up. Karl was on the Praesidium of the East German Communist Party. He was the best agent I ever knew."

"He is now dead," Peters observed dispassionately.

"I was there when he was shot," said Leamas. "He had a mistress who came over just before he died. He'd told her everything—the whole damned network. No wonder he was caught."

"When Karl died, you flew back to London. On what job?"

"Banking section, supervision of agents' salaries, overseas payments for clandestine purposes. A child could have managed it. We got our orders and we signed the drafts."

"Did you deal with agents direct?"

"How could we? The Resident in a particular country would make a requisition. In most cases we had the money transferred to a convenient foreign bank where the Resident could draw it himself and hand it to the agent."

"How were the agents described? By cover names?"

"By figures. The Circus calls them combinations. Every network was given a combination: every agent was described by a suffix attached to the combination. Karl's was eight stroke one."

Leamas was sweating. Peters watched him coolly. "I think," he said, "we will now take your Berlin service in some detail. That would be from May 1951 to March 1961. Have another drink."

Peters lit a cigarette. The match flame brought out his gray poker face. Leamas wondered what Peters' real name was, whether he was married. Ashe, Kiever, Peters; that was a progression in quality, in authority, axiomatic of the hierarchy of an intelligence network.

Leamas began to talk about Berlin. Peters seldom interrupted, but when he did he displayed a technical curiosity and expertise which accorded with Leamas' own temperament.

It had taken a long time to build a decent East Zone network from Berlin, Leamas explained, and they had to wait three years before they got it.

Then one day De Jong went for a picnic in the woods on the edge of East Berlin. He had a British military number plate on his car, which he parked and locked on the gravel road beside the canal. After the picnic, he found somebody had forced the car door. De Jong swore, remembering he had left his camera in the glove compartment. But the camera was still there. On the driver's seat, however, was a tobacco tin, and in it was a small nickel cartridge. De Jong knew exactly what it contained: it was a film cartridge of a subminiature camera, probably a Minox.

De Jong drove home and developed the film. It contained the minutes of the last meeting of the Praesidium of the East German Communist Party, the S.E.D. By an odd coincidence there was confirmation from another source; the photographs were genuine.

Leamas took over the case then. Exactly a week later he took De Jong's car to the same place and went for a walk. When he returned there was nothing in the car so he drove back to West Berlin, kicking himself for being a damned fool; the Praesidium was not due to meet for another fortnight. Three weeks later he borrowed De Jong's car and took $1,000 in 20's in a picnic case. He left the car unlocked for two hours, and when he returned there was a tobacco tin in the glove compartment. The picnic case was gone.

The films were first-grade documentary stuff. Twice again, he did it, and the same thing happened. Leamas knew he had hit a gold mine. He worked like a madman for three weeks. He combed the personality files of each member of the Praesidium. He drew up a list of all the clerical staff who might have had access to the minutes. The total of possible informants was 31.

Confronted with the baffling task of identifying an informant from the incomplete records of 31 candidates, Leamas painstakingly returned to the original material. He came finally to an important conclusion: that the photo copies related not to the minutes themselves, but to the *draft* minutes. This placed the source in the Secretariat and the Secretariat was very small.

Leamas returned to the personality index. There was a man called Karl Riemeck in the Secretariat. He had a daughter Carla, and Leamas used the bait of a child's book, left it on the seat of the car with five used $100 bills inside the cover. When he returned, the book was gone, and there was a tobacco tin instead. It contained three rolls of films. Developed, one film contained as usual the minutes of the Praesidium's last meeting; the second showed a draft revision of the East German relationship to COMECON, and the third was a breakdown of the East German Intelligence Service, complete with functions of departments and details of personalities.

Peters interrupted. "Just a minute," he said. "Do you mean to say all this intelligence came from Riemeck?"

"Why not? You knew how much he saw."

"It's scarcely possible," Peters frowned. "He must have had help."

"He did have later on; I'm coming to that."

"Sorry—do go on. I did not mean to anticipate you."

A week later, Leamas continued, he drove to the picnic spot. As he turned into the gravel road he saw three bicycles lying in the grass and 200 yards down the canal, three men fishing. He got out of the car, and heard a shout. One of the men was beckoning to him. The other two had turned and stared at him. He knew that the men on either side were covering the man in the middle. Leamas stopped 10 yards from him.

"You want something?" Leamas asked.

"Are you Leamas?" He was a small, pudgy man, very steady and cool. He spoke English.

"Yes."

"What is your British national identity number?"

"PRT stroke L 58003 stroke one."

"Where did you spend VJ night?"

"At Leiden in Holland in my father's workshop, with some Dutch friends."

"Let's go for a walk, Mr. Leamas."

Leamas hesitated, shrugged. Then they walked together briskly toward the wood.

"You know as well as I do who he was," said Leamas wearily to Peters, "third man in the Ministry of the Interior, Secretary to the S.E.D. Praesidium, head of the Coordinating Committee for the Protection of the People. I suppose that was how he

knew about De Jong and me: he'd seen our counterintelligence files in the Abteilung. He had three strings to his bow: the Praesidium, straightforward internal political and economic reporting, and access to the files of the East German Security Service."

"But only *limited* access. They'd give an outsider the run of their files," Peters insisted.

Leamas let that pass.

"How much did you tell London?"

"Everything after that. I had to; then the Circus told the Departments. With the Departments at their backs, London got greedy. Finally we had to suggest to Karl that he recruit other sources, and we took them on to form a network. It was bloody stupid, it put too great a strain on Karl. It was the beginning of the end."

"How much did you get out of him?"

"Christ, I don't know. It lasted an unnaturally long time. I think he was blown long before he was caught."

"Altogether, what did he give you?" Peters persisted.

Piece by piece, Leamas recounted the full extent of all Karl Riemeck's work. His memory was, Peters noted approvingly, remarkably precise, considering the amount he drank. An excellent, clear memory.

"I'm sorry," said Peters at last, "but I do not believe that one man, however well placed, however industrious, could have acquired such a range of detailed knowledge. For that matter, even if he had he would never have been able to photograph it."

"He *was* able," Leamas persisted, getting angry. "He bloody well did and that's all there is to it."

"And the Circus never told you to go into it with him, exactly when and how he saw all this stuff?"

"No," snapped Leamas. "Riemeck was touchy about that, and London was content to let it go."

"Well, well." Then after a moment, Peters said, "Karl Riemeck's mistress, the one who came over to West Berlin the night he was shot. She was found dead a week ago. She was shot from a car as she left her flat. I wonder who killed her?"

When they had exhausted the case of Karl Riemeck, Leamas went on to talk of other less spectacular agents, the procedure of his Berlin office, its secret ramifications. They talked throughout the next day. Leamas had betrayed all he knew of Allied Intelligence in Berlin, and had drunk two quarts of whisky.

One thing puzzled him: Peters' insistence that Karl Riemeck must have had help—must have had a high-level collaborator. Control had asked him the same question about Riemeck's access to the secret, guarded facts. Evidently, Peters and Control were of one mind on that. Perhaps it was true. Control had spoken of a special interest whom he was anxious to protect from Mundt. Perhaps the special interest was Riemeck's collaborator.

Anyway, tomorrow would tell. Tomorrow he would play his hand. Who had killed Elvira stuck in his mind like a burr. He wondered why Control had never told him Elvira had been murdered. It was useless speculating. Control had his reasons; they were usually so bloody tortuous it took you a week to work them out.

He fell asleep that night remembering Liz.

FORCED TO GO EAST

Without ceremony, Peters began at 8 o'clock next morning. "So you came back to London. What did you do there?"

"They put me on the shelf," shrugged Leamas.

"Exactly what did they do with you?"

"At first I was to hang around London until I was qualified for a proper pension. Then they put me in Banking with a lot of women. I can't remember much about that part—I began hitting the bottle a bit. Went through a bad phase."

Peters nodded. "Tell me what you *do* remember about Banking Section," he suggested.

"It was a dreary setup. I never was cut out for desk work."

"What did you do? Really do?"

"Sat on my behind in the same room with a couple of women. We just pushed paper. A letter came down from Finance. 'The payment of $700 to so and so is authorized with effect from so and so. Kindly get on with it'—that was the gist of it. I'd sign a check or get the bank to make a transfer."

"In fact, then, you knew the names of agents all over the world?"

"Not necessarily. That was the cunning thing. I'd sign the check, you see, or the order to the bank, but we'd leave a space for the name of the payee. The covering letter or what have you was all signed and then the file would go *back* to Special Despatch."

"Who are they?"

"They're the general holders of agents' particulars. They put in the names and posted the order. Bloody clever."

Peters looked disappointed. "You mean you had no way of knowing the names of the payees?"

"No," Leamas got up. "But I've made a list of all the payments I remember. I wrote 'em down last night. I thought it would save time."

He handed them over. Peters read them slowly and carefully. "Good," he said, "very good."

"Then I remember best a thing called Rolling Stone. I got a couple of trips out of it. One to Copenhagen, the other one to Helsinki. Just dumping money at banks."

"How much?"

"Ten thousand dollars in Copenhagen, 40,000 Deutschmarks in Helsinki."

Peters put down his pencil. "Who for?" he asked.

"God knows. We worked Rolling Stone on a system of deposit accounts. . . . All I knew was the alias."

"Was this procedure common?" probed Peters.

"No. It was a special payment. It had a subscription list."

"What's that?"

"A list of a very few people to whom the code name was known."

"What was the code name?"

"I told you—Rolling Stone. The operation covered irregular payments of $10,000 in different currencies and in different capitals."

"Always in capital towns?"

"Far as I know."

"Was the alias of the agent always the same?"

"No. That was an added precaution. I heard later we pinched the whole technique from the Russians. It was the most elaborate payment scheme I'd met. I used a different alias for each trip, too. Control was anxious that—"

"*Control?* Do you mean to say Control himself was running the case?"

"Yes, he was running it. Used a postman—me."

Peters was writing all the time now. What he wrote would provide the background for this evening's telegram to Moscow.

"Tell me," said Peters, "these are large sums of money. The arrangements for paying them were elaborate and very expensive. What did you make of it yourself?"

"What could I make of it? Too complicated, too clever for me."

Peters thought for a moment and then asked: "What names did you use in Copenhagen and Helsinki?"

"Robert Lang, electrical engineer from Derby. That was Copenhagen."

"And for Helsinki, what name?"

"Stephen Bennett, marine engineer from Plymouth."

"Did you take the money with you from England?"

"Of course not. We just transferred it to the Resident's account in each case. The Resident drew it, met me at the airport with the money in a suitcase and I took it to the bank."

Leamas got up, went to the sideboard and poured himself a large dose of whisky, without asking Peters if he'd like a drink. The interrogator left soon after that. He wished Leamas good day and walked down the road along the seafront.

Peters didn't appear that afternoon, nor next morning. Leamas stayed his irritation with a walk along the coast. Near noon the woman let him in without a word. When he had gone into the back room, he heard her speak softly in the telephone for a few seconds. At 3 o'clock Peters arrived, and as soon as Leamas saw him he knew that something was up.

"I've got bad news for you," he said at once. "They're looking for you in England. They're watching the ports."

Leamas replied impassively, "On what charge?"

"Nominally for failing to report to a police station within the statutory period after release from prison."

"And in fact?"

"The word is going around that you're wanted for an offense under the Official Secrets Act. Your photograph is in all the leading London evening papers. The captions are very vague."

Leamas was standing very still. Control had done it. Control had started the hue and cry. There was no other explanation. If Ashe or Kiever had been pulled in, if they had talked—even then the responsibility was still Control's. He had said, "I've agreed to keep you on operational subsistence until Mundt is eliminated."

And now this. This wasn't part of the bargain; this was different. What the hell was he supposed to do? By pulling out now, by refusing to go along with Peters, Leamas would be wrecking the operation. But if he went, if he agreed to go east, to Poland, Czechoslovakia or God knows where, there was no good reason why they should ever let him out—there was no good reason (since he was supposedly a wanted man in the West) why he should *want* to be let out.

Control had done it—he was sure. He had let Leamas believe the mission could be accomplished entirely in the West. But he must have been planning it this way all along.

"Every country in Europe will be looking for you," said Peters.

"You've got me on the hook now, haven't you, Peters?"

"You overrate your own importance," said Peters sourly.

"Then why do you have me followed, tell me that? I went for a walk this morning. Two little men trailed me along the seafront. When I came back the housekeeper rang you up."

"Let us stick to what we know," Peters suggested. "How your own authorities have got on to you does not at the moment acutely concern us. The fact is, they have. You know the alternatives. You let us take care of you, let us arrange your safe passage, or you fend for yourself—with the certainty of eventual capture. You've no false papers, no money, nothing. Your British passport will have expired in 10 days."

"You mean you haven't finished the interrogation. Until you have I am not expendable?"

"That is roughly the position."

"When you have completed the interrogation, what will you do with me?"

"I will pass on to my superiors whatever you suggest for us to do." Leamas went to the window. A storm was gathering over the gray North Sea.

"All right," he said at last, "fix it up."

"There's no plane east until tomorrow. There's a flight to Berlin in an hour. We shall take that. It's going to be very close."

Leamas' passive role that evening enabled him once again to admire the efficiency of Peters' arrangements. The passport had been put together long ago—Moscow must have thought of that. It was made out in the name of Alexander Thwaite, travel agent, and filled with visas and frontier stamps.

As they entered the "passengers only" enclosure Leamas caught sight of a bookstall, saw the newspapers lined up. It was true: there was his photograph with the vague little passage underneath. He wondered if Liz had seen it. Ten minutes later they boarded the plane for Hamburg and Berlin. For the first time since it all began, Leamas was frightened.

GEORGE SMILEY PAYS A CALL

The two strange men called on Liz about the same time. She thought they were a little too smart for disguised policemen. They came in a small black car with an aerial on it. One was short and plump, wore glasses and odd, expensive clothes. They said they came from Special Branch, and they had printed cards in cellophane cases. The plump one did most of the talking.

"I believe you were friendly with Alec Leamas," he began.

"Yes," Liz answered stiffly. "How did you know?"

"We found out quite by chance the other day. When you go to . . . prison, you have to give next of kin. Leamas said he hadn't any. That was a lie, as a matter of fact. They asked him whom they should inform if anything happened to him in prison. He said you."

"I see," said Liz coldly.

"Didn't you go to the trial?"

"No."

The little man peered very seriously at her for a moment. "Didn't it surprise you when Leamas beat up Mr. Ford, the grocer?"

"Yes, of course."

"Why do you think he did it?"

"I don't know." She was suddenly terrified for Alec, and she didn't know why.

The man asked: "Leamas has got two children by his marriage, did he tell you?" Liz said nothing. "In spite of that he gave your name as next of kin. Why do you think he did that?" He seemed embarrassed by his own question. Liz blushed.

"I was in love with him," she replied.

"Still in love with him?"

"Yes."

"Did he ever say he would come back?" put in the other man.

"No."

"But he did say good-by to you?" The plump one said slowly, kindly, significantly. "Nothing more can happen to him, I promise you. We only want to help him."

"Please go," she said, "please don't ask any more questions. Please go now."

As he got to the door, the older man took a card from his wallet and put it on the table gingerly, as if it might make a noise. "If you ever want any help, ring me up," he said.

"Who are you?"

"I'm a friend of Alec Leamas." He hesitated. "Another thing," he added, "did Alec know you were . . . did Alec know you were in the Party?"

"Yes," she replied hopelessly. "I told him."

"Does the Party know about you and Alec?"

White-faced, she cried out suddenly, "Where is he? Tell me where he is. Why won't you tell me where he is? I can help him, don't you see; I'll look after him . . . even if he's gone mad. I'll wait for him always. . . ." She sobbed and sobbed.

"He's gone abroad," the plump man said gently. "We don't quite know where he is. He isn't mad."

The other man said, "We'll see you're looked after. For money and that kind of thing."

"Who are you?" Liz asked again.

"Friends of Alec," the young man repeated, "good friends."

She heard them go quietly down the stairs and into the street. Then she remembered the card. Going to the table she picked it up and held it to the light. It was expensively done. Engraved. No rank in front of the name, no police station or anything:

MR. GEORGE SMILEY. 9 BYWATER STREET, CHELSEA. Then the telephone number underneath.

It was very strange.

FIEDLER ASKS SOME QUESTIONS

It was nearly dark when they landed at Tempelhof. Peters led Leamas to a parking lot. As they reached the first row of cars the rear door of a black Mercedes was opened from the inside. It was an old Mercedes 180. Leamas got in without a word. Looking out the back window a minute or two after they pulled away, Leamas saw a small DKW following them.

They drove slowly. It was easier than Leamas expected to pass into East Berlin. As they crossed the 50 yards which separated the two checkpoints, Leamas was dimly aware of the new fortification on the eastern side of the wall—dragons' teeth, observation towers and double aprons of barbed wire. Things had tightened up.

The DKW disappeared at the checkpoints, but when they had been driving through East Berlin for 10 minutes it was behind them again. They were driving fast now—Leamas had thought they would stop in East Berlin, but they drove on east-

ward through the city without stopping to change cars and congratulate each other on a successful operation.

"Where are we going?" he asked Peters.

"We are there. The German Democratic Republic."

"I thought we were going farther east."

"We are, but spending a day or two here, to let the Germans have a talk with you."

"Who will I see on the German side?"

"Whom would you expect to meet?"

"Fiedler," Leamas replied promptly, "deputy head of security. Mundt's number two man. He does all the big interrogations."

Peters shrugged and remained silent. So it is Fiedler, Leamas thought. "Fiedler is our best bet," Control had explained.

"Fiedler is the acolyte who will one day stab the high priest in the back. He's the only man who's a match for Mundt—and he hates his guts. Fiedler's a Jew, of course, and Mundt is quite the other thing. Not at all a good mixture. It has been my job," Control went on, "to give Fiedler the weapon with which to destroy Mundt. It will be yours, my dear Leamas, to encourage him to use it. Indirectly, of course, because you'll never meet him. At least I certainly hope you won't."

Leamas had laughed then. It had seemed a good joke at the time, by Control's standards anyway.

It must have been after midnight. They were deep in the East German countryside, five hours from Berlin. They had been following an unpaved road, partly through a wood and partly across open country. Now they stopped and got out.

They had parked by some disused stables; the building lay 30 yards back. In the headlights of the car Leamas had glimpsed a low farmhouse with walls of timber and whitewashed brick. The moon was up and shone so brightly that the wooded hills behind were sharply defined against the pale night sky. They walked to the house, Peters and Leamas leading and two men behind.

They went into the house. The place had a neglected, musty air as if it had been opened for the occasion. In the drawing room, which was quite comfortably done, were the inevitable photographs of Soviet leaders. Peters sat down, and Leamas did the same. For 10 minutes, perhaps longer, they waited, then Peters spoke to one of the two men standing awkwardly at the other end of the room.

"Go and tell him we're waiting." The man gave an uncooperative shrug of his heavy shoulders and went out, leaving the door open.

"Have you been here before?" asked Leamas, struck by the lack of common courtesy.

"Several times," replied Peters.

"With Fiedler? What's he like?"

"For a Jew, he's not bad," said Peters. Then hearing a sound from the other end of the room, Leamas turned and saw Fiedler standing in the doorway. In one hand he held a bottle of whisky, and in the other, glasses and some mineral water.

He couldn't have been more than 5 foot 6. He was sleek and slightly animal. Fiedler had spent the war in Canada. His parents had been German-Jewish refugees, Marxists, and it was not until 1948 that the family returned home, anxious to take part, whatever the personal cost, in the construction of Stalin's Germany.

"Hello," Fiedler greeted Leamas, "glad to see you."

"Hello, Fiedler."

"You've reached the end of the road."

"What the hell do you mean?" asked Leamas quickly.

"I mean that contrary to anything Peters told you, you are not going farther east. Sorry." He sounded amused.

Leamas looked furiously at Peters, who said, "I am just the go-between." Always remember to dislike them, Control had said. Then they will treasure what they get out of you.

Fiedler went on: "Your initial interrogation took place in the West, where only an embassy could provide the kind of link we needed. The German Democratic Republic has no embassies in the West. Not yet. Our liaison section therefore arranged for us to enjoy facilities and communications which are at present denied us."

"You bastard!" hissed Leamas. "You lousy bastard! You knew I wouldn't trust myself to your rotten Service; that was the reason, wasn't it? That was why you used a Russian."

"We used the Soviet Embassy at The Hague. What else could we do? Up till then it was our operation. That's perfectly reasonable. Neither we nor anyone else could have known that your own people in England would get onto you so quickly."

"No? Not even when you put them on to me yourselves? Isn't that what happened, Fiedler?"

"That is an absurd suggestion," Fiedler replied shortly. Then he said something in Russian to Peters, who stood up.

"Good-by, Leamas," he said. "Good luck." He walked to the door, and out.

"I should have known," said Leamas angrily. "I should have guessed you'd never have the guts to do your own dirty work, Fiedler. It's typical of you."

Fiedler shrugged. "Regard it as a visit to the dentist, Leamas. The sooner it's all done, the sooner you can go home."

"You know perfectly well I can't go home," Leamas retorted. "You've seen to that. You blew me sky-high in England, you had to. You knew damn well I'd never come here unless I had to."

"Your own behavior has not, from the purist's point of view, been irreproachable," said Fiedler silkily.

Leamas watched Fiedler with contempt and disgust. "I know your setup. You're Mundt's poodle, aren't you? They say you want his job. I suppose you'll get it now. It's time the Mundt dynasty ended; perhaps this is it."

"I don't understand," Fiedler replied. "Nevertheless, you are right to be indignant about one thing. Who told your people we had picked you up? We didn't. You may not believe me, but it happens to be true. Someone told them—scarcely Ashe or Kiever, since they are both now under arrest."

"Under arrest?"

"So it appears. Not specifically for their work on your case, but there were other things. . . ."

"Well, well."

"It is true, what I said just now. We would have been content with Peters' report from Holland. You could have had your money and gone. But you hadn't told us everything; and I want to know everything."

There was a silence. Fiedler picked up the bottle of whisky and poured a little into each glass.

"We have no soda, I'm afraid," he said. "Do you like water?"

"Oh, go to hell," said Leamas. He suddenly felt very tired.

Fiedler shook his head. "You are a very proud man."

The guards showed Leamas to his bedroom. He pushed open the door and found himself in a small barrack bedroom with two bunk beds, a chair and a rudimentary desk. At the far end of the room was another door. They signaled him forward again. He went and opened the door. The second room was identical to the first, but there was only one bed.

"I'm tired," he said. He lay on the bed and within a few minutes was asleep.

A sentry woke him with breakfast: black bread and *ersatz* coffee. He got out of bed and went to the window.

The house stood on a high hill. The ground fell steeply away from his window. Beyond that, spectacular in their symmetry, unending hills, heavy with trees, stretched into the distance. There was no sign of man; not a house or church, not even the ruin of some previous habitation. He dressed slowly, drinking the sour coffee meanwhile. He had nearly finished dressing when Fiedler came into the room.

"Good morning," Fiedler said cheerfully. "Don't let me keep you from your breakfast." He sat down on the bed. "You have presented us with an intriguing problem."

"I've told you all I know."

"Oh no." He smiled. "Let me ask *you* a question. As an experienced intelligence officer, what would *you* do with the information you have given us?"

"What information?"

"My dear Leamas, you have only given us one piece of intelligence. You have told us about Riemeck: we knew about Riemeck. But if I may be crude—it's not 15,000 pounds' worth of intelligence. Not," he smiled again, "at current rates."

"Listen," said Leamas, "I didn't propose this deal—you did. You, Kiever and Peters. You named the price and took the risk. So don't blame me if the operation's a flop."

"It isn't a flop," Fiedler replied, "it isn't finished. You haven't told us what you *know*. I said you had given us one piece of intelligence. I'm talking about Rolling Stone. Let me ask you again—what would *you* do if I, if Peters or someone like us, had told *you* a similar story?"

Leamas shrugged. "I'd feel uneasy," he said.

"Let me ask you some elementary questions," Fiedler said with a smile.

Leamas said nothing.

"Who was on the authorized list to see the file?"

"For Rolling Stone?"

"Yes."

"P.A. to Control, Control, Control's secretary; Banking Section, Miss Bream of Special Registry and Satellites Four. That's all, I think."

"Satellites Four? What do they do?"

"Iron Curtain countries excluding the Soviet Union and China. The Zone."

"You mean the German Democratic Republic?"

"I mean the Zone."

"Who was in Satellites Four at that time?"

"Oh, God! Guillam, Haverlake, Villiers, I think."

"Who carried the file from one reader to another?"

"Secretaries, I suppose—I can't remember. It's bloody months since . . . I remember now. We passed it by hand."

"To the next reader?"

"Yes, . . . yes, I suppose I did."

"To whom did you pass it?"

"I . . . I can't remember."

"Think!" Fiedler had not raised his voice, but it contained a sudden urgency. "Who brought you the file?"

Leamas sat down at the table and shook his head. "I can't remember. It may come back to me."

"It must have been Satellites Four who brought it, mustn't it?" said Fiedler silkily.

"Yes, I suppose it must," said Leamas helplessly, as if he were not quite up to Fiedler's brilliance. Then suddenly he cried: "I got it from Peter!" Leamas seemed to have waked up: his face was flushed, excited. "That's it: I once collected the file from Peter in his room. We chatted together about Norway. We'd served there together, you see."

"Peter Guillam?"

"Yes, Peter—I'd forgotten about him."

"What territory did Guillam cover?"

"The Zone. East Germany. Economic stuff; ran a small section, sort of backwater."

"But taking into account the elaborate security precautions surrounding Rolling Stone, it is possible, is it not, that Guillam's job might have involved the partial running of this agent, Rolling Stone?"

Leamas remembered to get angry. "I've told Peters," he almost shouted, banging his fist on the desk, "it's just bloody silly to imagine that any operation could have been run against East Germany without my knowledge. I would have known, don't you see? How many times do I have to say that? I would have known!"

"Quite so," said Fiedler placatingly, "of course you would."

LETTER FROM A COPENHAGEN BANKER

Fiedler loved to ask questions. He possessed that persistent inquisitiveness which for lawyers and journalists is an end in itself.

"Tell me," he asked, "this money, these large sums in foreign banks—what did you think they were for?"

"I've told you, they were payments to an agent."

"An agent from behind the Iron Curtain?"

"Yes, I thought so," Leamas replied wearily. "First, it was a hell of a lot of money. Then the complications of paying him; the special security. And of course, Control being mixed up in it."

"Did the Copenhagen or Helsinki banks ever write to you?"

"I don't know. I suppose any letters would have been passed straight to Control. What are you after?"

Fiedler hesitated, then said, "Rolling Stone was an operation against us, I can assure you."

Going to bed that evening, Leamas thought, Control had been phenomenally right. Fiedler was walking like a man led in his sleep, into the net which Control had spread for him.

Leamas was still in bed the next morning when Fiedler brought him the letters to sign. One was on the thin blue writing paper of the Seiler Hotel Alpenblick, Lake Spiez, Switzerland, the other from the Palace Hotel, Gstaad.

Leamas read the first letter:

To The Manager,
The Royal Scandinavian Bank Ltd.,
Copenhagen.
Dear Sir,

I have been traveling for some weeks and have not received any mail from England. Accordingly I have not had your reply to my letter of March 3rd requesting a current statement of the deposit account of which I am a joint signatory with Herr Karlsdorf. To avoid further delay, would you be good enough to forward a duplicate statement to me at the following address, where I shall be staying for two weeks beginning April 21st:

c/o Madame Y. de Sanglot,
13 Avenue des Colombes,
Paris XII,
France

I apologize for this confusion,

Yours faithfully,

"What's all this about a letter of March third?" he asked. "I didn't write them any letter."

"No, you didn't. As far as we know, no one did. That will worry the bank. If there is any inconsistency between the letter we are sending them now and letters they have had from Control, they will assume the solution is to be found in the *missing* letter of March third. Their reaction will be to send you the statement as you ask, with a covering note regretting that they have not received your letter of the third."

Leamas signed them. "Robert Lang," to the first letter, then "Stephen Bennett" to the second.

"Admirable," Fiedler observed, "quite admirable. We shall have the answer in a week."

"And until then?"

"We shall be constantly in one another's company. I know that is distasteful to you, and I apologize."

In the afternoon they went walking again. The sky was dark and heavy, and the air warm.

"I've only been to England once," Fiedler observed casually. "That was on my way to Canada, with my parents before the war. I was a child then of course. We were there for two days. I nearly went there a few years back. I was going to replace Mundt on the Steel Mission—did you know he was once in London?"

"I knew," Leamas replied cryptically. "He even managed to kill a couple of people."

"So you heard about that, too? It was amazing that Mundt managed to escape, wasn't it?"

"From what I hear," Leamas said, "they weren't too keen to catch him anyway."

Fiedler stopped abruptly. "What did you say?"

"Peter Guillam told me he didn't reckon they wanted to catch Mundt. It would have made a hell of a stink!"

"Tell me something else about Karl Riemeck," Fiedler said. "He met Control once, didn't he?"

"Yes, in Berlin about a year ago in my flat."

At the end of their walk Fiedler interrupted his own reverie to observe: "I'm beginning to like you. But there's one thing that puzzles me. It's odd—it didn't worry me before I met you."

"What's that?"

"Why you ever came. Why you defected." Leamas was going to say something when Fiedler laughed. "I'm afraid that wasn't very tactful, was it?" he said.

As the days passed Leamas was aware of an increasing tension in his companion. One evening they went out in the DKW.

For a time Fiedler drove in silence into the hills around the farmhouse. At last he asked, "Do you know much about Mundt?"

"We've talked about Mundt."

"Yes," Fiedler repeated, "we've talked about him. He shoots first and asks questions afterward. It was a joke between us at first, then it began to matter; when he began to kill them before they sang. I've thought about it night and day. I couldn't help myself, Leamas, I had to work it out. He was afraid, Leamas. Afraid we would catch one who would talk too much!"

"You're out of your mind. If Mundt found out what you're thinking he'd kill you."

"Mundt escaped so easily from England. And what did Guillam say to you? He said they didn't *want* to catch him! You provided the answer, you yourself, Leamas."

"I've told you again and again, they couldn't have done it. The Circus couldn't have run him against the Zone without my knowing!"

"That money," Fiedler said quietly, "in Copenhagen. The bank replied to your letter. The manager is very worried lest there has been a mistake. The money was drawn by your co-signatory exactly one week after you paid it in. The date it was drawn coincides with a two-day visit which Mundt paid to Denmark in February."

ATTACK AND COUNTERATTACK

Fiedler parked the car in a shed at the side of the farmhouse and they walked together to the front door. They were about to enter the house when they heard a shout followed by someone calling Fiedler's name. Twenty yards away three men were standing.

"What do you want?" Fiedler called.

"We want to talk to you. We're from Berlin."

Fiedler hesitated. "Where's that damn guard?" Fiedler asked Leamas. "There should be a guard on the front door." He began walking slowly toward the men.

Leamas waited a moment, then, hearing nothing, went into the unlit house. He had the distinct feeling that something was wrong. It was only 9 o'clock, and the lights were already out. As he stood there peering into the empty room, the door behind him closed. Leamas made no attempt to open it. It was pitch dark.

There were matches in his pocket but he did not use them. He took one pace sideways, pressed his back against the wall and remained motionless. He determined to remain where he was. Then he clearly heard the sound of a footstep outside. Still Leamas did not move. He was quite calm, almost relieved at the prospect of action. He heard the door flung open.

"Come on, you windy bastards," he hissed in German. "I'm here, in the corner. Come and get me, can't you?" Not a move, not a sound.

He cautiously crept forward, his left arm extended until, quite gently, he had touched an arm and felt the warm prickly cloth of a military uniform. He heard a frightened whisper close to his ear in German:

"Hans, is it you?"

"Shut up, you fool," Leamas whispered in reply, and in that same moment reached out and grasped the man's hair, pulling his head forward and down, then in a terrible cutting blow drove the side of his right hand into the nape of the neck, pulled him up again by the arm, hit him in the throat with an upward thrust of his open fist, then released him to fall where the force of gravity took him. As the man's body hit the ground, the lights went on.

In the doorway stood a young captain of the People's Police smoking a cigar, and behind him two men. One held a pistol in his hand. They were all looking at the man on the floor.

Leamas' hands were still at his sides as the blow came. It seemed to crush his skull.

He wakened. He tried to take stock of himself: his feet were icy cold and he was aware of the sour stench of prison denims. He tried to raise his hand and touch the blood that was caked on his cheek, but his hands were behind him, locked together. Painfully he looked about him, trying to lift his head an inch or two from the floor. To his surprise he saw his own knees in front of him. Instinctively he tried to stretch his legs and as he did so his whole body was seized with a pain so sudden and terrible that he screamed out a sobbing agonized cry of self-pity, like the last cry of a man upon the rack. At once the agony returned, but Leamas had found the cause: his hands and feet were chained together behind his back. They must have beaten him up while he was unconscious, his whole body was stiff and bruised and his groin ached. He wondered if he'd killed the guard. He hoped so.

Above him shone the light, large, clinical and fierce. He must have lain there hours before they came. At last the door opened and Mundt stood there. He knew him from the eyes. Smiley had told him about them.

The guards untied him and carried him down the corridor. They took him to a small comfortable room where Mundt sat at the desk. Leamas slumped into an armchair. The guards stood at the door.

"Where's Fiedler?" Leamas gasped.

"Under arrest," Mundt replied curtly.

"What for?"

"Conspiring to sabotage the security of the people."

Leamas nodded slowly. "So you won," he said. "When did you arrest him?"

"Last night."

Leamas waited a moment, trying to focus again on Mundt.

"What about me?" he asked.

"You're a material witness. You will of course stand trial yourself later."

"So I'm part of a put-up job by London to frame Mundt, am I?"

Mundt nodded, lit a cigarette and gave it to one of the sentries to pass to Leamas. "That's right," he said.

"A pretty elaborate operation," Leamas sneered.

Mundt said nothing. His appearance was fully consistent with his temperament. He looked an athlete. His fair hair was cut short. His young face had a hard, clean line, and a frightening directness; it was barren of humor.

"The other charge on which you will stand trial, if necessary," Mundt added quietly, "is murder."

"So the sentry died, did he?" Leamas replied. "And you want my confession?"

"Yes."

There was no menace in Mundt's voice. "On the other hand, there could be mitigation in your case. You were blackmailed by British Intelligence; they accused you of stealing money and then coerced you into preparing a vengeful trap against myself. The court would have sympathy for such a plea. Fiedler has been very stupid," Mundt went on. "I wanted to see Fiedler's report of his own interrogation of you, you see. I told him to send it to me. He procrastinated and I knew I was right. Then yesterday he circulated it among the Praesidium, and did not send me a copy. Someone in London has been very clever."

Leamas said nothing. He had not got over the beating; he felt very sick. His head was aching terribly. His eyes were hot and painful.

"After Ashe picked you up, you had lunch together," said Mundt. "Lunch ended about 4 o'clock. Where did you go then? Why did you shake off your followers, why were you so keen to shake them off?"

Leamas closed his eyes and he was sweating. "I can't go on, Mundt . . . not much longer. Mundt . . . I'm sick," he said. He was breathing in sharp gasps. He buried his head in his hands.

"Answer this one question, and you shall have a bed. You can sleep if you want. Otherwise you must go back to your cell. You will be tied up again and fed on the floor like an animal. Tell me where you went."

Sound and sight became confused in the mad throbbing of Leamas' brain. Suddenly he heard shouts and footsteps; and the room was full of people, all shouting. He heard something about Mundt being under arrest. And then they were going again. He heard them marching away, the stamping of their feet like the throbbing of his head. The echo died and there

was silence. Someone spoke Leamas' name. Then, like the touch of mercy itself, a cool cloth was laid across his forehead, and kindly hands carried him away.

He woke on a hospital bed, and standing at the foot of it was Fiedler, smoking a cigarette.

"How do you feel?" Fiedler asked.

"Bloody awful."

"You killed a sentry, you know that?"

There was a pause. "What happened to you?" Leamas asked.

"Oh, I, too, was softened for interrogation."

"By Mundt's men?"

"By Mundt's men *and* Mundt. You see Mundt had a special interest in beating me up. Apart from the confession. Because I am a Jew."

"Oh Christ," said Leamas softly.

"But that's all over."

"All over? What the hell's been happening? First we're arrested, now I'm in a hospital and you're free."

"The day Mundt seized us I submitted a report on him to the Praesidium and applied for a warrant to arrest him as an enemy of the people. I've been accumulating evidence against him for years, and you provided the last bit of proof I needed. Mundt found out about my report and acted immediately, but it was too late. The Praesidium was already reading my report. They knew it was true, and they turned against Mundt. So we were released and Mundt arrested. The Praesidium has ordered a Tribunal."

"Tribunal?"

"A secret one, of course. It meets tomorrow. Mundt is under arrest."

"How does it work? Are there counsel and judges?"

"There are three judges," Fiedler said; "and in effect, there are counsel. Tomorrow I myself shall put the case against Mundt. Karden will defend him."

"Who's Karden?"

"A very tough man," he said. "Looks like a country doctor, small and benevolent. He was at Buchenwald. It is said that Karden will call a witness. But you must get some sleep. Tomorrow you can talk." As he reached the door he looked back and said, "We're all the same sort you know, that's the joke."

If Leamas could have known, it wouldn't have been anything like a joke that, at that moment, Liz was in Leipzig, a special guest of the Party, especially invited to attend a Branch Meeting.

THE TRIAL OF HANS-DIETER MUNDT

The court was no larger than a schoolroom. At one end, on the mere five or six benches which were provided, sat guards and warders and here and there among them spectators—members of the Praesidium and selected officials. At the other end of the room sat the three members of the Tribunal on tall-backed chairs at an unpolished oak table. Above them, suspended from the ceiling by three loops of wire, was a large red star made of plywood.

On either side, their chairs a little forward of the table and turned inward to face one another, sat two men: one was middle-aged, 60 perhaps, in a black suit and a gray tie; the other was Fiedler.

Leamas sat at the back, a guard on either side. Between the heads of the spectators he could see Mundt, himself surrounded by police, his broad shoulders covered in the familiar gray of prison uniform. It seemed to Leamas a curious commentary on the mood of the court—or the influence of Fiedler—that he himself should be wearing his own clothes, while Mundt was in prison uniform.

A shiver passed over Leamas as he realized that the president was a woman. She was 50-ish, small-eyed and dark. She looked sharply around the room, nodded to a sentry to close the door, and began at once without ceremony to address the court.

"You all know why we are here. The proceedings are secret, remember that. This is a Tribunal convened expressly by the Praesidium. It is to the Praesidium alone that we are responsible. We shall hear evidence as we think fit." She pointed perfunctorily toward Fiedler. "Comrade Fiedler, you had better begin."

Fiedler stood up. He talked quietly and easily, with a diffidence which Leamas had never seen in him before. Leamas considered it a good performance, well adjusted to the role of a man regretfully hanging his superior.

"You should know first, if you do not know already," Fiedler began, "that on the day that the Praesidium received my report on the activities of Comrade Mundt I was arrested, together with the defector Leamas. Both of us were imprisoned and both of us . . . invited, under extreme duress, to confess that this whole terrible charge was a fascist plot against a loyal comrade. You have before you the written record of this case. The charge against Comrade Mundt is that he is the agent of an imperialist power. I could have made other charges—that he passed information to the British Secret Service, that he turned his department into the unconscious lackey of a bourgeois state, that he deliberately shielded anti-Party groups and accepted sums of foreign currency in reward.

"Comrade Mundt is Deputy Head of the Department for the Protection of the People. He is unmarried. He has always been regarded as a man of exceptional capabilities, tireless in serving the Party's interests, ruthless in protecting them. But Comrade Mundt's lust for money brought the forces of justice on his trail."

Fiedler paused, and looked around the room, his eyes suddenly alight with fervor. A dutiful murmur rose from the tiny group of spectators at the back of the room.

Leamas' attention was again drawn to the three figures at the center table. To the president's left, a youngish man, dark. Leamas guessed he was Mundt's man; he found it hard to say why. On the other side of the table sat a slightly older man, balding, with an open agreeable face. Leamas thought he looked rather like an ass.

Fiedler was speaking again.

"But, comrades, the final evidence has been delivered into our hands. I propose to call that evidence now." He turned glancing toward the back of the room. "Bring Leamas forward."

The guards on either side of him stood up and Leamas edged his way along the row to the rough gangway which ran, not more than two feet wide, down the middle of the room. A guard indicated to him that he should stand facing the table. Fiedler stood a bare six feet away from him.

"The Tribunal has read the reports of your interrogation," said Fiedler. "I want you to tell them again." Leamas obliged sullenly.

Fiedler now turned his attention to Operation Rolling Stone, took Leamas once again through the special security complexities governing the circulation of the file, the letters to the Copenhagen and Helsinki banks and the one reply which Leamas had received. Addressing himself to the Tribunal, Fiedler commented:

"We had no reply from Helsinki. I do not know why. But let me recapitulate for you." He proceeded to do so.

Then he turned again to Leamas.

"Witness, during your activities in Berlin you became associated with Karl Riemeck, formerly Secretary to the Praesidium of the Socialist Unity Party. What was the nature of that association?"

"He was my agent until he was shot by Mundt's men."

"Quite so. He was shot by Mundt's men. One of several spies who were summarily liquidated by Comrade Mundt before they could be questioned. But before he was shot by Mundt's men he was an agent of the British Secret Service?"

Leamas nodded.

"Thank you. You may sit down."

Leamas returned to his seat at the back of the room. Fiedler turned to the three members of the Tribunal and began:

"I want to talk first about the spy Riemeck, who was shot—Karl Riemeck. You have before you a list of all the information which Riemeck passed to Alec Leamas in Berlin, so far as Leamas can recall it. It is a formidable record of treachery. Let me summarize it for you. Riemeck gave to his masters a detailed breakdown of the work and personalities of the whole Abteilung. He was able, if Leamas is to be believed, to describe the workings of our most secret sessions. How was this arranged?

"Who proposed that Riemeck should have the privilege of

access to the files of the Abteilung? Who at every stage in Riemeck's career *since* 1959 (the year Mundt returned from England, you remember) singled him out for posts of exceptional responsibility? I will tell you," Fiedler proclaimed. "The same man who was uniquely placed to shield him in his espionage activities: Hans-Dieter Mundt."

Fiedler paused, then added quietly, "Mundt—Riemeck—Leamas: that was the chain of command."

The youngish man at the table lifted his pencil, and looking at Fiedler with his hard, cold eyes wide open he asked, "Then why did Mundt liquidate Riemeck, if Riemeck was his agent?"

"He had no alternative. Riemeck was under suspicion. His mistress had betrayed him by boastful indiscretion. Mundt gave the order that he be shot on sight, got word to Riemeck to run, and the danger of betrayal was eliminated. Later, Mundt assassinated the woman.

"Comrades," looking Mundt full in the face, he shouted: "There is your saboteur, terrorist! There is the man who has sold the people's right! When you come to give your judgment to the Praesidium, do not shrink from recognizing the full bestiality of this man's crime. For Hans-Dieter Mundt, death is a judgment of mercy."

The president turned to the little man in the black suit sitting directly opposite Fiedler.

"Comrade Karden, you are speaking for Comrade Mundt. Do you wish to examine the witness Leamas?"

"Yes, yes, I should like to in one moment," he replied, getting laboriously to his feet and pulling the ends of his gold-rimmed spectacles over his ears. He was a benign figure, a little rustic, and his hair was white.

"The contention of Comrade Mundt," he began—his mild voice was rather pleasantly modulated—"is that Leamas is lying; that Comrade Fiedler either by design or ill chance has been drawn into a plot to disrupt the Abteilung, and thus bring into disrepute the organs for the defense of our socialist state. We do not dispute that Karl Riemeck was a British spy—there is evidence of that. But we dispute that Mundt was in league with him, or accepted money for betraying our Party. We say there is no objective evidence for this charge, that Comrade Fiedler is intoxicated by dreams of power and blinded to rational thought. Comrade Fiedler, on whose ambitions the British so accurately counted, accepted spurious circumstantial evidence provided by the British, and thus he became party to a monstrous plot to destroy—to murder in fact, for Mundt now stands to lose his life—one of the most vigilant defenders of our republic.

"We also have a witness." He nodded benignly at the court. "Yes. We, too, have a witness. For do you really suppose that all this time Comrade Mundt has been in ignorance of Fiedler's fevered plotting? For it was Comrade Mundt himself who authorized the approach that was made to Leamas in England: do you think he would have taken such an insane risk if he were himself to be implicated?

"Do you suppose Comrade Mundt was so obtuse that he did not know what Fiedler was hatching? Mundt, too, was looking for a spy within the ranks of the Abteilung. . . .

"Comrade Mundt took one precaution while the British, with Fiedler's aid, planned his murder. He caused scrupulous inquiries to be made in London. He examined every tiny detail of that double life which Leamas led in Bayswater. He was looking, you see, for some human error in a scheme of almost superhuman subtlety. Comrade Mundt was right. Leamas, that skilled, experienced operator, made a mistake so elementary, so human that—" He smiled. "You shall hear the witness. The witness is here; procured by Comrade Mundt. Later I shall call—that witness." He looked a trifle arch, as if to say he must be allowed his little joke. "Meanwhile I should like, if I may, to put one or two questions to this reluctant incriminator, Mr. Alec Leamas."

He asked Leamas about his finances. Leamas said he had no money when he left England and no friends who would pay his debts. Then Karden asked, "Do you know George Smiley?"

"Of course I do. He was with the Circus."

"Would Smiley have taken any interest in you after you left the Circus? Spent money on your dependents, for instance?"

"God, no. Smiley and I are nothing to each other."

Karden seemed rather pleased with this, smiling and nodding as he adjusted his spectacles and referred elaborately to his file. Finally, he said:

"Thank you, that is all."

Leamas was sitting down as the door opened and a woman came in. She was large and ugly, wearing a gray overall with chevrons on one sleeve. Behind her stood Liz.

LIZ GIVES TESTIMONY

Liz entered the court slowly, looking around her, wide-eyed, like a half-awakened child entering a brightly lit room. Leamas had forgotten how young she was. When she saw him sitting between two guards, she stopped.

"Alec."

The guard beside her put a hand on her arm and guided her forward to the spot where Leamas had stood. It was very quiet in the courtroom.

"What is your name, child?" the president asked abruptly.

"Elizabeth Gold."

"You are a member of the British Communist Party?"

"Yes."

"And you have been staying in Leipzig?"

"Yes."

Leamas' voice, hoarse, high-pitched, ugly, filled the room.

"You bastards! Leave her alone!"

Liz turned in terror. A guard hit him with his fist.

"If he moves again, take him out," the president ordered. Then leaning forward and staring at Liz intently she asked:

"Elizabeth, have you ever been told in your Party about the need for secrecy?"

Liz nodded.

"We three at this table hold very high rank in the Party. We are acting with the knowledge of our Praesidium, in the interests of Party security. We have to ask you some questions, and your answers are of the greatest importance. By replying truthfully and bravely you will help the cause of socialism."

"But *who*," Liz whispered, "*who* is on trial? What's Alec done?"

The president looked past her at Mundt and said, "Perhaps no one is on trial. It is a guarantee of your impartiality that you cannot know."

Silence descended for a moment on the little room; and then, in a voice so quiet that the president instinctively turned her head to catch her words, Liz asked, "Is it Alec? Is it Leamas?"

"I tell you," the president insisted, "it is better for you—far better—you should not know. You must tell the truth and go. That is the wisest thing you can do."

She indicated Karden with her hand. "This comrade wants to ask you some questions, not many. Tell the truth."

Karden stood again, and smiled his kindly, churchwarden smile.

"Elizabeth, Alec Leamas was your lover, wasn't he?"

She nodded.

"Have you had many lovers, Elizabeth?"

Leamas shouted again, "Karden, you swine!" But as she heard him she turned and said, quite loud, "Alec, don't. They'll take you away."

"Tell me," Karden resumed smoothly, "was Alec a Communist?"

"No."

"Did he know you were a Communist?"

"Yes, I told him."

"What did he say then?" Karden persisted.

"He laughed."

"Do you know why?"

"I think he despised the Party."

"Was he a man of strong likes and dislikes?"

"No . . . no; he wasn't."

"But he assaulted a grocer. Now why did he do that?"

Liz suddenly didn't trust Karden any more. She didn't trust the caressing voice and the good-fairy face. She didn't answer.

Karden looked at her thoughtfully. "Until now, until today," he asked finally, "when had you last seen Leamas?"

"I didn't see him again after he went to prison," Liz replied.

"Elizabeth, when was your last meeting with Leamas until today?" The voice was kind but persistent. Oh that voice, how she hated it, that silken voice.

"The night before it happened," she replied, "the night before he had the fight with Mr. Ford. At his flat. He'd been ill, not working. He'd been in bed and I'd been coming in and cooking for him."

"And buying the food? Shopping for him?"

"Yes."

"How kind. It must have cost you a lot of money," Karden observed sympathetically.

"I didn't keep him. I got it from Alec. He—"

"Oh," said Karden sharply, "so he *did* have some money?"

Oh God, thought Liz, oh God, oh dear God, what have I said?

"Not much," she said quickly. "He couldn't pay his bills—his electric light and his rent—they were all paid afterward, you see, after he'd gone, by a friend. A friend had to pay, not Alec."

"Of course," said Karden quietly, "a friend paid. Came specially and paid all his bills. Some old friend of Leamas. Did you ever meet this friend, Elizabeth?"

She shook her head.

"He never mentioned a friend at all. I didn't think he had any friends."

Offhandedly, Karden asked, "How much is the rent of your flat?"

"Fifty shillings a week."

"That's quite a lot, isn't it, Elizabeth?"

In a whisper she replied: "I've got a lease. Someone bought the lease and sent it to me."

"Who?"

"I don't know . . . some charity had done it . . . a thousand pounds. I swear I don't know who . . . a gift from a charity, they said."

Burying her face in her hands she wept.

Karden continued: "You didn't inquire because you guessed. Isn't that right?"

Raising her hand to her face again, she nodded.

"You guessed it came from Leamas, or from Leamas' friend, didn't you?"

"Yes," she managed to say.

"Tell me, Elizabeth, did anyone get in touch with you after Leamas went to prison?"

"No," she lied. She knew now, she was sure they wanted to prove something against Alec, something about the money or his friends; something about the grocer.

"But your neighbor, Elizabeth," Karden objected patiently, "says that men called—two men—quite soon after Leamas had been sentenced; or were they just lovers, Elizabeth?"

"Oh God," she sobbed, "don't ask—"

"Who were they?" She did not reply, then Karden shouted, quite suddenly; it was the first time he had raised his voice. *"Who?"*

"I don't know. They came in a car. Friends of Alec. One lived in Chelsea . . . his name was Smiley . . . George Smiley . . . I was to ring him."

Karden had put down his file. Pointing toward Leamas, Karden said, in a voice more impressive because it was perfectly under control:

"Smiley wanted to know whether Leamas had told her too much. Leamas had done the one thing British Intelligence had never expected him to do: he had taken a girl and wept on her shoulder."

Then Karden laughed quietly, as if it were all such a neat joke. "Just as Karl Riemeck did. He's made the same mistake."

There was a long tense silence.

"And on that last evening?" Karden resumed, his voice harsh.

"We said good-by."

"What reason did he give for breaking off your relationship?"

"He didn't break it off," she said. "Never. He just said there was something he had to do; someone he had to get even with, whatever it cost, and afterward, one day perhaps, when it was all over . . . he would . . . come back, if I was still there and. . . ."

"And you said," Karden suggested with irony, "that you would always wait for him, no doubt? That you would always love him?"

"Yes," Liz replied simply.

Imperturbably Karden waited for her sobbing to stop.

"That," he observed finally to the Tribunal before him, "is the evidence of the defense. I am sorry that a girl whose perception is clouded by sentiment and whose alertness is blunted by money should be considered by our British comrades a suitable person for Party office."

Looking first at Leamas and then at Fiedler he added brutally: "She is a fool. It is fortunate, nevertheless, that Leamas met her."

With a little, precise bow toward the Tribunal, Karden sat down.

As he did so, Leamas rose to his feet, and this time the guards let him alone.

London must have gone raving mad. Or at least that bloody fool Smiley, going around tidying up. Was he trying to sabotage the operation? He didn't know that much about it, did he? After all, he wasn't working for Control any more. Or was that just one of Control's clever little lies? Perhaps Smiley's resignation was just a cover; perhaps he was in on the whole operation. Then, for God's sake, why had he wrecked it?

Bewildered, angry and bitterly ashamed, Leamas walked slowly up the gangway, stiffly, like a man going to the scaffold. "All right, Karden." His face was white and hard as stone. His whole body seemed to be in the iron grip of his will. "All right, Karden, let her go."

Liz was staring at him, her face crumpled and ugly, her dark eyes filled with tears.

"No, Alec . . . no," she said. "Don't tell them," her voice rising, "whatever it is, don't tell them just because of me . . . I don't mind any more, Alec. I promise I don't."

"Shut up, Liz," said Leamas awkwardly. "It's too late now." His eyes turned to the president. "She knows nothing. Nothing at all. Get her out of here and send her home. I'll tell you the rest."

The president glanced briefly at the men on either side of her. She deliberated, then said, "She can leave the court, but she cannot go home until the hearing is finished. Then we shall see."

"She knows nothing, I tell you!" Leamas shouted. "She's just a frustrated little girl from a crackpot library—she's no good to you!"

"She is a witness," replied the president shortly. "Fiedler may want to question her."

At the mention of his name, Fiedler seemed to wake from the reverie into which he had sunk. "She knows nothing," he said. "Leamas is right, let her go." His voice was tired. "She cannot tell us what she does not know. I have no questions for the witness."

A guard unlocked the door and called into the passage outside. Fiedler abruptly stood up and taking Liz by the arm, he guided her to the door. As she reached the door she turned and looked back toward Leamas but he was staring away from her like a man who cannot bear the sight of blood.

"Go back to England," Fiedler said to her. "You go back to England." Suddenly Liz began to sob uncontrollably. The wardress put an arm around her shoulder and led her from the room. The guard closed the door.

"There isn't much to say," Leamas began. "Karden's right. It was a put-up job. When we lost Karl Riemeck we lost our only decent agent in the Zone. All the rest had gone already. We couldn't understand it—Mundt seemed to pick them up almost before we'd recruited them. You can imagine the rest."

"We shall hang you," said Mundt. "You murdered a guard. You tried to murder me."

Leamas smiled drily. "We all hated you, Mundt, although we didn't say it."

He looked at the Tribunal. They watched him impassively, curiously almost, their eyes steady and cold. He fell silent for a moment, then continued. "And I never thought the girl would be brought into it. I've been a bloody fool."

"Mundt knew what to look for—he even knew the girl would provide the proof—very clever of Mundt, I must say," said

Fiedler with a bitter admiration. "He even knew about that lease—amazing really."

There was silence.

"I think," said the president, glancing at her two colleagues, "that the Tribunal is now in a position to make its report to the Praesidium. That is," she added, turning her small, cruel eyes on Fiedler, "unless you have anything more to say."

Fiedler shook his head.

"In that case," the president continued, "my colleagues are agreed that Comrade Fiedler should be relieved of his duties until the disciplinary committee of the Praesidium has considered his position.

"Leamas is already under arrest. The People's Prosecutor, in collaboration with Comrade Mundt, will no doubt consider what action is to be taken against a British *agent provocateur* and murderer."

She glanced past Leamas at Mundt. But Mundt was looking at Fiedler with the dispassionate regard of a hangman measuring his subject for the rope.

And suddenly, with the terrible clarity of a man too long deceived, Leamas understood the whole ghastly trick.

BARGAIN WITH A KILLER

Liz stood at the window, her back to the wardress, and stared blankly into the tiny yard outside. She supposed the prisoners took their exercise there. She was in somebody's office; there was food on the desk beside the telephone but she couldn't touch it. She felt sick and terribly tired. She felt dirty and longed for a bath.

"Why don't you eat?" the woman asked. "It's all over now."

"I'm not hungry."

The wardress shrugged.

"What is this place?"

"Don't you know?" The wardress laughed. "You should ask them over there." She nodded toward the window. "They can tell you what it is."

"Who are they?"

"Prisoners."

"What kind of prisoners?"

"Enemies of the state," she replied promptly. "Spies, agitators." Then proudly: "I am commissar here. I work in the prison."

"You must be very clever," Liz observed, approaching her.

"I am a worker," the woman replied acidly. "The concept of brain workers as a higher category must be destroyed. Do you know what Khrushchev said about the counterrevolution in Hungary? It would never have happened if a couple of writers had been shot in time."

"Who will they shoot now?" Liz asked quickly. "After the trial?"

"Leamas," she replied indifferently, "and the Jew, Fiedler." Liz thought for a moment she was going to fall but her hand found the back of a chair and she managed to sit down.

"What has Leamas done?" she whispered.

"He killed a guard," she said.

"Why?"

The woman lifted her heavy shoulders. "As for the Jew," she continued, "he made an accusation against a loyal comrade."

"Will they shoot Fiedler for that?" asked Liz incredulously.

"Jews are all the same," the woman commented. "Comrade Mundt knows what to do with Jews. We don't need their kind here. If they join the Party they think it belongs to them. If they stay out, they think it is conspiring against them. It is said that Leamas and Fiedler plotted together against Mundt."

In the confusion of Liz's mind, in the turmoil of shame and grief and fear, there predominated the appalling memory of Leamas as she had last seen him in the courtroom, sitting stiffly in his chair, his eyes averted from her own. She had failed him.

But how could she have done otherwise? If Leamas had only told her what he had to do—even now it wasn't clear to her—she would have lied and cheated for him, anything, if he had only told her!

She asked, "Why are we waiting here?"

"For instructions," the woman replied. "They are deciding whether you must stay."

"Stay?" repeated Liz blankly.

"It is a question of evidence. Fiedler will be tried. I told you, they suspect conspiracy between Fiedler and Leamas."

"But who against? How could he conspire in England? How did he come here? He's not in the Party."

The woman shook her head.

"It is secret," she replied. "It concerns only the Praesidium. Perhaps the Jew brought him here."

The telephone rang. The woman lifted the receiver and listened. After a moment she glanced at Liz.

"Yes, Comrade. At once," she said, and put down the receiver. "You are to stay," she said shortly. "The Praesidium will consider the case of Fiedler. In the meantime you will stay here. That is the wish of Comrade Mundt."

"I don't want to stay," Liz cried. "I want—"

"You must stay here. It is the Party's wish."

Slowly Liz followed her along endless corridors, down endless stairs, across whole courtyards far beneath the ground.

She had no idea what time it was when she heard the footsteps in the corridor outside her cell. It could have been 5 in the evening—it could have been midnight. She had been awake—staring blankly into the pitch darkness, longing for a sound. She had never imagined that silence could be so terrible.

The door of her cell was opened abruptly. She recognized him at once, although she could only discern his silhouette against the pale blue light in the corridor. The trim agile figure, the short fair hair.

"It's Mundt," he said. "Come with me, at once." His voice was contemptuous yet subdued, as if he were not anxious to be overheard.

Liz was suddenly terrified. She remembered the wardress: "Mundt knows what to do with Jews." She stood by the bed, staring at him, not knowing what to do.

"Hurry, you fool," Mundt had stepped forward and seized her wrist. She let herself be drawn into the corridor. . . .

And suddenly he had stopped, was thrusting a key into the keyhole of a dingy metal door. She waited, panic-stricken. He pushed the door savagely outward and the sweet, cold air of a winter's evening blew against her face. He beckoned to her again, still with the same urgency, and she followed him down two steps onto a gravel path which led through a rough kitchen garden. Parked in the gateway was a car. Standing beside it was Alec Leamas.

"Keep your distance," Mundt warned her as she started to move forward. "Wait here."

Mundt went forward alone and for what seemed an age she watched the two men standing together, talking quietly. Her heart was beating madly, her whole body shivering with cold and fear. Finally Mundt returned.

"Come with me," he said, and led her to where Leamas stood. The two men looked at each other for a moment.

"Good-by," said Mundt indifferently. "You're a fool, Leamas," he added. "She's Jewish trash, like Fiedler." And he turned without another word and walked quickly away.

She put her hand out and touched him. "Alec," she whispered, "Alec, what are you doing? Why is he letting you go?"

"Shut up!" Leamas hissed. "Don't even think about it, do you hear? Get in."

"What was it he said about Fiedler? Alec, why is he letting us go?"

"He's letting us go because we've done our job. Get into the car; quick!" Under the compulsion of his extraordinary urgency she got into the car and closed the door. Leamas got in beside her.

"What bargain have you struck with him?" she persisted, suspicion and fear rising in her voice. "They said you had tried to conspire against him, you and Fiedler. Then why is he letting you go?"

Leamas had started the car and was soon driving fast along the narrow road: "We're five hours from Berlin," he said. "We've got to make Kopenick by quarter to 1. We should do it easily."

For a time Liz was lost in a labyrinth of half-formed thoughts. "You and Mundt are enemies, aren't you?"

Leamas said nothing. He was driving fast now; the speedometer showed 120 kilometers.

"What will happen to Fiedler?" Liz asked suddenly, and this time Leamas answered.

"He'll be shot."

"Then why didn't they shoot you?" Liz continued quickly. "You conspired with Fiedler against Mundt, that's what they said. You killed a guard. Why has Mundt let you go?"

Leamas shouted suddenly: "All right, I'll tell you! I'll tell you what you were never, never to know, neither you nor I. Listen: Mundt is London's man, their agent: they bought him when he was in England. We are witnessing the lousy end to a filthy, lousy operation to save Mundt's skin. To save him from a clever little Jew in his own department who had begun to suspect the truth. They made us kill him, do you see, kill the Jew. Now you know. You know too much, and God help us both."

"If that is so, Alec," she said at last, "what was my part in all this?" Her voice was quite calm, almost matter-of-fact.

"I can only guess, Liz, from what I know and what Mundt told me before we left. Fiedler suspected Mundt; had suspected him ever since Mundt came back from England; he thought Mundt was playing a double game. He hated him, of course—why shouldn't he—but he was right, too; Mundt was London's man. Fiedler was too powerful for Mundt to eliminate alone, so London decided to do it for him. They knew it was no good just shooting Fiedler on a dark street, which is Mundt's favorite method—Fiedler might have told friends, published accusations: they had to eliminate *suspicion*. Public rehabilitation, that's what they organized for Mundt."

He swung into the left-hand lane to overtake a lorry and trailer.

"They told me to frame Mundt," he said simply, "they said he had to be killed, and I was game. It was going to be my last job. So I went to seed, and punched the grocer—You know all that."

"And made love?" she asked quietly.

Leamas shook his head. "But this is the point, you see," he continued. "Mundt knew it all, he knew the plan, he had me picked up, he and Fiedler. Then he let Fiedler take over, because he knew in the end Fiedler would hang himself. My job was to let them think what in fact was the truth: that Mundt was a British spy." He hesitated. "Your job was to discredit me. Fiedler was shot and Mundt was saved, mercifully delivered from a fascist plot. It's the old principle of love on the rebound."

"But how could they know about me; how could they know we would come together?" Liz cried. "Heavens above, Alec, can they even tell when people will fall in love?"

"It didn't depend on that. They chose you because you were young and pretty and in the Party, because they knew you would come to Germany if they rigged an invitation. A man named Pitt at the Labor Exchange sent me to work at the library. I was certain I'd seen him at the Circus during the war. They arranged it with him, I suppose. Of course they couldn't know we'd fall in love, but all they had to do was put you and me in contact—even for a day, it didn't matter. Then afterward they'd send George Smiley around to call on you, send you money, make it look like an affair, even if it wasn't. The main thing was that after bringing us together they should send you money, making it look as if it came at my request. As it was, we made it even easier for them. . . ."

"Yes, we did." And then she added, "It seems odd that Mundt let me go, all the same—he might have guessed that you would tell me everything. I'm a risk now, aren't I? When we get back to England, I mean."

"More than guess, he'd *assume* it. But his bargain with London was to deliver me safely to the Wall. And I insisted on making you part of that." Leamas took his eyes off the road to glance at her. "And I expect he is going to use our escape to demonstrate to the Praesidium that there are other Fiedlers in his department who must be hunted down."

"And other Jews?"

"It gives him an excellent excuse to secure his position."

"By killing more innocent people? It doesn't seem to worry you much."

"Of course it worries me. It makes me sick with shame and anger. But what the hell are you complaining about?" Leamas demanded roughly. "Your Party's always at war, isn't it? Sacrificing the individual to the mass. That's what it says. Socialist reality: fighting night and day—the relentless battle—that's what they say, isn't it? At least you've survived." Extracting a packet of cigarettes from his jacket he handed her two, together with a box of matches. Her fingers trembled as she lit them and passed one back to Leamas.

"You've thought it all out, haven't you?" she asked.

"We happened to fit the mold," Leamas persisted, "and I'm sorry. I'm sorry for the others, too—the others who fit the mold. But don't complain about the terms, Liz; they're Party terms. A small price for a big return. One sacrificed for many. It's not pretty, I know, choosing who it'll be—turning the plan into people."

She listened in the darkness, for a moment scarcely conscious of anything except the vanishing road before them, and the numb horror in her mind.

"But they let me love you," she said at last. "And you let me believe in you and love you."

"They used us," Leamas replied pitilessly. "They cheated us both because it was necessary. It was the only way. Fiedler was bloody nearly home already, don't you see? Mundt would have been caught; can't you understand that?"

"How can you turn the world upside down?" Liz cried suddenly. "Fiedler was kind and decent, he was only doing his job, and now you've killed him. Mundt is a spy and a traitor and you protect him. Mundt is a Nazi, do you know that? He hates Jews. What side are you on? How can you . . . ?"

"There's only one law in this game," Leamas retorted. "Mundt is London's man; he gives them what they need. What do you think spies are: priests, saints and martyrs? They're a squalid procession of vain fools, traitors, too, yes; pansies, sadists and drunkards, people who play cowboys and Indians to brighten their rotten lives. I'd have killed Mundt if I could, I hated his guts; but not now. It so happens that they need him. They need him so that the great moronic mass you admire can sleep soundly in their beds at night. They need him for the safety of ordinary, crummy people like you and me."

"But what about Fiedler—don't you feel anything for him?"

"This is a war," Leamas replied.

"Oh God," said Liz softly. "You don't *want* to understand. You're trying to persuade yourself."

"Oh, Liz," he said desperately, "for God's sake, believe me. I hate it, I hate it all. I'm tired."

Leamas was suddenly tense, peering forward through the windshield. In the headlights of the car Liz discerned a figure standing in the road. In his hand was a tiny light which he turned on and off as the car approached. "That's the man," Leamas muttered; switched off the headlights and engine, and coasted silently forward. As they drew up, Leamas leaned back and opened the rear door.

Liz did not turn around to look at him as he got in. She was staring stiffly forward, down the street at the falling rain.

"Drive at 30 kilometers," the man said. His voice was taut, frightened. "I'll tell you the way. When we reach the place you must get out and run to the wall. The searchlight will be shining at the point where you must climb. Stand in the beam of the searchlight. When the beam moves away begin to climb. You will have 90 seconds to get over. You go first," he said to Leamas, "and the girl follows. There are iron rungs in the lower part—after that you must pull yourself up as best you can. You'll have to sit on top and pull the girl up. Do you understand?"

"We understand," said Leamas. "How long have we got?"

"If you drive at 30 kilometers we shall be there in about nine minutes. The searchlight will be on the wall at five past 1 exactly. They can give you 90 seconds. Not more. They think you are being infiltrated into West Berlin. They've been told not to make it too easy. Ninety seconds are enough."

"What time do you make it?"

"It is 12:48. We must leave at 12:55. Seven minutes to wait."

They sat in total silence save for the rain pattering on the roof. There was no one about. Occasionally the beam of a searchlight flickered overhead, and disappeared. Far to the left Leamas caught sight of a fluctuating light just above the skyline, constantly altering in strength, like the reflection of a fire.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing toward it.

"Information Service," the man replied. "A scaffolding of lights. It flashes news headlines into East Berlin."

"Of course," Leamas muttered. They were very near the end of the road.

"There is no turning back," the man continued. "He told you that? There is no second chance."

"I know," Leamas replied.

"If something goes wrong—if you fall or get hurt—don't turn back. They shoot on sight within the area of the wall. You *must* get over."

"We know," Leamas repeated, "he told me."

"From the moment you get out of the car you are in the area."

"We know. Now shut up," Leamas retorted. Leamas pulled the starter, and the car moved slowly forward.

They had gone about 300 yards when the man whispered excitedly, "Go right here, then left." They swung into a narrow side street. As they approached what seemed to be the dead end the man said, "Left again—follow the path." Leamas mounted the curb, crossed the pavement and they followed a broad footpath bordered by a broken fence to their left, and a tall, windowless building to their right.

"Which way?" he demanded.

"Straight across—past the chemist—between the chemist and the post office—there!" The man was leaning so far forward that his face was almost level with theirs.

Glancing to his left, Leamas was astonished to glimpse the silhouette of the Brandenburg Gate 300 yards away, and the sinister grouping of military vehicles at the foot of it.

"Where are we going?" asked Leamas suddenly.

"We're nearly there. Go slowly now—left, left, go *left!*" he cried. They passed under a narrow archway into a courtyard. At the other end of the yard was an open gateway. "Through there," came the whispered command, urgent in the darkness; "then hard right. You'll see a street lamp on your right. The one beyond it is broken. When you reach the second lamp, switch off the engine and coast until you see a fire hydrant. That's the place."

They passed through the gate and turned sharply to the right. They were in a narrow street, pitch dark.

"Lights out!"

Leamas switched off the car lights, drove slowly forward until, 20 yards ahead of them, they discerned the dim outline of the fire hydrant. Leamas braked; the car rolled to a standstill.

"Where are we?" Leamas whispered.

"Look." The man pointed down a side street to the left. At the far end they saw a brief stretch of wall, gray-brown in the arclight. Along the top ran a triple strand of barbed wire.

"How will the girl get over the wire?"

"It is already cut where you climb. There is a small gap. You have one minute to reach the wall. Good-by."

They got out of the car, all three of them. Leamas took Liz by the arm.

"Good-by," said Liz to their escort. She disengaged her arm and followed Leamas across the road and into the narrow street that led toward the wall.

IN FROM THE COLD

They walked quickly. As he reached the end of the alley Leamas stopped, drew into the shadow of a doorway and looked at his watch.

"Two minutes," he whispered.

She said nothing. She was staring straight ahead toward the wall, and the black ruins rising behind it.

"Two minutes," Leamas repeated.

Before them was a strip of 30 yards. It followed the wall in both directions. Perhaps 70 yards to their right was a watchtower; the beam of its searchlight played along the strip. There was no one to be seen; not a sound.

The watchtower's searchlight began feeling its way along the wall toward them, hesitant; each time it rested they could see the separate bricks and the careless lines of mortar hastily put on. As they watched, the beam stopped immediately in front of them. Leamas looked at his watch.

"Ready?" he asked.

She nodded.

Taking her arm he began walking deliberately across the strip. They were halfway toward the wall now, the brilliant semicircle of light drawing them forward, the beam directly above them. Leamas was determined to keep Liz very close to him, as if he were afraid that Mundt would not keep his word and somehow snatch her away at the last moment.

They were almost at the wall when the beam darted to the north, leaving them momentarily in total darkness. Still holding Liz's arm, Leamas guided her forward blindly, his left hand reaching ahead of him until suddenly he felt the coarse, sharp contact of the cinder brick. Now he could discern the wall and, looking upward, the triple strand of wire and the cruel hooks which held it. Metal wedges, like climbers' pitons, had been driven into the brick. Seizing the highest one, Leamas pulled himself quickly upward until he had reached the top of the wall. He tugged sharply at the lower strand of wire and it came toward him, already cut.

"Come on," he whispered urgently, "start climbing."

Laying himself flat he reached down, grasped her upstretched hand and began drawing her slowly upward as her foot found the first metal rung.

Suddenly the whole world seemed to break into flame; from everywhere, from above and beside them, massive lights converged, bursting upon them with savage accuracy.

Leamas was blinded, he turned his head away, wrenching wildly at Liz's arm. Now she was swinging free; he thought she had slipped and he called frantically, still drawing her upward. He could see nothing—only a mad confusion of color dancing in his eyes.

Then came the hysterical wail of sirens, orders frantically shouted. Half kneeling astride the wall he grasped both her arms in his, and began dragging her to him inch by inch, himself on the verge of falling.

Then they fired—single rounds, three or four, and he felt her shudder. Her thin arms slipped from his hands. He heard a voice in English from the Western side of the wall:

"Jump, Alec! Jump, man!"

Now everyone was shouting, English, French and German mixed; he heard Smiley's voice from quite close:

"The girl, where's the girl?"

Shielding his eyes he looked down at the foot of the wall and at last he managed to see her, lying still. For a moment he hesitated, then quite slowly he climbed back down the same rungs, until he was standing beside her. She was dead; her face was turned away, her black hair drawn across her cheek as if to protect her from the rain.

They seemed to hesitate before firing again; someone shouted an order, and still no one fired. Finally they shot him, two or three shots. He stood glaring around him like a blinded bull in the arena before he fell.

—**John le Carré**

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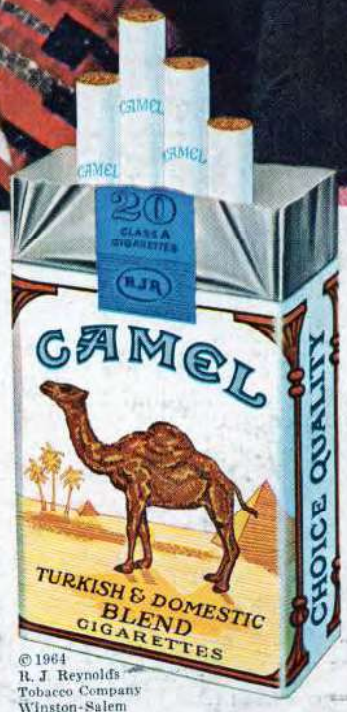

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